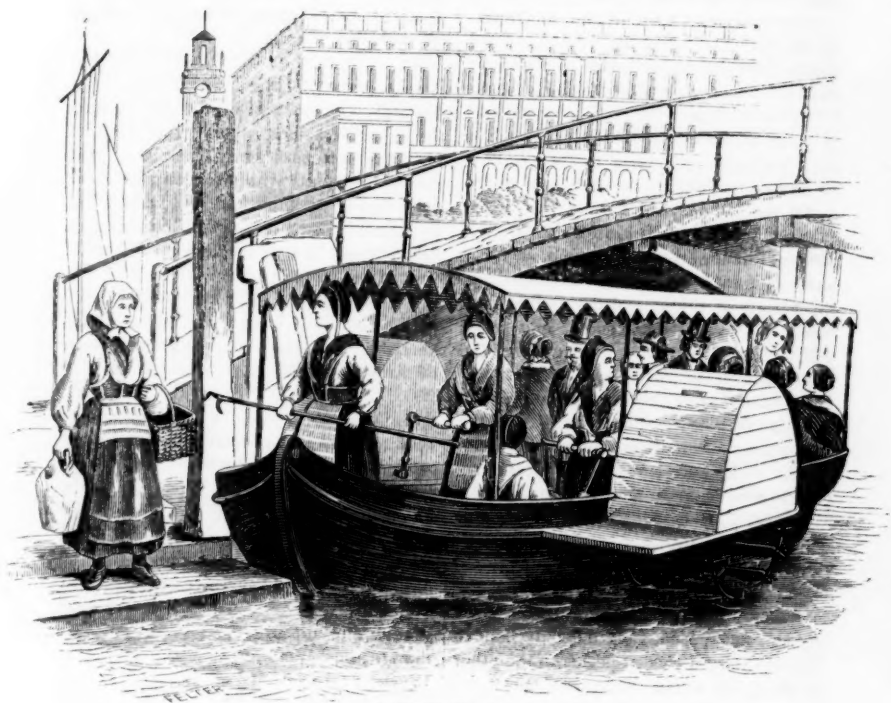


THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1856.



DALECARLIAN BOAT.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—N^o II.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

CERTAINLY the most striking character which arrests the attention of the traveler in his first rambles about Stockholm is the Dalecarlian boat-woman. Let him walk in whatever direction he may, if his path leads him to cross any of the numerous arms of the sea or of the Malar, he is sure to find his boat *manned* by peasant women, with stalwart frames

and brawny, muscular arms, and faces more remarkable for good-nature than for beauty, looking out from a close-fitting cap of peculiar form, which may be white, or at times of some bright-colored material. So strongly formed are these women that they seem more calculated to afford protection, than to stand in need of it from the sex ordinarily acknowledged to be the lords of creation. I know not as yet what may be the appearance of the masculine portion of the people of this province; but

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if the hand of the Creator has not endowed them with truly Herculean frames, I think they must stand a poor chance with their Amazonian *better halves*.

The costume to which the Dalecarlians adhere most rigidly is of a style dating back some centuries; and although at first it may strike one as partaking somewhat of the ludicrous, yet he will find upon more close examination that it is at all events a sensible, comfortable, and durable dress. Their heavily-clouted shoes I should consider an exception to the above remark, however durable they may be, as I can conceive no good reason for the heel to come in the center of the shoe, unless with particular reference to "de hollow ob de foot making a hole in de ground."

All the articles which they wear seem selected with especial view to durability, although fancy seems to come in for a share of influence, if one might judge from the variety of colors, and the glaring contrasts of red, green, yellow, and white which distinguish them. However, the *tout ensemble* is picturesque, particularly upon Sunday, when they always appear in holiday costume; but no holiday does the day of rest bring them, unless additional labor, with corresponding increase of profits, may be accounted as such.

These peasants represent the poorer classes of the province of Dalecarlia, an interior portion of Sweden. They are the people of the hills and dales, as the name indicates. Honest, trustworthy, high-minded, and proud, they not only believe themselves of a race superior to the other Swedes, but seem determined to make others acknowledge it by uncommon honesty, industry, and integrity of character. They do not forget that their remote mountain-home has ever been the nursery of freedom to their native land. It is with a just and honest pride that they call to mind the names of Engelbertson and of Gustavus Vasa, and remember that the great liberator of his country found a refuge and protection amid their hills and dales, and that the strong arm and manly spirit of their ancestors helped to secure the liberation of down-trodden Sweden from the yoke which the infamous Christian II. had fastened upon her. Surely no one can object to a pride which springs from such a source.

It is in the spring-time that these people emigrate to the capital as soon as the

ice breaks up, and by their industrious, frugal, and laborious habits, they are enabled to realize sufficient during the summer months for their support during the long winter, when they return to their mountain-homes, and oftentimes to the aged and infirm friends whom they have left behind. Perhaps they may have accumulated a nice little sum, which will not be looked upon with indifference by some *faithful swain* whom they have left to till their native valleys.

The situation of Stockholm upon the islands formed by the Malar Lake on the one side, and an arm of the Baltic upon the other furnishes a very great demand for boats in almost every direction. Not only many points within the city are most conveniently approached by water, but also most of the places of public resort in its environs, so that the Dalecarlian boatwomen find an ample field for their labors. If you would go to the *Djurgard*, (Deerpark,) you seat yourself in one of these *northern gondolas*, propelled by means of paddle-wheels, each worked by four Dalecarlian women. You take your seat, fold your arms, look with *nonchalance* upon some twenty or thirty persons seated at equal ease about you, while the wheels are constantly turning. You stop for a moment at the little bridge about half way from the palace to the *Djurgard*, and in about ten minutes after having passed the military and naval buildings, situated upon a little island to the right, and the new granite museum in progress of erection at the left, you find yourself set down at the *Djurgard*, for which you pay into a little box which one of the female *boatmen* hands you the sum of two cents.

The Swedish capital is rich in numerous places of resort for the people; but among them all, perhaps none present collectively the same amount of attraction as the *Djurgard*. The ease by which it is approached either by land or water, but more especially by the latter, added to the trifling expense of the excursion, renders it an every-day resort during the summer. Its beautiful carriage-drives, secluded walks, and wild rocky scenery, interspersed with sylvan shades, with occasional patches of park scenery, present in themselves sufficient attractions. But, in addition to these charms, one finds here lovely water-views, pretty villas, as well as some of the best *cafés* and restaurants about

the city ; to these may be added Tivoli gardens, concert-rooms, &c. Indeed, there seems no limit to the attractions. Whatever may be one's taste, he is sure of finding something here to amuse him. Thus it is by no means strange that a people whose summer is short, and yet so beautiful, and who give themselves up so completely to its enjoyment, should find here sufficient attractions to render it the great place of resort of the capital.

There is a something in the joyousness of the Swedes at this season of the year, and in their constant habits of out-door life, which seems to say with the Greeks, "Make the most of life, for soon comes the dreary hades." Summer, with all its northern charms, occupies so small a portion of the year, that it is not surprising that a Northern people should give themselves up completely to its enjoyment, when they remember its shortness, and the suddenness with which "the dreary hades" of winter must succeed it.

One of the most attractive spots about the Djurgard is the little villa of Rosendal. This was a favorite residence of the late king, (Bernadotte,) and was erected by him. The villa itself is not upon an extensive scale, but is very beautifully situated ; and, doubtless, one of its greatest attractions to the old general was the view which it commands, through an opening in the woods, of the review ground upon the opposite side of the *fiord*. Here a camp is formed during the summer, and military spectacles carried on upon a grand scale ; so that here in his declining years the old king could divert himself by the view of this camp, and, in the military maneuvers, "fight his battles o'er again."

Upon the north side of the villa, occupying an elevated position, is the celebrated porphyry vase. It is highly polished, formed of only two blocks, and measures twelve feet in diameter by nine feet high. It stands upon a block of unpolished granite, three feet high. The form of the vase is graceful and strictly classical. It is a copy of a celebrated antique which adorns the Belvidere of the Vatican. This work is entirely a Swedish production, and is from the royal manufactory of Elfdal, in Dalecarlia. The Swedish porphyry is becoming justly celebrated. There are several different colors now worked at Elfdal. Some of the varieties approach very closely to the famous porphyry of Egypt.

A SUMMER'S EVENING—RAPID GROWTH OF VEGETATION.

Nothing can exceed the charms of a summer's night in these northern latitudes. There is something so novel and striking in the scene that it cannot readily fade from memory. In fact, upon one's first arrival here, so magical is its effect upon the mind, that it becomes the all-absorbing object of one's thoughts. It might seem, perhaps, an exaggeration to assert that the Scandinavian sunset skies are the most brilliant and gorgeous in Europe, not even excepting those of Italy ; yet I am disposed to believe that such is the fact. I remember not long since having heard a painting criticised in one of the continental galleries for its want of truthfulness : it was claimed that the picture presented a brilliancy and gorgeousness of coloring unknown in nature. I have witnessed in the far North, beyond the Arctic circle, sunset effects by no means less gorgeous than the artist had here represented, and I found, by reference to the catalogue, that it was a Norwegian scene. Language, indeed, fails to convey a correct estimate of the scene which here occasionally meets the eye. The sun has but a short time since sought his repose amid clouds of brilliant hues. These are now ruddy with crimson or rose-color, again changing to a delicate purple. These tints are not only suffused over the arch of heaven, but are also thrown upon the whole landscape, so that mountain, tree, rock, and water all seem to have caught the same universal hue. The sun, meantime, just below the line of the horizon, still reflects its light upon the landscape, and continues to do so during the short period which is called night ; and the sunset so imperceptibly loses itself in the increasing light of morning that it is quite impossible to determine when the sunset ends and the sunrise commences.

If the people of the North have the enjoyment of but a short summer, that period is not like ours of more southern latitudes. Although the reign of the summer's sun here is short, it is indeed a glorious one, and the people seem determined to make the most of it. There is no hour of the night in which the streets do not present a scene of life and animation. People are to be seen in various groups, strolling in different directions ; many are returning



PORPHYRY VASE.

from the country laden with flowers, the first gifts of the season. It is said of strangers in the North that they are quite sure to turn day into night, and night into day. I must confess that so great are the attractions of night here at this season that I have adopted sun-rise as my usual hour of retiring. However, that is not quite so late as one might imagine, as the sun now rises at about two o'clock.

It is perfectly wonderful to watch here the rapidity with which the verdure develops itself after the commencement of summer. The snows of the long winter having disappeared, the earth is speedily warmed by the almost continuous rays of the sun. Then comes, as if by magic, the rapid bursting forth of the verdure in all its beauty and freshness; it seems, indeed, that while one is gazing he almost sees the growth of the foliage and the opening of the flowers. It reminds me much of a beautiful ballet I have seen produced, in which the queen of the flowers waves her magic wand amid all nature in a state of chaos, when plants and trees suddenly lift themselves from the desolate landscape, leaves unfold themselves to view, tiny buds appear here and there, suddenly expanding themselves into a multitude of flowers of various hues.

"O, 't is the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse the uncertain breeze;

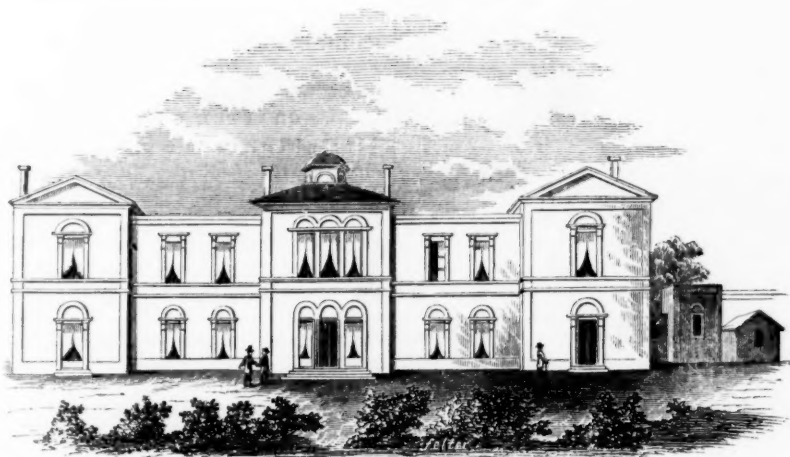
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground."

EVENING AT A VILLA ON LAKE MALAR.

A CHARMING little spot is my friend's villa of R—, situated upon the lake, about two miles distant from the city. It is, in fact, one of the few places about Stockholm which present anything like park scenery, if we except the royal domains, which are numerous, and seem to occupy almost every acre of really arable land about the capital. Still, Lake Malar, with its elevated and bold shores, furnishes many beautiful sites for country-houses; but few of them are occupied, and these can boast of little, if any, pretensions to architectural elegance. Indeed, they are for the most part lamentably bare, and far from picturesque in effect.

It was about eight o'clock of a fine evening when I arrived at R—. The sun was shining brightly, and my friend's children were playing among the flowers in the garden when the nurse came to take them to bed. I could not avoid a feeling of sympathy for the little ones in being taken away from a scene of so much beauty; but when I looked at my watch and found it was nearly nine o'clock, the demand seemed more reasonable.

There is oftentimes to the traveler a peculiar charm in the country. In the town he is ever more or less reminded



VILLA OF ROSENDAL.

that the scenes about him are strange, and distant from his own land. The voices which constantly fall upon the ear are in a tongue which seems strange and foreign. But in the country nature is the same to him. Indeed, her every tone seems familiar. The trees, rocks, flowers, wood, and water might be the productions of his native country, and, surrounded by such scenes, he is likely to forget that thousands of miles separate him from his home.

The evening receptions at the villas in the environs of Stockholm present a delightful feature in society. It seems quite a general custom for those persons having country-houses in the vicinity of the city, to extend a general invitation to their friends for every evening. These little reunions are delightful. I have rarely seen any refreshments served, with the exception of tea, cakes, &c. I was surprised to learn from the lady of my friend that during the long winter nights, which commence here soon after two o'clock in mid-winter, that everything becomes more formal, the evening receptions are dropped, and visiting, as with us, is confined to formal calls or particular invitations.

In conversation one evening with an acquaintance, I was somewhat surprised to learn that a very general coldness toward Jenny Lind existed at Stockholm. The Swedes seem to forget that "the nightingale," who has gone forth to distant lands, bearing the name of Sweden, has reflected any luster upon her native land. I learn

that she has not visited Sweden since her return from America, and that she furthermore expressed great indifference at the time of her last visit here to ever again returning to her native country. Strange that the "Swedish nightingale," the delight of all the world, should have become indifferent to scenes where first in childhood she warbled those notes which have since held thousands in breathless wonder and delight. One must usually have a very good reason for becoming indifferent to the scenes of childhood; and to the children of the North there is so much that is peculiar and characteristic, that it would seem the very sterile rocks about would be dearer to the heart than the most luxuriant spots in other lands, its "wastes more rich than other climes' fertility." Indeed, I cannot readily conceive how a Norwegian or Swede can ever become wholly indifferent to the scenes of early youth. The bright glow of a summer's sunset, the dreamy and soothing beauty of the hours which succeed it, must come up occasionally from the depths of memory with no common strength.

My friend's grounds, he informed me, were entirely left to the charge of Dalecarlian female laborers; yet all seemed in the best possible order, and the gardens to promise an abundant yield. I observed two of them upon the grounds when I arrived, looking even more formidable than the specimens of Dalecarlian boat-women

whom I have described. Says my friend, "They will perform twice as much labor as any men whom I am able to employ, and are most remarkable for their trustworthiness and uncommon honesty." Their ordinary wages is about twelve and a half cents per day.

It was half-past ten o'clock when I left the delightful circle at R—— to return to the city; no candles were lighted, and, indeed, they were not required. As I left the house I lingered for a time upon a point which extended into the lake, enjoying the beauty of the scene. The waters of the lake were sleeping calmly before me, radiant with the reflected light of a crimson sky. On the one side bold and rocky shores presented themselves; on the other a park, stretching gracefully to the water's edge; while in the distance the spires and domes of Stockholm, with the bold square outline of the palace, furnished a striking feature in the landscape. A few boatmen upon the lake relieved the monotony of the silence by the occasional stroke of an oar; while in the direction where the sun had disappeared all was brilliant with its reflected light.

WATER.

O LIVING, living water,
So busy and so bright,
Up-flashing in the morning beam,
And sounding through the night—
O golden-shining water,
Would God that I might be
A vocal message from His mouth
Into the world, like thee!

O happy, happy water,
Which nothing e'er affrays,
And, as it pours from crag to crag,
Nothing e'er stops or stays.
But past cool heathery hollows,
Or gloomy deeps it flows;
By rocks that fain would close it in,
Leaps through—and on it goes.

O freshening, sparkling water,
O voice that's never still,
Though Winter her fair dead-white hand
Lays over brae and hill.
Though no leaf's left to flutter
In woods all mute and hoar,
Yet thou, O river, night and day
Thou runnest evermore.

No foul thing can defile thee;
Thou castest all aside,
Like a good heart that 'midst the ill
Of this world doth abide.

O living, living water,
Still fresh, and bright, and free,
God lead us through this changing world
For ever pure like thee!

[For the National Magazine.]

BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER SECOND.

WE advert now to a very large class of the feathered tribes, distinguished by the general designation of *In-sessores*, or *Perching Birds*. We shall not attempt to subdivide them into different families, merely premising that all the individuals of this order have a general similarity of structure. They feed mainly upon fruit and grain, but many are great devourers of insects, and a few may be called *carnivorous*.

The well-known *Whip-poor-Will* belongs to this class. It is about nine inches in length, and a little more than twice as much in the extent of its wings. The bill is blackish, of great strength, and somewhat curved at the point. Its plumage is beautifully spotted with brown, black, and cream color. It has a loud and peculiar song, which, during the season of incubation, the male begins about sunset, and frequently continues during the whole night. It is found most abundantly in the barren districts of Kentucky, and in all the region of the Alleghany Mountains. Wilson was one day passing along the brow of a rocky declivity, when one of these birds arose from her feet and fluttered along, sometimes prostrating herself, and beating the ground with her wings as if just expiring. Aware of her purpose, he stood still, and examined the ground in order to find the nest from which she was trying to divert his attention; but after a long search, when he was just about to abandon the pursuit, he saw something like a slight moldiness among the withered leaves, and discovered it to be a young whip-poor-will, seemingly asleep, and about a week old. He left it where he found it; but having occasion to return to the same spot in about ten minutes, he found the young bird had been removed by the parent. Among the ignorant and superstitious, the notes of the whip-poor-will are supposed to be ominous of evil.

The whip-poor-will has furnished a theme for a great deal of poetry. We copy the following lines from a cotemporary, in whose well-deserved prosperity we rejoice, (*Putnam's Monthly* for January):—



"TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL.

"Why whip poor Will? what sin of mine
Deserves so harsh a word?
How impudent! I half incline
To quarrel with the bird.

"Close to my chamber-window, love,
That creature, every night,
Comes perching on the boughs above—
An ill-commission'd sprite.

"And in that cool, sarcastic style
To pity me pretends:
Calls me 'poor William,' yet the while
A whipping recommends.

"Poor Will! Poor Will! yet 'whip poor Will!'
Thou contradictory thing;
What's my offense, and wherefore still
So cross a carol sing?

"Thus at my chamber-window, love,
Hid in that elm-tree shade,
From heaven's reproachful eyes above,
He screams my serenade.

"Till, in the stillness of the hour,
Beneath those solemn stars,
His chant with a mysterious power
My midnight slumber mars.

"My little monitor! I own
That, in the hush of night,
Thy cry comes o'er me like the tone
Of conscience—thou art right.

"Since, though for knowledge incomplete
Some pity I deserve,
Full oft with weak and willing feet
From duty's path I swerve.

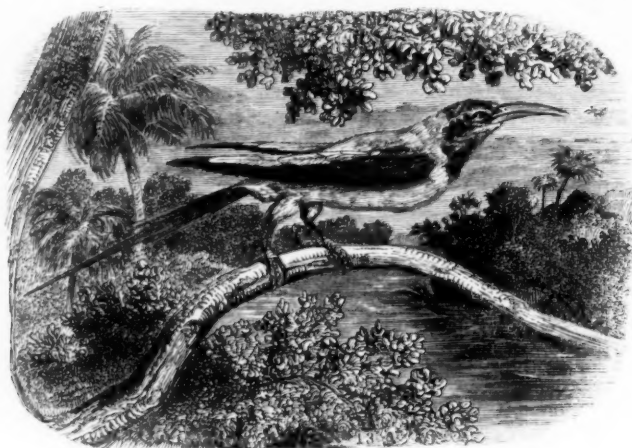
"And pity must be mingled still
With chastisement—I know it—
Or else my native bent for ill
Might spoil both man and poet."

Nearly allied to this family are the *Goat-Suckers*, so called from an absurd story that they suck the teats of goats; and the various tribes of *martins* and *swallows*, upon which it is not necessary to dwell. The *King-Fishers*, of which we give an engraving, (figure 12,) are found in their various varieties in all parts of the world. The one from which our drawing is made (the common king-fisher) has a beautifully variegated plumage of greenish and azure blue, buff, and

bright orange. It is an exceedingly voracious bird, and is remarkable for the wonderful rapidity of its flight. It builds on the banks of streams, sometimes taking possession of a rat's hole in which to lay its eggs. Of the belted American variety, Wilson says: "Like the love-lorn swains of whom poets tell us, he delights in murmuring streams and falling waters; not, however, merely that he may soothe his ear, but for a gratification somewhat more substantial. Amid the roar of the cataract, or over the foam of a torrent, he sits perched upon an overhanging bough, glancing his piercing eye in every direction for his sealy prey, which, with a sudden plunge, he sweeps from his native element and swallows in an instant." His

voice resembles the sound of a watchman's rattle, and is loud and harsh. By the ancient Greeks the king-fisher was called Alcyone, from the daughter of Æolus, who, it is said, threw herself into the sea, and was metamorphosed into one of these birds. There have been, indeed, many superstitious stories with reference to the king-fisher, and even to this day he is regarded with a kind of awe by the South Sea islanders.

Our next illustration (13) is that very curious bird, the *Bee-Eater*. It is found in Eastern Europe, and in some parts of Africa. The head is of a yellowish white, merging into a bluish green; the other parts of the body are of a rich chestnut-color, and the throat of a bright yellow. Its



principal food is butterflies, grasshoppers, and more especially, as the name indicates, honey-bees. It is known in Egypt by a designation signifying the bees' enemy. Its fondness for this last-named insect is alluded to by Virgil:—

"Place the rich hives where, deck'd with painted mail,

Nor lizards lurk, nor birds can yet assail.

The *swift bee-eater*, and among the rest

The swallow, Phœnæ, with her blood-stain'd breast:

Devourers fell, with cruel bill they seize,

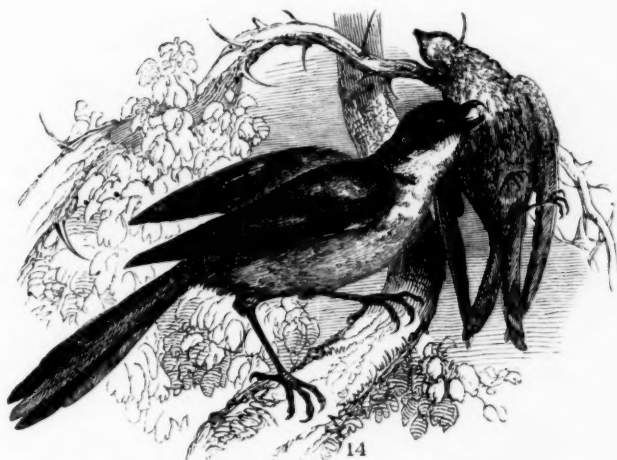
While flitting past, the honey-searching bees;

Then to their greedy nestlings bear away,

As a sweet morsel, the expected prey."

Next in order we have the very extensive family of the *Shrike*, with its numerous varieties. They are found in all parts of the world, living for the most part on

fruit and berries, but some of them preying also on insects. The *Butcher-Bird*, a variety of the *Shrike*, is very common on the continent of Europe, and is found, not unfrequently, in Great Britain. It derives its name from its habit of seizing and impaling its prey on sharp thorns, leaving it there to be destroyed at leisure, or when hunger calls for it. There is a larger variety in Southern Africa, of which Le Valliant says, that when it sees a locust, or a small bird, it springs upon it, and immediately impales it by passing a thorn through the head of its victim. The Hot-tentots assured the traveler that the bird does not love fresh food, and therefore leaves its prey on the gibbet until it becomes putrescent. Mr. Wilson mentions an instance of the *Great American Shrike*,



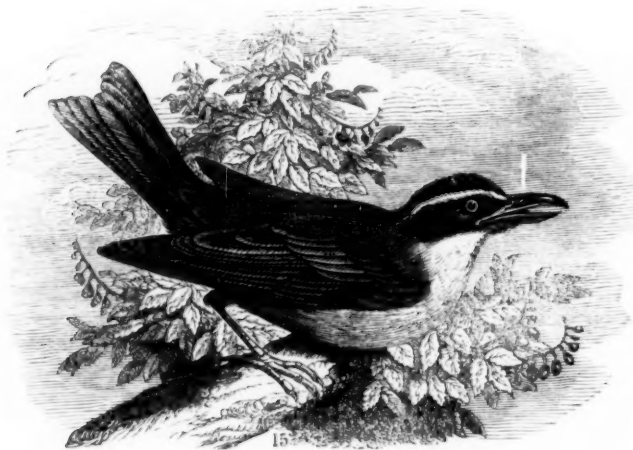
which pursued a snow-bird into an open cage, and before any one could come to its assistance it had already strangled and scalped it, although it lost its own liberty by the exploit.

Another striking variety of the Shrike is a native of Australia, and is known as the *New-Holland Butcher-Bird*. Mr. Martin describes one of these in captivity, which, when a small bird or mouse was exhibited in its presence, would dart with the utmost eagerness about its cage, and evince the most intense eagerness. If the mouse were placed within its reach, it seized it in a moment, and strangled it with apparent triumph. The *Shrikes* are all more or less musical, and the imitative powers of the New Holland butcher-bird are wonderful. It copies, according to the author above named, with great precision, the notes of other animals, the voices of parrots, and even the musical notes of the human voice. He assures us, too, that he heard one in a cage perform with great spirit and melody the well-known tune, "Over the water to Charlie."

We give a representation (figure 14) of the *Collared Shrike*, with its victim impaled upon a thorn. It is somewhat smaller than the other varieties to which we have alluded, but gives a good idea of the general appearance of them all. It is a native of the Cape of Good Hope; its plumage black and white variegated.

Next in order we have the very curious

family of the *Fly-Catchers*, birds of a wild and solitary character, generally of a somber appearance, shy and distrustful. Varieties are found in all quarters of the globe, and more especially in the warmer latitudes. They live, as their name indicates, on flies and other insects, which they seize in mid-air. It is well observed by Buffon, the distinguished French naturalist, that without the assistance of birds of this character we should be unable to destroy the innumerable swarms of insects by which we are surrounded. Innumerable in quantity and rapid in generation, they would invade our dominions and devastate the earth but for the destruction caused by these winged tyrants. "How happens it," he asks, "that we are more tormented by flies in the commencement of autumn than in the middle of summer? Why, in the fine days of October, do we see the air filled with myriads of gnats? Because all the insectivorous birds have then deserted us. This short lapse of time, during which they have too prematurely abandoned our climate, is sufficient to cause us to be more incommoded with the multitude of insects than at any other season." "And what," he asks, with the true feelings of a naturalist,— "what must be the consequence if from the moment of their arrival; if during the entire summer; if, in short, for the whole time of their sojourn among us, we continue to make their destruction a source of amusement?"

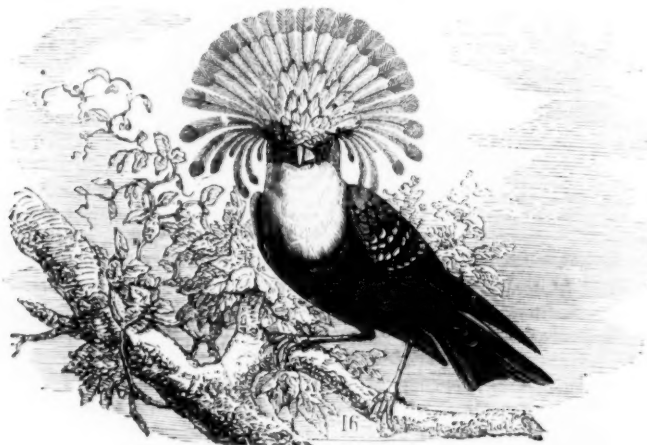


We give engravings of two varieties of this interesting family. The one represented by figure 15 is the most common; that by figure 16 is the most remarkable of the fly-catching tribe. It is known as the *Todus-Regius*, so called from the regal appearance of its red crest, beautifully edged with black. The upper parts of the body are of a deep brown, the under parts red, and the throat white, as are also the beak and feet.

The well-known *Red-Breast*, the universal favorite of man and the theme of so much poetry, is next in order. It is too well known to need description. It has little instinctive fear of man, is the

laborer's and gardener's companion, attends him at his work, hops around his feet, and almost under his spade, and collects with confiding trust the insects he turns up. Addison, in the *Spectator*, attributes much of the respect paid to the robin in England to the old ballad of the *Children in the Wood*; and Isaac Walton calls it "The honest robin, that loves mankind both dead and alive." It is beautifully introduced in the dirge in *Cymbeline* :—

"The red-breast oft, in evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid."





Indeed, almost every English poet has something to say in praise of this universal feathered favorite. Thus Dr. Jenner,—and we quote him because his lines are less familiar than many others:—

“Come, sweetest of the feather’d throng!
And soothe me with thy plaintive song:
Come to my cot devoid of fear,
No danger shall await thee here:
No prowling cat, with whisker’d face,
Approaches this sequester’d place:
No school-boy with his willow-bow
Shall aim at thee a murderous blow:
No wily limed-twigg ere molest
Thy olive wing or crimson breast.
Thy cup, sweet bird, I’ll daily fill
At yonder cressy bubbling rill;
Thy board shall plenteously be spread
With crumblets of the nicest bread;
And when rude winter comes, and shows
His icicles and shivering snows,
Hop o’er my cheering hearth, and be
One of my peaceful family:
Then soothe me with thy plaintive song,
Thou sweetest of the feather’d throng!”

The *Nightingale* (17) is universally regarded as the most celebrated of all the British warblers, “possessing,” says Cassel, “beyond any other those requisites of volume, quality, and execution of voice, which combine to make a songster.” His principal food is caterpillars, worms, and the larvæ of insects. He seems to have an instinctive impulse to sing, and is seldom weary, save when in attendance upon his young, when his musical notes are exchanged for a discordant croak. The Abbé de la Pluche, in describing the notes of the nightingale, says, “He passes from grave to gay; from a simple song to a warble the most varied; and from the softest trillings and swells to languishing and lamentable sighs, which he as quickly abandons to return to his natural sprightliness.” According to Bechstein, who made the nightingale a subject of study, he is capable of forming strong attach-

ments. When he becomes acquainted with the person who takes care of him, he knows his step before seeing him, and welcomes him by a joyful note. When he loses his benefactor, he sometimes pines to death. If he survive, it is long before he is accustomed to another. He is peculiarly an English bird, and seldom, if ever, wanders so far north as Scotland. Hence Leyden, the poet, exclaims,—

"Sweet bird! how long shall Teviot's maids deplore
Thy song, unheard along her woodland shore!"

Sir John Sinclair endeavored to introduce the bird into the groves of Scotia by exchanging the eggs of robins for those of the nightingale. They were hatched and carefully tended by their foster-parents, but migrated in the autumn and never returned. Coleridge thus expresses his estimate of this favored songster:—

"'T is the merry nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast, thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music.

"And oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps!"

The family of *Thrushes* is very large. Varieties are found in all quarters of the globe, and they are universal songsters. The common English variety (18) is, in the power and clearness of its notes, superior even to the nightingale, although it is not equal to it in variety. The *wood-thrush* of America, or wood-robin, as it is sometimes called, is shy and timid, and "with the modesty of true merit charms you with his song, but is content, and even solicitous, to be himself concealed." Those who have paid much attention to the notes of birds profess to be able to distinguish one from another as readily as human beings are distinguished by the voice. Wilson tells us that he discriminated the voice of one wood-thrush from all others, and that he became gradually and perfectly familiar with its peculiarities. The top of a large white oak was the favorite pinnacle whence he poured forth the

sweetest melody. But alas! as the poet says,—

"One morn I missed him on the accustom'd hill,
Along the vale and on his favorite tree—
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the glen, nor in the wood was he;"

and the fragments of the wings and broken feathers of a wood-thrush among the rocks, which had been killed by a hawk, and which the naturalist contemplated with unfeigned regret, assured him that he had lost his favorite by a violent death.

The nest of the thrush is thus poetically described by Clare:—

"Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, while I drank the sound

With joy: and often an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day,
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,

Ink-spotted—over shells of green and blue,
And there I witnessed in the summer hours
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky."

Of the *Ferruginous-Thrush*, whose food consists of worms and caterpillars, with an occasional grain of Indian corn, Wilson expresses his confident belief that for every grain of maize he may steal he destroys five hundred insects, and that in particular he devours large numbers of a large grub which is more pernicious to the crop than nine-tenths of the whole feathered tribe. The same enthusiastic naturalist, speaking of this sweet songster, says:—

"We listen to its notes with a kind of devotional ecstasy as a hymn to the great and adorable Creator. The human being who, amid such scenes, and in such seasons of rural serenity and delight, can pass them with cold indifference I sincerely pity; for abject must that heart be, and callous those feelings, and depraved that taste, which neither the charms of nature, nor the melody of innocence, nor the voice of gratitude can reach."

Nearly allied to the thrush family is the celebrated *Mocking-Bird*, peculiar to this continent, of whom Southey speaks as

"That cheerful one, who knoweth all
The songs of all the winged choristers;
And in one sequence of melodious sounds
Pours all its music."

Wilson's description is graphic and accurate:—



"This celebrated and very extraordinary bird, in extent and variety of vocal powers, stands unrivaled by the whole feathered songsters of this or perhaps any other country. Its plumage, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and had he nothing else to recommend him would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves his admirable song rises preëminent over every competitor. Neither is his strain altogether imitative. His own notes are bold, and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill,

each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman and sends him in search of birds that are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their notes, or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk."

Audubon is eloquently graphic in his description of this universal favorite:—

"Listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird. See how he flies round his mate with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and again alighting approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upward, opens his bill and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest he has made.

"They are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of nature's own music. The mellowness

of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from nature's self.

"No sooner has he again alighted and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

"For a while each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note from the female he ceases his song and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear-tree of the garden are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window."

The mocking-bird not only shows great judgment in selecting a place for its nest, but great skill in its preparation. Its eggs are four or five in number, of a bluish tint, with patches of brown. During the period of incubation neither man nor animal can approach the nest without being attacked, and cats are soon made to seek refuge in a speedy retreat. But its special vengeance is directed against the black snake, whose approach is no sooner discovered than the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, and, dexterously eluding its bite, strikes it incessantly and violently on the head. The snake soon becomes sensible of its danger and seeks to escape; but the mocking-bird is only encouraged to redouble its exertions, and unless its antagonist be of great size it succeeds in destroying it. The female is so tenacious of her eggs as to suffer herself to be taken with the nest. The young, in its first plumage, is of a dusky yellowish-gray tint above, each feather having the central part grayish-brown; the lower parts are yellowish-white, each feather having a central brown line; the wings and tail are brown, as in the adult. The male is

easily distinguished from the female by its lighter color.

Vastly different in habits and mode of life, yet, from peculiarity of form and structure, the *Water Ouzel* is placed by naturalists in the same family as the mocking-bird. It is a native of Great Britain, and is remarkable for its russet plumage and snow-white breast, but more so for its peculiar fondness for playing in the water. In this element, indeed, the ouzel appears to be perfectly at home; and even the young, it is said, before they are able to fly are capable of diving with great address, and, according to Selby, "when disturbed they take to the water instantly, although but half-fledged, and dive with perfect ease." "One of their nests was discovered," says Cassell, "in a steep bank which projected over a rivulet, and was so ingeniously concealed among the moss by which it was surrounded that nothing but the old bird flying in with a fish would have led to the discovery. The young ones were nearly feathered, but unable to fly, and the moment the nest was disturbed they fluttered out, and, dropping into the water, instantly vanished; but in a short time reappeared at some distance down the stream, and it was with difficulty that two out of the five were secured." It has a very sweet and variable song, and is heard in the night as well as in the day-time all through the spring and summer, and until quite late in the autumn. The poet thus delineates some of the peculiar habits of this charming bird:—

"The bird
Is here—the solitary bird that makes
The rock his sole companion. Leafy vale,
Green bower, and hedge-row fair, and garden
rich
With bud and bloom, delight him not;—he
bends
No spray, nor roams the wilderness of boughs,
Where love and song detain a million wings
Through all the summer morn—the summer
eve;—
He has no fellowship with waving woods;—
He joins not in their merry minstrelsy,
But flits from ledge to ledge, and through the
day
Sings to the highland waterfall, that speaks
To him in strains he loves, and lists
Forever."

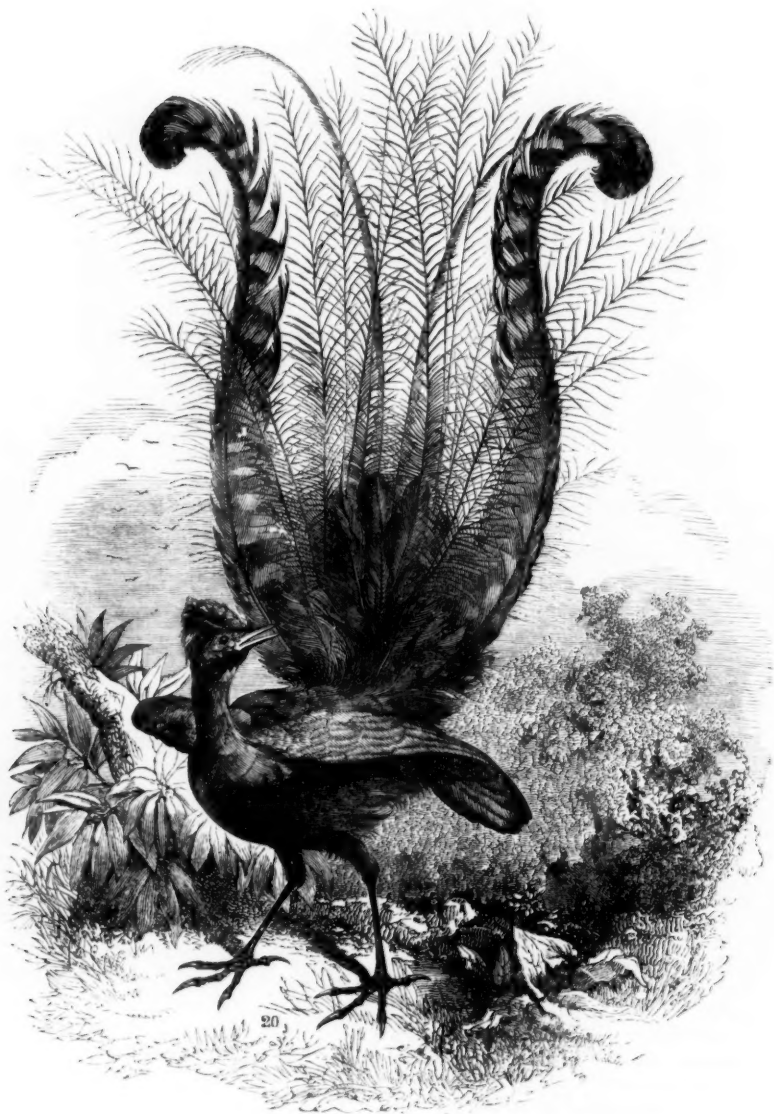
The *Golden Oriole* (19) is one of the most beautiful of the feathered tribe. It must be carefully distinguished from another species in which are included the



Baltimore and orchard orioles, natives of the United States. The bird of which we give a figure is European, and is found plentifully in France and Italy, and occasionally in England. Its plumage is of a rich golden yellow, the wings and tail are black, the latter tipped also with yellow. Its favorite abode is the lonely grove; it is exceedingly shy, and difficult to approach. It is a sweet songster, and in captivity learns tunes very readily. Bechstein saw two of these birds reared from the nest, one of which, besides pouring forth its natural song, whistled a minuet, while the other imitated a flourish of trumpets. He alludes also to two other birds of this species, kept at Berlin, both of which whistled different airs. It builds a purse-like nest of fibers and grasses, artfully woven together and suspended from a twig of one of the highest branches of a tree. The eggs are five in number, of a pure white, with a few dark-brown spots.

As is the case with all migratory birds, the golden oriole is exceedingly difficult to keep alive in a state of captivity. The French naturalist above quoted says that, in spite of the utmost care, none that he ever knew survived more than three or four months.

The *Black Cap* is a name given to a sweet songster rivaling the *nightingale* in its sprightly strains. It is a native of the island of Madeira, and derives its name from a curious black hood with which it is provided. Bechstein reared in a hot-house a young male which was remarkable not less for the beauty of its strains than for its sagacity. It was accustomed to receive its food from his hands. When he entered the hot-house the black cap perched upon the jar in which his food was kept. If his owner pretended not to notice him he would take flight, and, "passing close under my nose, resume his post; and this he repeated, sometimes even striking me



with his wing till I satisfied his wishes and impatience." The young birds, before they molt, have little or no distinctive difference of coloring; but the male and female in complete plumage are decidedly different. "In the male," says Cassell, "the whole of the top of the head is black, the neck and breast gray, tinged with oil-green. The female, which is rather larger

than the male, has the top of the head reddish-brown; the general tints of the upper surface are of a more decided olive hue. The plumage is remarkable for the delicacy of its texture. The *black cap* sings not only by day, but also by night. Even in captivity its song, except during the molting season, is continued throughout the year. The female bird can war-

ble, too, but her tone is lower, and she has far less compass of voice."

We close this chapter with one of the most remarkable of the feathered tribe—the *Lyre-Bird*—of which we give (figure 20) a striking picture. Indeed, the reader, we think, will agree with us in awarding to our artist great praise for the life-like accuracy of all his bird-delineations. This bird is a native of New-South Wales, resembling, in some respects, a pheasant. Its wings are short, concave, and rounded; the quill feathers lax and feeble; the general plumage is full, deep, soft, and downy. The tail is its distinguishing peculiarity, being a beautiful long plume-like ornament, resembling, when erect and expanded, the figure of a lyre—hence the name. This ornament, according to Cassell, to whom we are indebted for our description, is restricted to the male bird. It consists of sixteen feathers, the inner ones of an amber-brown color, the two outer ones gray, tipped with black. It is an exceedingly shy bird, and Mr. Gould remarks:—

"While among the bushes I have been surrounded by these birds, pouring forth their loud and liquid calls for days together without being able to get a sight of them; and it was only by the most determined perseverance and extreme caution that I was enabled to effect this desirable object, which was rendered the more difficult by their often frequenting the most inaccessible and precipitous sides of gullies and ravines, covered with tangled masses of creepers and umbrageous trees. The cracking of a stick, the rolling down of a small stone, or any other noise, however slight, is sufficient to alarm them."

The inhabitants sometimes succeed in capturing this timid creature by wearing the tail of a full-plumaged male in the hat, keeping it constantly in motion, and concealing the person among the bushes, when, the attention of the bird being arrested by the apparent intrusion of another of its own sex, it is attracted within range of the gun.

The lyre-birds build in the hollow trunks of trees, or in the holes of rocks. The nest is formed of dried grass or leaves. The female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs of a white color, spotted with blue. They have a not unpleasant natural note, and, like the mocking-bird of our own country, very soon learn to imitate the song of others.

The perching birds will necessarily require another chapter, which may be expected in our next number.

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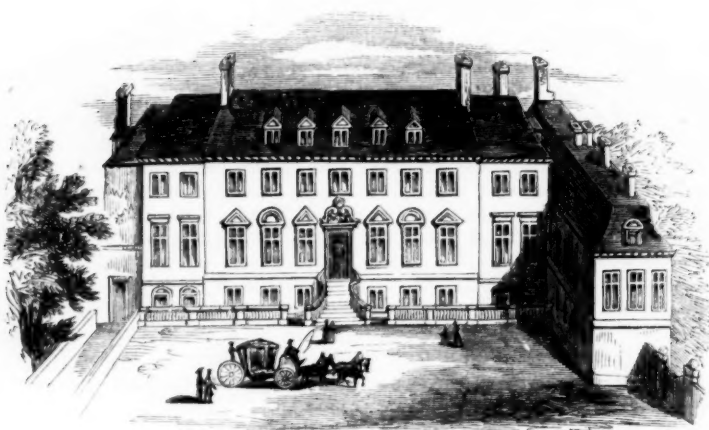
THE GRAVE OF LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

WE have walked more than once up and down the north side of Bloomsbury Square, where Southampton House once stood, and where Lady Rachel Russell and her husband resided, and felt half inclined to quarrel with this noble lady's grandson, Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, for changing its name to Bedford House; and still more grieved that Francis, Duke of Bedford, should have caused it to be taken down. Such buildings should be considered sacred; they are monuments which no hands should touch to desecrate or to injure.

We can now but contemplate the site of the dwelling where Lord William Russell lived with one in all respects so worthy of him;* yet it is some satisfaction to know that the Duke of York, his malignant foe, and the pusillanimous enemy of all civil and religious liberty, did not achieve his wicked will that this most injured nobleman should have been executed there—at his own threshold. But it is not upon "houses built with hands" that the memory of Lord William and Lady Rachel Russell depends; their names have imperishable renown in their country's history—watchwords they are of liberty, of truth, of uprightness, of dignity, of all and everything that can add luster to human nature!

Lady Rachel Russell, who in every situation of life is so eminent an example of what a woman can be, and ought to be, was the child of an illustrious father—Thomas Wriothesley, the Lord Southampton, who, during the first dispute between Charles and his parliament, kept so honestly aloof from court that he was considered as one of the peers most attached to the people—yet was so struck by seeing the course of justice perverted on the trial of Lord Strafford, (whom, be it remembered, he had never favored,) that he felt himself impelled by his desire for the peace of England to attach himself to the Royalists. Lord Southampton had

* On Lady Russell's death, in 1723, it descended to her grandson, Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, and received the name of Bedford House. It was pulled down by Francis, Duke of Bedford, in 1800. Our view is copied from an old print in the illustrated Pennant, now in the British Museum.



SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY.

married before these troubles a Huguenot lady, Rachel de Ruigny, who soon died, leaving two infant daughters, of whom Lady Rachel was the youngest. There is to be found in Lady Rachel's character the exalted and enduring piety which so eminently belonged to the Huguenots of those days, blended with the tolerant spirit of universal charity which distinguished her father. It seems also to us that though the crude, imperfect style of her early letters proves that her mere education, so called, was not strictly attended to, yet, during her father's retirement at Tichfield in Hampshire, her mind and heart were both strengthened and refreshed.

Nothing does this so effectually with women as early intercourse with high-minded and right-thinking men; the piety and purity, the unflinching integrity of the father, were unconsciously imbibed by the child—healthful and invigorating to her soul as was the fresh country air to her constitution.

She was betrothed, according to the custom of the times, in childhood, to Lord Vaughan, whom she married, but soon became a widow; and then, richly dowered, young and lovely, she chose wisely, in choosing from among her suitors, a younger brother of the noble house of Russell. During their lives these two were seldom separated; and when we first turned over all that is published of her few letters to her husband, we were sen-

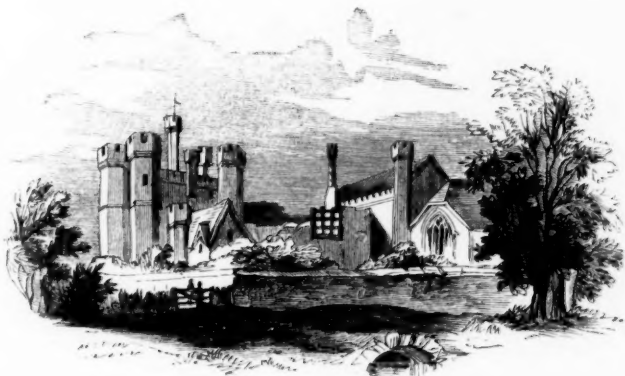
sibly struck by their *home-heartedness*; their appreciation of happiness born of rational as well as passionate affection; bearing the fruitage of cheerfulness and joy, yet prepared—as people seldom are—alike to bask in the sunshine, or meet the storms of life. Lady Rachel's tender and almost prophetic exhortations both to her husband and herself, to merit the continuance of God's goodness, as much as we can be said to merit anything, assure us how perfectly she understood the great principle of the *balance of life*, which is exemplified as much in the peasant's cottage as in the prince's palace; while his entire and absolute confidence in her character was only equaled by his affection and attachment to her society. Thus were they *united* in the holiest and highest sense of the word; united in principle, in intellect, in views, and in all noble dispositions; pursuing, according to the different means appropriate to their sex and situation, one common end—sustaining and strengthening each other; no harshness, no tyranny, no depreciation on the one hand, no affectation, no small arts, no deceit, no struggling for unwomanly power on the other—each finding a candid and a brave judge in the understanding, and a warm and devoted advocate in the heart, of a dear companion.

It has been justly remarked, that there is as great a variety in the powers and compass of human hearts as of human intellects. Some are found hardly equal to

the modified selfishness which produces attachment to their most immediate connections; some have naturally strong feelings concentrated on a few objects, but which diffuse no warmth out of their own narrow focus; while others again appear endowed with an almost boundless capacity for every virtuous affection, which contracts undiminished to all the minute duties of social life, and expands unexhausted to all the great interests of humanity. Such was the heart, the large, full heart of Lady Rachel Russell, in which her husband, her three children, her family, especially her sister, (whom she so exquisitely terms "a *delicious* friend,") her friends, her country, and above all, her religion, all found space.

How delightful it is to read the manner in which she requites the "tender kindness" of her husband; how her letters are

filled with words of love and most delicate fondness! Yet with all a woman's care for the small domestic things, of a *right* woman's carefulness, are ever to be seen the brave energy and thoughtfulness of her nature—the indelible marks of an animated interest in her lord's pursuits, a mind open to all great public objects. Dear as was his society to her, there was no pitiful, vexatious whining after it when his duties called him away, but every effort was used to strengthen him in his strength. Her account of the debate in the House of Commons on the king's message, in April, 1667, is clear and well given—a proof of the improvement of her style; wherein are to be found passages intimating her minute acquaintance with political affairs, and with Lord Russell's participation in them. Above all others, she was impressed with the most perfect



RUINS OF TICHFIELD HOUSE.

trust in the goodness of God, bringing her faith into daily exercise—her sweet faith; for surely faith sweetened all her cups of bitterness from first to last.

The one thing generally known and universally appreciated is Lady Rachel's conduct on her husband's trial, for a pretended connection with the Rye House Plot.* Of the events which preceded and

followed this most disgusting mockery of justice, she herself has left no record. Her confidence in her husband's purity of intention and action, of course, could not be shaken; and her mind, instead of being overwhelmed, expanded into more than human majesty. The dastardly policy of the court would have rejoiced if Lord Russell had fled; it would have been a relief from the degradation of his death.

* This conspiracy, which appears to have originated among some disaffected London tradesmen, was to have been carried out at the house of one of them, Rumbold, a maltster, who was to lodge the conspirators in his house called "The Rye," near Hoddesden, in Hertfordshire. The Rye House is an old brick building situated in a picturesque spot on the river Lea, and has upon its exterior some ornamental features, which show it to have been

once a building of some importance. All that now remains is but a fragment of the original building, and the interior has been so entirely altered to suit it to the exigencies of the parish workhouse as to leave no feature of interest remaining. It was afterward an inn and fishing-house. The foundations are insecure, and the house is rapidly crumbling away.



THE RYE HOUSE.

They could have vilified his character with show of reason, and this would have led to the more easily disposing of others, whose greater activity, as well as fewer scruples, made them, in fact, more dangerous enemies. It is on record that Lady Rachel was even sent to, to consult with Lord William's friends whether or not he should "withdraw himself." But no: she loved his honor better than his life—loved that which *must* live better than that which *must* die. No fears for the safety of her life of lives led this heroic woman to counsel what she did not consider would be consonant with her husband's innocence and honor. History, blushing at the perversion of justice, details what followed. During the fortnight—the bare fortnight which elapsed between Lord Russell's commitment to the Tower and this base mockery of jury-trial—Lady Rachel was unceasingly occupied in procuring information as to what was likely to be urged against him, and

in adopting every means of precaution. She found it difficult to believe with her lord, that, once within the poisoned coil of his enemies, his doom was fixed. A thrill of anguish ran through the court when, in reply to the Chief Justice's intimation that Lord William might employ any of his servants to assist in writing anything he pleased, he simply said, "My wife is here to do it." And she, pure, holy, and strengthened for such a task by the direct power and grace of God, that "sweet saint" arose from her lord's side, and seated herself with most wonderful calmness and self-possession, to take notes of the proceedings that were to issue in his life or death. No heroism ever surpassed this. How many there present must have recalled her father's services, her husband's unsuspected patriotism, the excellence of their lives, their domestic happiness. It shook the hearts of their bitter persecutors, for even the "atrocious judge" assumed a milder tone, and said,

"If my lady will give herself the trouble."

How she could have supported herself—how she could have controlled her feelings—during the feeble and most iniquitous mass of compounded nothings that were urged against her noble lord, especially by the pitiful Lord Howard, we know not. She had also to bear up against the news of the suicide, in the Tower, of Lord Essex—her relation and friend. She heard this in the midst of the trial, tolling through the court like a death-knell, yet did she give no voice to the torture of her heart, nor distracted her husband's attention by a single murmur. Day and night did she labor, after his condemnation, for a mitigation of his sentence; but the unforgiving James gaped for blood; the facile Charles laughed at mercy; the venal Duchess of Portsmouth feared to risk her power over the king even for the mighty bribe which Lord William's father, Lord Bedford, offered her; every plan was tried, save a desertion from those high principles which formed Lord William's sole crime in the eyes of his relentless enemy, the Duke of York. Now mark how she strengthened her husband's noble nature. While offering to accompany him into exile, never did she propose that he should purchase his life by a base compliance, or the abjuration of those glorious truths for which he endured persecution. How deeply he felt this, is proved by his mention of her in his interviews with Burnet, who tells us that Lord Russell expressed, even in his last hours, "great joy" in her magnanimity. "At eleven o'clock on Friday night," he says, "they parted; he kissed her four or five times, and *she kept her sorrow so within herself that she gave him no disturbance at their parting.*" "There was," he said, "a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and a great kindness to him." *But her carriage in this extremity went beyond all; and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such hands.*" And truly can we believe it. Well might he trust her upon whom in this world he should look no more; safely might he confide to her those dear pledges of unsurpassed love, who to the last moment, by a continuation of woman's sacrifice—a sacrifice of self-indulgence—a suppression of every selfish feeling, which nothing

but the deepest tenderness could dictate to the most exalted mind—parted from his last embrace—looked her last look upon the honored, the beloved, of her true heart, without permitting a single sob of anguish to disturb his serene composure. Away she went to the home which had known him for fourteen years but should know him no more. Away—away—to count the fleeting minutes that were to elapse before his children were fatherless and his wife a widow.

Her beloved sister, that "delicious friend," was dead—her infant children were incapable of thought or consolation—her half-sister, Lady Northumberland, was abroad—her cousin, Lady Shaftesbury, could only offer "pity and prayers"—her father-in-law—they could but gaze upon each other. In those cruel moments she was left "alone with God." This holy companionship enabled her to support her great agony, and feel, what many years after she avowed, that there was something so glorious in the object of her greater sorrow that in some degree prevented her from being overwhelmed.

She did not even for a moment, when all was over, sit down with sorrow, but, roused by a knowledge of her duties to the dead, as well as the living, defended the memory of her husband when his unsatiated enemies endeavored to deny the authenticity of the paper he had delivered to the sheriffs on the scaffold. This, and the summoning of Tillotson and Burnet before the king and the Duke of York, who were taxed as the advisers of the declaration, drew forth Lady Rachel's memorable letter to Charles—a brave letter it was, the fearless expression of duty and innocence resolved to repel falsehood and assert truth. We may wonder how the Duke of York felt when it was read; as for the vacillating Charles, he gave immediate permission that the mourning escutcheon for the murder he had been pleased to sanction should be placed over Lord Russell's house, and sent a kind word to Lady Russell, intimating that he did not mean to profit by the forfeiture of Lord William's personal property—poor fluttering shred of royal frippery! Is not *this* a great glory to woman? Is not *this* her genuine power, the power of superior virtue? Is not *this* her great, her mighty strength, the strength born of a purified nature? What woman's influence



CHENIES.

could have holier exercise! Just consider the power she (long since dust and ashes) holds at this moment over every well-regulated female mind. Her name is as a talisman—the watchword of truth, and virtue, and vigilance—of domestic love, and lofty heroism. In *her* the *moral power* is most perfectly exemplified. She was not beautiful, nor “witty,” (for *that* her husband blessed God,) nor learned. Now-a-days she would hardly have been called *educated*. And yet, surely, we behold a *PERFECT WOMAN*. Would any wish more love, more gentleness, more truth, more trust, more virtue, more heroism, more religion—and all without assumption or pretense? Does not this show, that however ornamented may be the structure, there can be no true glory for woman unless there be a righteous foundation? One of her friends laments her “mighty grief;” how it has wasted her body, though she struggle with it “ever so hardly.” Bishop Burnet congratulates her on having resolved to employ so much of her time in the education of her children *that they should need no other governess*. It irks us to hear the excuses mothers sometimes make to rid themselves of their maternal duties, leaving their children to hired teachers and low-bred menials, gadding abroad after new friends, new pleasures, and new whims—their children will not bless them in their graves. How different was this from

Lady Rachel, training her two daughters, from whom she was never separated; and strengthening her own mind, that she might strengthen that of her son. We remember one passage where she says:—

“I am very solicitous, I confess, to do my duty in such a manner to the children of one I owe as much to as can be due to man, that if my son lives he may not justly say hereafter, that if he had a mother less ignorant or less negligent, he had not then been to seek for what, perhaps, he may then have a mind to have.”

Her son's education was a matter of deep interest to her; and the skill with which she parried Lord Bedford's (his grandfather's) cares, lest she should put him to “learn in earnest” at too early an age, is, as everything else, a proof of how her judgment regulated her affections. Her eldest daughter's marriage with Lord Cavendish drew her at last from her retirement, and her interest in all the world's doings was kept painfully alive by the trial of the seven bishops, and the stirring events of the times. Time passed on: she received the assurance of profound respect from the Prince and Princess of Orange, and at last, when the revolution settled into a new monarchy, its first act was the reversal of Lord Russell's attainder, his execution being termed a “murder” by a vote of the House of Commons! Lady Rachel lived to see it!

The honors we are justly proud of, the dress and ornaments of virtue, were showered upon the two noble houses she best loved: Devonshire and Bedford were elevated to dukedoms, and most worthy mention was made of Lord William Russell in the royal letters patent. Lady Rachel's dread of blindness, with which she had struggled for years, had been removed; "she had seen the government which had oppressed, proscribed; the power which she had found implacable, fallen in the dust; the religion whose political predominance she dreaded, in circumstances to require that toleration it had been unwilling to allow; the man whose vindictive spirit had inflicted the greatest misfortune of her life, himself an exile, after

having, with characteristic meanness, implored the assistance of him whom he had persecuted—the assistance of the father of the man he had murdered. She had seen the triumph of those principles for which her beloved lord had suffered, the blessed effects produced by a steady adherence to them, and his name forever coupled with the honor and freedom of his country."

A halo of glory encircles her name: every spot where she resided is to us consecrated. We have filled a large space with poor words concerning one of whom it seems to us we have said nothing. Lady Rachel Russell died October 5, 1723, at Southampton House, her age being eighty-six years; and she was buried at



CHENIES CHURCH.

Chenies, Buckinghamshire, with her most dear lord.

Chenies, the once happy home and the last resting-place of Lady Rachel Russell and her martyred lord, is situated in a secluded corner of Buckinghamshire; the little village is environed by trees, and the quiet dells and waving corn-fields give a favorable picture of the fertile spots of our country. The old mansion is nearly deserted; a greater part is used as a stable, and pigeons find a home in the upper stories. It is now inhabited by farmers, and used as the farm-house. Yet externally it retains the features of its original beauties. To some of the gables are still appended the carved corbels, which speak

of the elaboration and beauty of the old house in its palmy days. The ivy-covered turrets and gables, and the lofty firs, complete a picture of much interest—even apart from the glorious history with which it is associated.

The church is immediately beside the house. It is a work of the sixteenth century, and the principal part is the large mausoleum and chapel, built by the first countess for the Bedford family. Within the church is much to interest; the roof is of open timber-work, and very ornamental; there are a beautifully-carved pulpit and an early circular Norman font. In front of the communion-table are some interesting brasses of the Cheyne family,



THE BEDFORD MAUSOLEUM.

the original possessors of the estate. In the chapel adjoining are many magnificent tombs to the members of the Russell family. The principal one is shown in our engraving, and may be considered as an historical memento of the principal members of the family. In the center are full-length figures of the first duke and duchess, leaning upon a column, supporting the ducal coronet. Above them is a medallion of Lord William Russell, the victim of Charles II.; at the sides are similar medallions of eight other members, male and female, of the family, whose names are inscribed around each head; above, cherubim are seen supporting the arms and crest of the house. This tomb is sumptuously executed in colored marbles. Immediately in front is the grated entrance to the burial vault, where nearly sixty of

the family lie. The Lady Rachel Russell has—strange and sad to say—no memento in this chapel; her monument is the history of her country. Yet surely in these days of testimonials to the dead and to the living, when statesmen and warriors are “perpetuated in stone,” it is scarcely too much to ask that one great and good woman may be thus commemorated, and so her example be extended and her influence more widely spread.

And behold what luster the exercise of “DUTIES” bestows upon a WOMAN! The celebrity of her character has been purchased by the “*sacrifice of no feminine virtue, and her principles, conduct, and sentiments, equally well adapted to every condition of her sex, will in all be found the surest guides to peace, honor, and happiness.*”



THE POET AND HIS PETS.

ABOVE is a charming view of rural scenery, illustrating the poet Cowper at work upon his "Task." It is copied from an illustration made by *Birket Foster* for a volume of surpassing elegance, recently issued by the Messrs. Carter, of this city. In the foreground are the pet hares, which were a source of so much enjoyment to the meditative poet, and of which he gives an interesting account, at once illustrating the benevolent kindness of his own heart and some of the peculiar traits of these harmless little animals. I undertook, he says, the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under

each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. . . . He was always more happy in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humor and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had



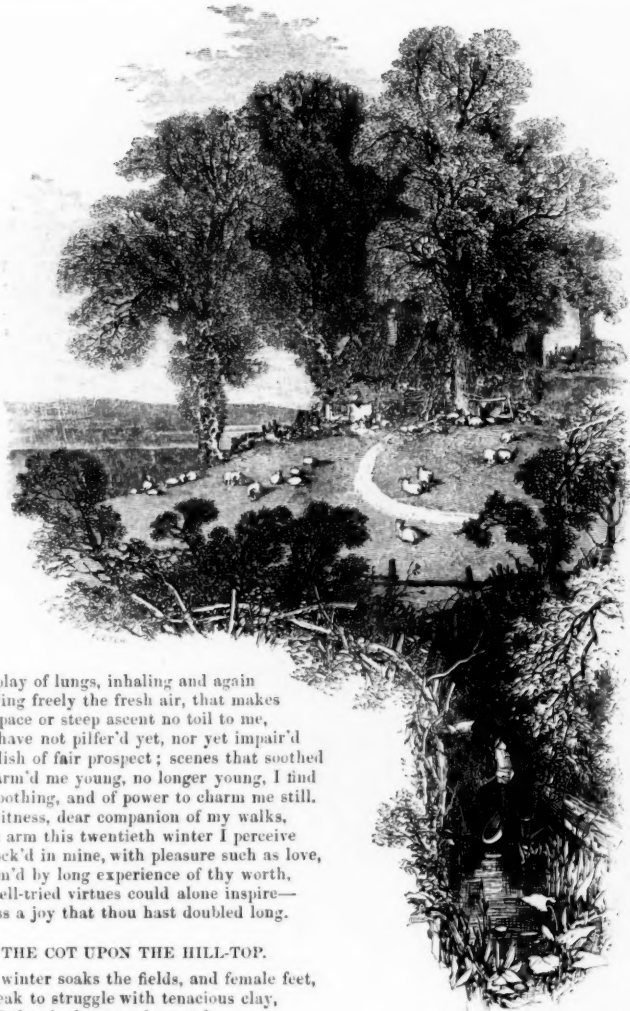
a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlor after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party.

POETIC PICTURES.

THE RURAL WALK.

O may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
Of libertine Excess! The sofa suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a sofa, may I never feel:
For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy earth, close crop'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm

*Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
And still remember, nor without regret,
Of hours that sorrow since has much endear'd,
How oft, my slice of pocket store consumed,
Still hungering, penniless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere,
Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not; nor the palate, undepraved
By culinary arts, unsavory deems.
No sofa then awaited my return;
Nor sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue; and though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep;
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees spare;
Their length and color from the locks they
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot, fence,
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the*



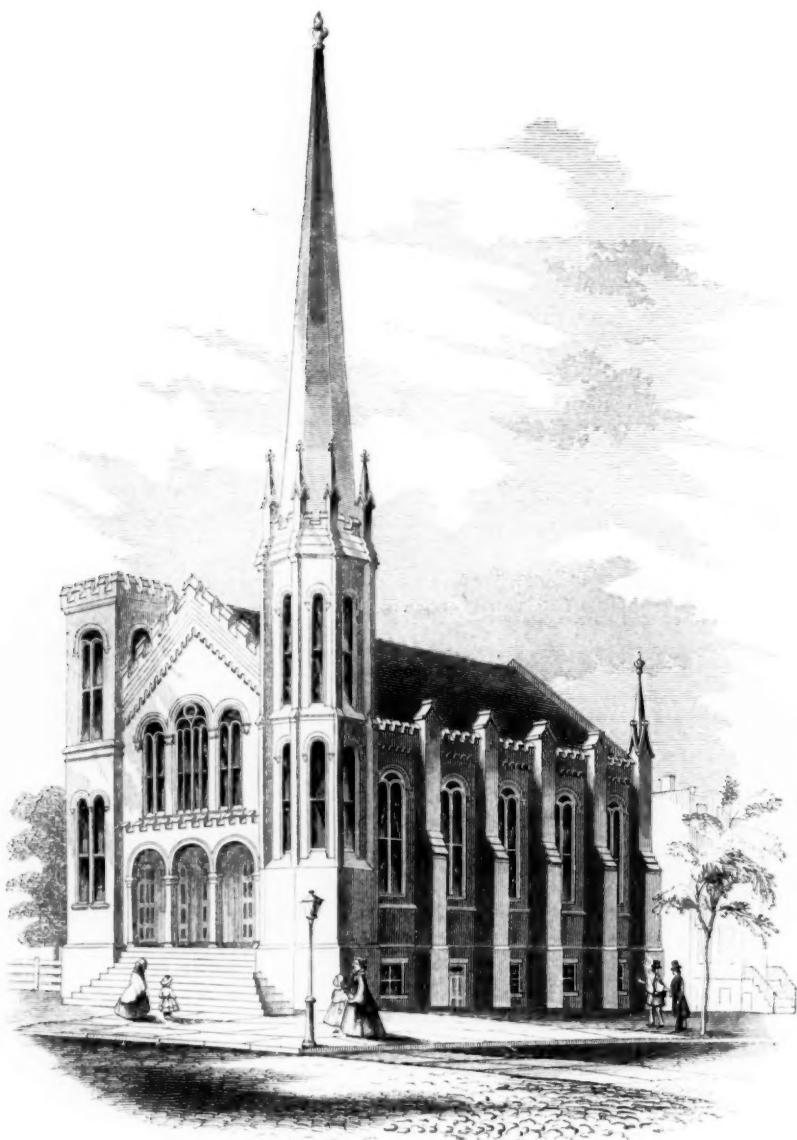
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
 Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
 Mine have not pilfer'd yet, nor yet impair'd
 My relish of fair prospect; scenes that soothed
 Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
 Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.
 And witness, dear companion of my walks,
 Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
 Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
 Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth,
 And well-tried virtues could alone inspire—
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.

THE COT UPON THE HILL-TOP.

When winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
 Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
 Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,
 The task of new discoveries falls on me.
 At such a season, and with such a charge,
 Once went I forth; and found, till then un-

known,
A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
'Tis perch'd upon the green hill-top, but close
Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,
That overhanging the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset
With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the peasant's nest.
 And, hidden as it is, and far remote
 From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear
 In village or in town, the bay of curs
 Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
 And infants clamorous whether pleased or
 pain'd,
 Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.

Here, I have said, at least I should possess
 The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
 The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
 Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
 Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
 Its elevated site forbids the wretch
 To drink sweet waters of the crystal well;
 He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
 And, heavy laden, brings his beverage home,
 Far fetch'd and little worth; nor seldom waits,
 Dependent on the baker's punctual call,
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
 Angry and sad, and his last crust consumed.
 So farewell envy of the peasant's nest!
 If solitude make scant the means of life,
 Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,
 Be still a pleasing object in my view;
 My visit still, but never mine abode.



HICKS-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

METHODIST CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

IN the last three numbers of the NATIONAL we have presented views and drawings of six different churches, four of which have just been built or are in progress in this country. Of these four,

two have basements entirely above ground, and two depressed basements. But as yet we have no model of a church with a lecture-room in the rear, and we proceed to furnish such model in the present number.

HICKS - STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y., is a new church now in process of erection under the pastoral supervision of **REV. T. H. BIRCH**, of the New - York East Conference. It is to be of brick, with brown stone trimmings, and of the Romanesque order. Its size is seventy-five by fifty-three feet exclusive of the tower, with an arcade in front. The basement floor is but slightly depressed, and the whole interior arrangement is in good taste and very convenient. The walls are to be painted in imitation of brown stone, and the ceiling to be frescoed.

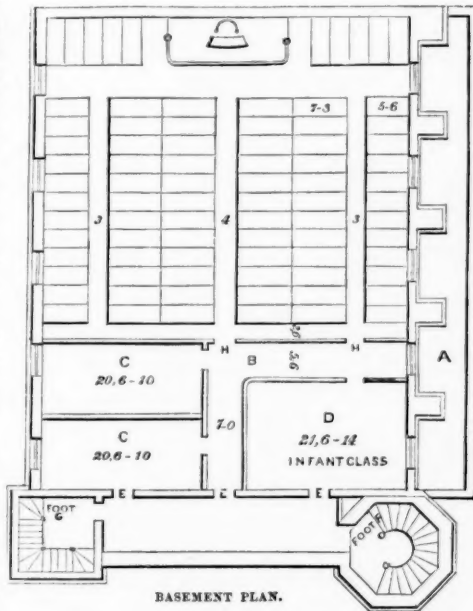
The exterior is to be finished in imitation of brown stone. The roof is of slate, the tower of brick, and the spire of wood. The spire is placed at the corner (as shown in the cut), and is one hundred and thirty-four feet high.

The arrangements of the basement are simple and convenient, as will be seen by the accompanying diagram; and the church, as a whole, is worthy of a place in the category of model Methodist churches.

It is a neat and tasteful structure, and a decided advance upon most of our church architecture—a *good* church for \$16,000. The site for church and parsonage cost \$7,400 more, making \$23,400. We are glad to see that arrangements are being made for *parsonages* in connection with most of our new churches.

The **BROAD-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH** is situated on the corner of Broad and Marshall streets, in the city of Newark, New-Jersey. The lot cost \$13,000, and is large enough for the church and lecture-room, and a parsonage in front near the church. It is one of the most eligible sites for a church in the city, and the edifice is eminently worthy of the site.

The style of the building is the florid or perpendicular Gothic of the fifteenth century. It is built wholly of cut brown stone, and is, in our opinion, one of the

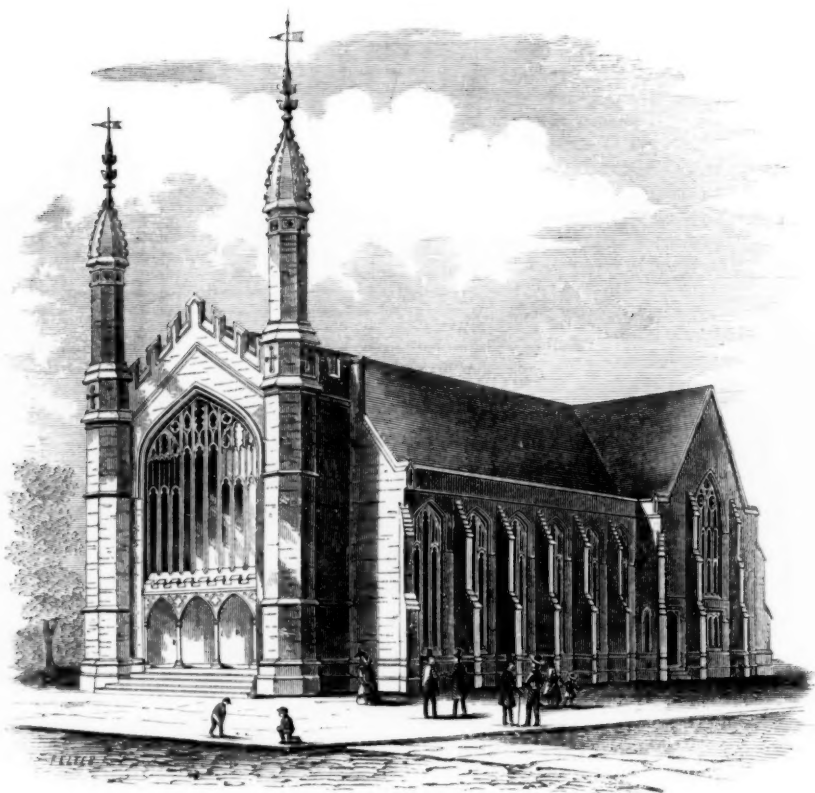


BASEMENT PLAN.

finest specimens of church architecture in the United States.

The extreme length of the building is one hundred and forty-five feet, and the width in the rear seventy-eight feet. The projecting center in front is forty feet wide by twenty deep, with turrets on the outward angles one hundred and ten feet high. The ends of the lecture-room project beyond the sides of the main building, as shown in the cut, and the roof is turned accordingly. The fine heavy buttresses add great strength and beauty to the entire structure.

The perspective view exhibits the relation of the parts to each other with tolerable effect. On the right may be seen the end of the lecture-room, with the outside entrances thereto, and the large Gothic window in front. The form of the six side windows is also apparent, and the open arcade and magnificent front window are seen on the left. The latter will be more distinctly exhibited in the accompanying front elevation, which we commend to architects as a "study," though some may think the drawing superfluous after the beautiful perspective view previously inserted. But as this is emphatically a "model church," we shall devote more



BROAD-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

space to its plans and drawings than we did to our favorite "Trinity."

The main audience-room, and also the lower floor of the lecture-room, are about three feet above the level of the ground. The front entrance is by an open arcade, from which three doors lead to a vestibule opening into the three aisles. The form of the altar, &c., may be seen by the plan.

The main windows are of light stained glass, mixed with ground flint in alternate diamonds. The effect is remarkably pleasant, and the room light and cheerful. The tracery of all the windows (which are of varied and beautiful designs) is of stone. The splendid front window, of which the arcade seems to form a part, is twenty-five feet wide by fifty in height, and is probably the largest Gothic window built of stone in the United States.

The Gothic style is maintained throughout the building, the roof being open timbered, with richly molded paneling in wood instead of plaster or frescoed imitations.

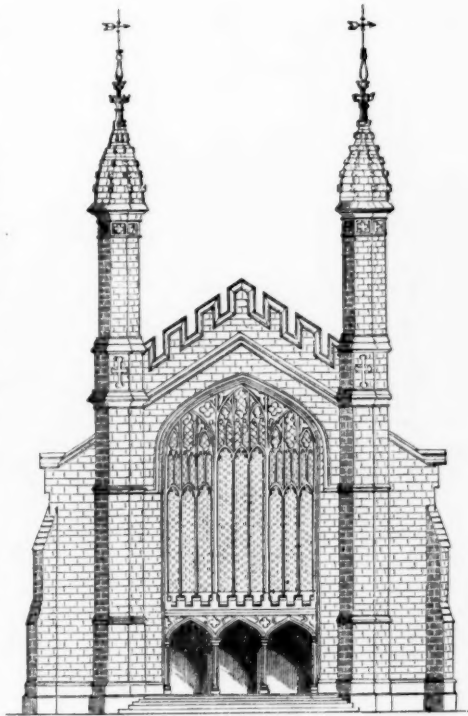
The roof is collar-braced, fifty-eight feet span, and is divided into six bays, each bay being subdivided into thirty-six panels with bold heavy moldings. The principal timbers are molded, and the whole is finished with polychrome decoration, in harmony with the rich stained glass of the windows. The traceried cornice and spandrels of the roof produce a very fine effect. The wall pieces and braces run down the sides of the windows, and terminate on massive stone corbels about eight feet from the gallery floor. An opening through the moldings of the ridge throughout the entire length of the audience-room leads into a ventilating

shaft above, which communicates with the turrets. The ventilation thus obtained is regulated by a trap-door with cords and pulleys conveniently located.

The gallery front is tastefully ornamented with long panels, filled with tracery, in which the Tudor rose is introduced; and on the top of the end gallery a running Tudor flower, terminating on each end by an elegant Gothic standard, skillfully protects the elevated floor of the choir. The gallery front, seats, and all the wood-work, excepting the roof, is grained oak, which, together with the deep color of the seat trimmings (port-wine damask) and of the carpets, adds much to the general effect, supporting the air of solidity and durability which characterizes the whole structure. The whole is then tastefully painted, which gives to the interior an elegant, chaste, and finished appearance.

The class-rooms (of which there are five) are all on the lower floor of the rear building, on a level with the main audience-room. They may be entered by two doors in front and one in the rear, and by two doors from the main audience-room, as shown in the plan. The largest of these rooms (No. 1) is used by the Bible class. This is ultimately to be converted into a library, we believe, following a suggestion of BISHOP JANES.

The pastor's "study" will be seen in the most retired and quiet corner, and yet the most convenient of access from the rear of the parsonage. The private entrance may be seen near the "turret stairs," and a door into class-room No. 3 leads directly from the study to the pulpit. We can conceive of nothing more convenient than the arrangement of these class-rooms, and their relation to the main building, and that "study" is a wide, but happy departure from "the ancient landmarks." A Bible, Hymn-Book, and Discipline could be carried in the saddle-bags fifty years ago; but in these days a Meth-



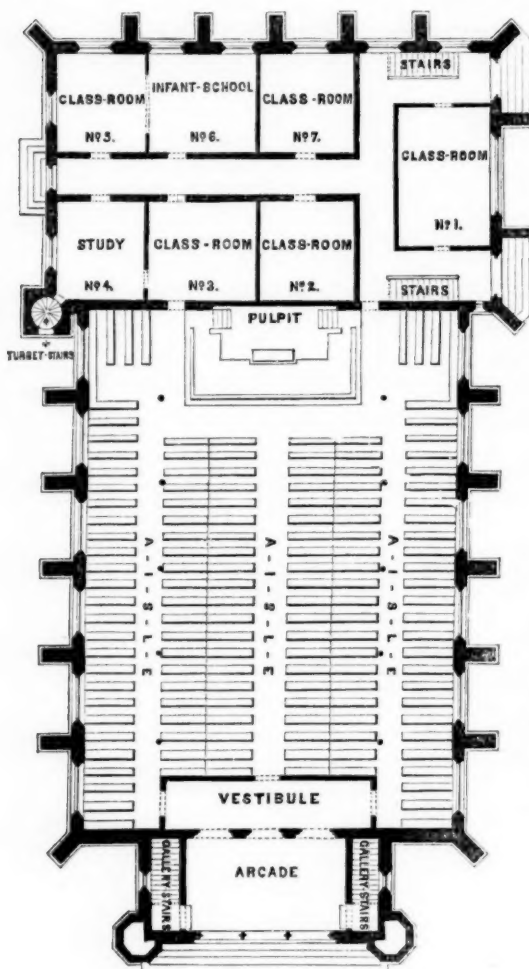
FRONT ELEVATION.

odist preacher must have other books, and study them too, or he will soon find his congregations leaving him, and his usefulness at an end. We like the idea of church libraries, or libraries for the church and congregation, and hope hereafter to see the experiment fairly tried in the city of Newark and elsewhere.

The gallery is entered in front by two doors opening out of the arcade, as shown in the plans, and by two other doors in the rear, opening out of the lecture-room.

The end gallery, commencing on the top of the inner vestibule, is continued back over the arcade through a large ornamental Tudor archway to the front window, and is appropriated to the organ and choir.

The plan of the lecture-room, and its relation to the gallery and the room below, will be readily understood by the engraving. The large four-light window in the end is thirty feet high, filled with rich stone tracery and stained glass. The



MAIN AUDIENCE-ROOM AND CLASS-ROOMS.

roof is of the same height as the main building, but of a steeper pitch. It is collar-braced, the main timbers being all molded, and the molded paneling continuing up to the ridge beam, so as to give forty-three feet clear height from the floor. The whole ceiling and timbers are grained in imitation of oak; and in the open gables suitable stained-glass windows are inserted, which serve for ventilation, and throw a pleasant light through the massive timber frame-work.

The lecture-room will seat about four hundred and sixty persons, and being

built first, has been used by the congregation during the erection of the main building. The organ for the lecture-room may be seen in the accompanying plan.

The perspective elevation, given on another page, though a very good one, gives but an imperfect idea of this magnificent structure. The side buttresses, projecting five feet from the walls, and counterbalancing the thrust of the roof, have a very massive appearance, and are in fine contrast with the delicate stone tracery of the windows. The elaborate window and arcade in front are well balanced by the turrets with their crocketed heads and the large blank space of wall adjoining them. The long, slender stone mullions throughout all the windows (there being no transoms except in the end window of the lecture-room) well sustain the vertical feature of Gothic architecture. There is a simplicity and majesty about the whole exterior that we much admire.

The cheerful and elegant interior, unobstructed by columns and

abundantly lighted, is every way in keeping with the imposing exterior, and eminently adapted to the purposes for which the house has been reared—the enlightened and spiritual worship of the one true and everlasting God.

On the whole, though we have spoken strongly in favor of other churches brought to view in these articles, and some of them are very superior, we cannot resist the conviction that, taking everything into the account—size, material, architecture, arrangement, and workmanship—this is the best Methodist Church in America, if

not on the globe. It is an honor to our common Christianity, and highly creditable to the devoted and energetic brethren, both lay and clerical, by whose means and labors it has been reared.

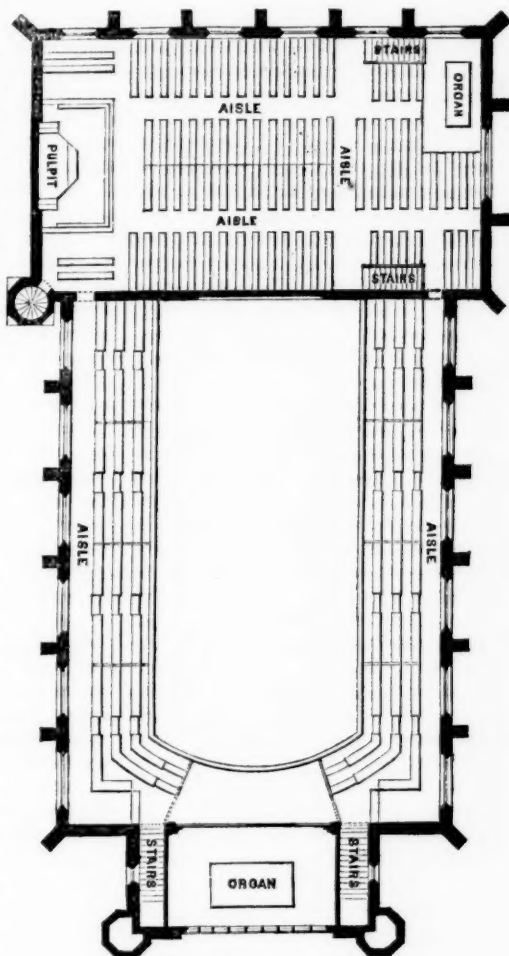
The cost of this church, including the organ, and exclusive of the site, is about \$45,000—a very low figure indeed for such a structure.

The seats are to be free, and the entire cost, we understand, is expected to be provided for on the day of dedication. The arrangement at the time of this writing (January 5) is to have it dedicated by Bishops JAMES and SIMPSON, February 20.

The whole building, with all its interior arrangements and decorations, has been designed and superintended by JOHN WELSH, Esq., of Newark, New-Jersey, a member of our Church, and one of the best architects in America. A blessing on its sacred walls, and pulpit, and altar, and upon all its worshipers! May it be the spiritual birthplace of thousands, in years and ages to come, who shall prove faithful unto death, and worship in a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens!

We have up to the present time given to the readers of *THE NATIONAL* views of seven churches, and have in most cases entered into a minute description of the various points of interest, with a direct view to the more general diffusion of knowledge on the subject of church architecture. In the case of every church, the drawings of which have been presented, the trustees we presume have expended hundreds of dollars for the "plans," and yet they are placed before those who shall engage hereafter in the noble enterprise of church building at the mere cost of *THE NATIONAL*. In cases where the

entire style of architecture of any one church is not adopted, the arrangement of Sunday-school rooms, class-rooms, &c., as well as the general plan of seating, may be followed. That more attention to the matter of church building is necessary, thousands of our people painfully realize when it is too late to remedy a mistake in some important arrangement for the comfort and convenience of the multitude—a mistake which, if by our humble endeavors we can in any manner prevent, will amply compensate us for any trouble on our part in procuring suitable "plans" for the readers of *THE NATIONAL*.



GALLERY AND LECTURE-ROOM.

[For the National Magazine.]

UNCLE JERRY'S GHOST.

IT has been said that all children are naturally credulous. I do not believe it. At least I am sure it was not so with me. From my infancy I have been inclined to skepticism, and have had a stronger propensity to doubt than to believe on almost every subject. I was especially incredulous with regard to ghosts, about whom, as I suppose is common with children, I heard many narratives, said to be well-authenticated. But I never put any faith in them, and as I grew up to manhood I was in the habit of treating the subject with ridicule. A friend of mine, whom I shall call Smith, that being a name by which his real cognomen may be most successfully concealed, was on the contrary, from his boyhood, credulous, and, I may say, almost superstitious, especially on the subject of visitors from the unseen world.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since Smith and I were fellow-students at a large boarding-school. We were inseparable friends, and slept in the same bed. He was a troublesome bed-fellow, and frequently disturbed my slumbers by starting up in his dreams, which were almost always about ghosts. I remember very distinctly many of the poor fellow's experiences, one of which I will relate for the reader's edification.

On one occasion our teacher gave us a tea-party, to which were invited most of the boys and girls in the neighborhood. Cakes and confectionary, almonds and raisins, oranges, kisses, mottoes, and other good things, were provided in abundance. The master seemed determined to make some amends for the short commons on which we had been kept, and, as I have thought since, to impress upon the villagers an enlarged idea of his liberality, and of the happiness of the young gentlemen and ladies who were so fortunate as to board at his bountiful table. The evening passed delightfully in eating and drinking, in romping, and in playing blind-man's buff, hunt the slipper, pillow and keys, and a variety of other games, in which the master condescended to assist; and even the mistress, a remarkably sharp-visaged lady, gave us instruction. O, it was a merry time, you may be sure! and no one enjoyed it more than my ghost-ridden chum.

I remember distinctly how he complied with the directions given to the owner of a jack-knife, when, to redeem that pawn, he was directed, being fine and not superfine, to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loved best. Smith bowed to the madam, whereat we all set up a loud laugh; but he knew what he was about, and then knelt with a face of wonderful gravity—cunning Smith—to the madam's red-haired daughter Jerusha. At this too some of the village girls snickered, but we, members of the academy, knew better, and looked grave, as if we really agreed in the opinion that Jerusha was the belle of the evening. There was a momentary pause, and all were eagerly watching to see whom he would select as the one he loved best, for Smith was a fine-looking fellow, then almost fifteen, and his father was said to be rich. To the surprise of us all he selected for this special favor a little dumpy girl, whom almost everybody had neglected, and upon whose plump cheek he implanted a rousing kiss.

These details are perhaps of little interest to you, old foggy; but to us they were as momentous and important as you choose to deem the tom-fooleries of Congress in pretending to try to elect a speaker, and wasting day after day on a matter of about as much consequence. Like all good things in this lower sphere the party came to an end. It was about eleven o'clock, and as nobody came for Jemima, (so was the dumpy girl called,) Smith, with some little reluctance, agreed to see her home. I had no call for my services in this line, and immediately went to bed, where I soon fell into a dreamless sleep. How long I slept I know not. I was suddenly aroused by a violent shaking of the bed; and the first sounds that met my ear were groans and ejaculations from my chum, whom I found lying by my side, and bathed in a most profuse sweat.

"Why, Smith," said I, "what is the matter? are you sick?"

"No," said he; "but—O dear, O dear, such a night as I have had, and such a chase. There 's been a ghost after me!"

"A ghost," said I; "nonsense. There is no such thing."

"Isn't there?" said he. "One chased me all through the grave-yard, and I think he 's in the room now. Do you see anything?"

During this short colloquy Smith had his face buried under the quilt, and I found he had got into bed without undressing himself. I jumped up and succeeded in striking a light, which somewhat allayed my companion's trepidation. He sat up in the bed, and gazed wildly round the room.

"He isn't here," he said; "but do lock the door."

"That's of no use," said I, "for if it be really a ghost he can come through the key-hole." To please him, however, I turned the key, and in the course of the night, for neither of us fell asleep until the gray dawn of morning streamed through the window, he related in broken snatches his wonderful adventure.

It seems that after leaving Jemima at her home, and while passing the village grave-yard on his return, his attention was suddenly arrested by a tall figure arrayed in a white robe. It stood directly in front of him, apparently determined to hedge up his way. Smith crossed to the other side. The ghost did the same. Thus they continued, I know not how long, Smith thought more than an hour, he trembling and unable to say a word; the ghost calm and equally silent, having apparently no other object than to frighten the poor boy and prevent his passage.

"Why did you not speak to the unmannerly scamp?" said I. Speak to him, indeed! Poor Smith could not have uttered a word if his life had depended upon it. He blessed his stars for a lucky thought that at length occurred to him. This was to turn about and take to his heels. This he did; but the ghost was after him. Smith jumped over the fence into the grave-yard, and made, as he said, a circumbendibus. The sprite, or whatever it was, pursued him. Smith declared that it followed him into the house, up the stairs, and at the door of our bedroom had hold of him by the tail of his coat, and, as he verily believed, came into the room with him. How this may be I cannot tell. The ghost was certainly invisible after the candle was lighted.

I am bound by my regard for truth to add that my poor chum's coat—it was a bright blue with metal buttons—was actually torn, as he showed me in the morning, being to him a satisfactory assurance that the adventure could not have been merely imaginary.

Smith had many more visions which

were equally mysterious, but which it is unnecessary to relate. As for myself I must confess that I still continued incredulous. I never saw anything that could be deemed supernatural. I heard indeed strange noises at times, and once I did see at the window something white, which had terrified my chum, and roused him from sleep at midnight. It disappeared, however, before I had time to examine it, and though I was a little frightened I assumed a gay swagger and laughed.

Not to dwell upon these boyish days, let me come to more recent and infinitely stranger developments and more unaccountable adventures. The reader, as I relate my unvarnished tale, shall decide for himself whether or no I have cause to repent my juvenile incredulity.

After leaving the boarding-school, Smith and I, although we lived in the same city, saw each other only occasionally. Our pursuits have been different, but we were always friendly. I attended his wedding when he claimed Jemima for his own, and he was one of the guests when Eliza Jane made me happy. But I need not enter upon family matters.

Soon after the first developments made by the spirit-rappers, when as yet they were only able to communicate letter by letter, and no medium knew how to write, Smith paid me a friendly visit. My little ones had said their prayers and gone to bed. We sat talking of old times, my wife having also retired, not finding our conversation sufficiently soothing to allay a sick headache, to which she was subject. We chatted until midnight, and he was preparing to leave, when abruptly I asked, and, I confess it, with a kind of laugh—

"Well, Smith, how about ghosts? Do you ever see any now-a-days?"

The solemnity with which he heard and answered this question startled me.

"Believe in spirits?" he said; "why, they are all around us! I have frequent communications from the interior."

"From where?" said I, in breathless astonishment.

"From the interior; that is," he continued, "from the invisible world."

This, of course, awakened a deep interest, and, if I must confess it, excited what the reader may deem, perhaps, an unhallowed curiosity. He must remember, however, that I was still skeptical,

nor was my faith largely increased by the further statements which I succeeded in pumping out of my friend. They amounted, briefly, to the fact that he was in the habit of attending, weekly, a select circle. While in this circle he had been favored with revelations from his dead father, ditto mother-in-law, ditto his youngest child, who went into the interior, he told me, when only a month old. He had also had messages from General Washington, Red Jacket, Swedenborg, and, if I remember rightly, from Mary Queen of Scots; and also from Captain Riley, whose wonderful narrative was, in our young days, exceedingly popular. "It is hardly credible," said I, "that these illustrious people should want to talk to you."

"So I used to think," he replied; "but I know better now. I have had messages from them all. Captain Riley is as sociable as my own father, and his revelations have been equally explicit and candid. Do you remember," he continued, "the spirit who visited me when we were at the boarding-school?"

"I remember," said I, "the story you told me about a ghost chasing you through the grave-yard."

"Don't say ghost," replied he, with great solemnity. "It was, as she herself has since informed me, the spirit of my Jemima's mother, who had then been in the fourth sphere several years, and who thus, ere the spiritual alphabet had been invented, sought to communicate with me."

"What upon earth," I asked, "did the old woman want? Was she even then bent upon making a match between you and Jemima?"

I saw, by Smith's countenance, that I had offended him by this ill-timed levity. I felt rebuked. I apologized, and begged his pardon.

"My dear fellow," he said, "why will you persist in your skepticism? If you had seen and heard what I have, you would not dare to ridicule such sacred realities."

I admitted that this was very likely; and after a little more serious conversation, during which, so far as I remember, I did not even smile, we parted with the understanding that on the night but one after, I—the skeptic, nay, the scoffer—should be admitted into the dread solemnities of my friend's circle.

How often I attended these meetings, and all that I saw and heard, are indelibly

imprinted on my memory. I have seen a table tilt over when, for the life of me, I could not tell who did it, nor why it was done. I have heard the raps, and have had special revelations to myself. The number of my father's children has been declared to me. My wife's maiden name was spelled out when, I am sure, no one in the circle knew it except myself and Smith, unless he told it to the medium, which of course I am not at liberty to suppose. The disease of which my youngest child died was pronounced croup, by rapping at the letters indicated in that word; and when I asked my grandfather how long he had been in the interior, there were heard twenty-seven distinct raps, a rap for a year, which, as well as I can remember, was not far out of the way. But all these things—must I own it?—had little salutary effect upon my inveterate and apparently incurable skepticism. Smith began to look coldly upon me, and the other members of the circle evidently regarded me as little better than an irreclaimable infidel.

"Smith," said I, "it is all humbug and imposition."

My friend groaned, but said nothing.

"It can be nothing else," I continued; "or why don't these pretended spirits tell us something worth knowing? What a miserable farce it is,"—so desperately skeptical was I,—"what a miserable farce, I say, to bore reasonable beings round a table night after night, and leave us no wiser than we were before."

These were bold words; and I refer to them, that the reader may be assured that no common-place exhibitions could by any possibility overcome my inveterate and long-cherished unbelief.

But I must hasten. The ever-memorable night, the twenty-first of November, was dark and dreary. The winds of heaven seemed to be holding a general carousal, and it was with difficulty I kept my hat on my head as I wandered, drawn apparently by an irresistible impulse, to the house where the circle held their weekly meetings. We sat around the table in solemn silence. The tempest without increased in violence, and now the rain poured down in floods. To our oft-repeated question, "Are there any spirits present?" there was no answer. I remember a joke I perpetrated at this juncture. Irreverent as it was, I record it as

a confession due to the truth, and as a warning to any of my readers who may chance to be in a similar situation. "Of course," said I, "there are no spirits here. They are all cutting up their shines in the air. We may as well go home." I tried to laugh at my own wit, but nobody seconded the motion; and I had hardly uttered the sentiment, when we were all startled by the most unearthly sound I ever heard. It was not a rap, nor a sigh, nor a maniac scream, but seemed to blend all three in one. It was thrice repeated, each time more dreadful than before. After a pause of perhaps half a minute, our medium, who, by the way, was a lady, inquired, "Does the spirit wish to communicate with any of the present company?" As I expected, an affirmative answer was received, and as my conscience had premonished me, I was designated as the favored individual.

The next question was, "Will the spirit please give us his name?" This was answered in the affirmative. Slowly and deliberately the alphabet was called over, and the result was, **u.n.c.l.e. j.e.r.r.y.**

This startled me. My mother's only brother, a rich old bachelor, was at this time at the south. His name was Jeremiah.

"Ask him," said I, "if he is dead." Our medium, however, knew better than that, and propounded this question: "When did you go into the interior?" As before, the answer came promptly and distinctly: **t.o.d.a.y. s.i.x. p.m.**

The medium then inquired, "Where?" The raps gave, in response, these letters: **w.e.s.t.n.m.p.k.a.** At this I laughed, saying there is no such place; but, sooth to say, there was not much jocularly in my laugh, and it was speedily checked by one of the party, who said, "Yes, there is. Ask him in what State." This was done, and the reply was **a.l.a.b.a.m.a.**

By a gazetteer lying on the piano, we ascertained that there is such a place, and proceeded with our questions. To our surprise our visitant seemed, all at once, either unwilling or unable to give us any more information. The knocks came in all sorts of confusion. I was not much disappointed, for such conduct was quite in keeping with my uncle's habits; and if he was now in the interior, as he asserted, it was not strange that he should delight in exciting our curiosity, and then

perplexing us. We were all unwilling to give the matter up. One after another proposed questions, pertinent and impertinent. The answers were unintelligible, and yet it was evident that the ghost, if it was a ghost, had more to say.

"Perhaps," at length said one of the circle, "he wants us to sing. I have known spirits who would only communicate after listening to solemn singing. Does the spirit want us to sing?" The words were scarcely uttered before a soul-harrowing negative was returned. "Shall we play a tune on the piano?" **n.o! n.o! n.o!** with the like decided emphasis. This, I thought, was rather in keeping, for Jerry never had an ear for music. It was suggested that perhaps the room was too light; for some spirits, it is well known, prefer darkness. Jerry, however, was not one of that kind; for when asked if we should turn off the gas, we received an unmistakable answer in the negative, with an intimation of displeasure.

An hour passed in these unfruitful cross-purposes. Question after question; knock upon knock; rap, rap, rap. At length it was suggested that Jerry wanted to *be alone with me*. I confess I had an inward tremor when this was proposed, but for the world I would not have owned it. The rest of the party accordingly left the room, and I pursued the investigation on my own account. I found Jerry exceedingly tractable, and received ready responses to all my inquiries.

It were tedious to relate them in detail. Suffice it to say, that he not only reiterated the time and place of his death, but gave me the astounding, and I must add, the gratifying intelligence, that he had left behind him twenty thousand dollars, and that by his will I was constituted his only heir. He assured me further, that in one month's time I should be put in possession of that noble sum.

Here was a development, such as in my indecent curiosity I had longed for. It was the revelation of a fact, if it was a fact, that mortal could not communicate. The death of an individual away in the interior of Alabama revealed in New-York, within, at most, three hours of his departure! Revealed by himself, too! and to me! I was perfectly astounded, terrified, overwhelmed. I took my hat and started homeward, hardly staying to bid the circle a decent good-night. Then,

too, the twenty thousand dollars! what should I do with such a sum? Buy a farm, or an elegant city mansion, or speculate in Erie Rail-road Stocks? My brain whirled, there was a perfect chaos in my poor head. What will Eliza Jane say? Shall I tell her, or keep dark until the news comes by mail? These last were troublesome questions. At the time of our marriage we had agreed that there should be no secrets between us. As I well knew she had kept her part of the compact inviolate to the letter, could I be so faithless as to keep from her this, the most terrible secret I ever had? Would she treat me so? I knew she wouldn't. Then, too, she had a perfect right to know it. She was my partner in weal and in woe, true as steel, faithful always.

Strange as it may seem, however, I resolved to tell her nothing about it. I made up my mind deliberately. I will keep the secret. It will only be for a month, and then—the fact is, I felt like a villain, and stole up to bed, certainly rather to be pitied than envied.

Shall I own my weakness, and reveal the sophistry by which I was beguiled? I must. I began this narrative with a determination to tell the whole truth, and I will. Before I reached home on that eventful night, that twenty-first of November, my inveterate disease (I can call my skepticism by no more appropriate name) broke out afresh. Have I not been humbugged, said I, after all? What evidence have I that the whole affair was not a trick, a mean, contemptible trick? And then—will the reader believe it?—I asked myself, suppose Uncle Jerry should not be dead? Not dead? not dead? said I to myself, interrogatively, at least a hundred times, as I tossed upon my uneasy bed.

"Who is not dead, dear?" asked Eliza Jane in a gentle voice. Confusion! I had been thinking aloud. I made no answer, and pretended to be asleep. She did not repeat the question.

But, said I, mentally, how could there be any imposition in the case? Not one of the party knew that I had an Uncle Jerry. Smith knew it, to be sure, but then he was not present that evening. He had been detained at home by sickness. Might not he have told the medium all about it? Was it not, from beginning to end, a well-laid plot? Is it not easier to believe that Smith is a knave, and the

medium herself a deceiver, than to believe that Jerry's ghost traveled all that distance in that short space of time, on that terribly stormy night?

But then, the twenty thousand dollars! Ay, said I to myself, twenty thousand! twenty thousand! twenty thousand dollars!

"Twenty thousand fiddlesticks!" muttered my precious wife, apparently in a state of half-consciousness, as she turned over uneasily upon her pillow.

Thus the remaining hours of the night dragged slowly away, and before morning I had made up my mind to wait patiently for the expiration of the thirty days at which time I had been told I should come into the possession of Jerry's property. If Jerry really did go into the interior, that is, die, at six P. M., on the twenty-first of November, if he did leave a will making me his only heir, and if I do see and handle the hard cash, why then, said I, I will believe; nay, I will give a percentage of the money to aid in the promotion of spiritualism, and I will come out frankly and publish my experience to the world. How cunningly cautious I was!

A little incident that happened next morning, which at any other time would have been speedily forgotten, made a deep impression upon my mind. Angelica, my pet daughter, then about six years old, came into the room while I was shaving.

"Pa," said she, after I had held down to her my lips and received her matin kiss, "Pa, when is Uncle Jerry coming back?"

I felt stunned for a moment, and answered abruptly, without taking time to think, "Uncle Jerry, my child, will never—"

"Will never what?" she asked quickly.

"Will never forget," said I,—and I blush to think that I could attempt to deceive the little cherub as her bright blue eye was fixed on mine,—“will never forget his pet Angelica.”

"I dreamed about him last night," said she.

The child was a great dreamer, and at any other time the relation of one of her night-visions would have been of little consequence; but now I stopped, having cut my chin, as I remember, and, half-shaved, sat down and took the child upon my knee.

"Tell me all about the dream," said I.

"O," she replied, "it was nothing much! Only I dreamed he came up into the bed-room and kissed me just as he did

last year when he came back from Canada."

Merciful heaven! Could it be that after visiting me at the circle, Jerry had, in spirit, visited the child, and sealed the truth of his actual presence by a kiss upon her cheek?

"What did he say?" I asked.

"I don't remember that he said anything," was the reply. "Only I know he gave me a beautiful doll,—a wax doll, with eyes that would open and shut, just like Mary Smith's. Won't you buy me such a one, pa?"

I put the child down and finished shaving. A stranger narrative awaited me at the breakfast-table. My wife had also had a dream. It was about Uncle Jerry. Of course it was. I knew that without asking. She dreamed that by some means she was transported to a wild region of country, apparently in some part of one of the southern states. There, rolling in wealth, with a large plantation and a hundred slaves, Jerry was living in great style, a bashaw kind of an old bachelor. Everything about him had the appearance of the most luxurious wealth.

"Did he say anything?" I asked, trying to conceal my agitation by scalding my lips with hot coffee.

"That was the strangest part of it," replied my wife. "He said, 'Come and live with me. I have plenty. Bring the whole family;' and in my dream I thought we did remove there and take possession of his large estate, while Jerry acted as overseer to the plantation."

"Pooh!" said I; "that was only a dream."

"Of course it was," she replied, "and a very foolish dream too."

My mind was, I confess, in quite as confused a state now as it was on quitting the mysterious circle the night previous. I had a terrible secret in my bosom, and I knew not what to do with it. On my way to my place of business I determined to call on Smith. I found him in bed, weak and feverish, but the doctor had pronounced him out of danger. He was exceedingly glad to see me, chatted pleasantly, and adverted to the storm of the last night, by which, as he supposed, the members of the circle were prevented from assembling. I did not undeceive him, but, after a pause in the conversation, I asked:—

"Smith, tell me candidly, what is your opinion of Mrs. —?" naming the lady who was our medium. "Is she an honest woman?"

"Of course she is, and a member of an Evangelical Church."

"Did you ever,—now on your honor, Smith,—did you ever say anything to her about my Uncle Jerry?"

"To the best of my recollection," he replied, "never. But why do you ask such a question?"

I made no reply, when, to my unutterable horror, he added:—

"By the way, I had a strange dream about your Uncle Jerry last night."

"The deuce you had," said I, thrown off my guard for a moment.

"Yes," he replied; "I dreamed he was here, and that he had come away from beyond the Mississippi by telegraph."

"By telegraph?"

"Wasn't it a droll conceit?" said Smith, laughing. "I dreamed that he had invented a machine by which material bodies could be sent over the wires just as we now send verbal messages, and that he himself had thus come upon the wires to test the value of his invention."

Smith laughed at the strange conceit. Did I laugh?—Well, no matter.

"Yes," he continued, "and I dreamed that I examined the machinery by which he had effected this wonderful flight. He left the place of his departure—I forget the name, but it was in Alabama, I think—at six o'clock, and he was here a few minutes before eight."

"Indeed," said I, very slowly. "That was—funny. Would you remember the name of the place if you heard it?"

"I don't think I would," he replied. "Dreams are such strange and foolish things I seldom charge my memory with them."

"Was it Wetumpka?" I asked, with an air of indifference.

"Ay," said he, "that was it. A queer name; how came you to think of it?"

"Did Jerry say anything about me?" I asked, evading his question.

"Not a word. But now I remember he wanted to sell me a share in his invention. He said I should have it for—"

"For how much?" I asked eagerly.

"Twenty thousand dollars!"

(*To be continued.*)

[For the National Magazine.]

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

GUYOT, with an acuteness that places him in the first rank of philosophers, has pointed out those portions of the earth which, from their peculiar character and conformation, have had most influence upon the civilization and destiny of the human race. It would be of the greatest interest, though perhaps less important, to designate those other portions, which, lying for long periods between barbarism and civilization, have from time to time exchanged the light of the one for the darkness of the other. National energy cannot always rise above the force of circumstances, and it is certain that there are portions of Europe which owe their present condition and their past history more to their peculiar position than to the character of their inhabitants or the quality of their *terrain*. Of such portions none are so important, none are so intensely interesting, as those which border the great rivers of Europe, the Rhine and the Danube. The former of these rivers, rising among the Alps and flowing many hundred miles to the sea through the noblest portion of Europe, the German, in his admiration, calls the "father of rivers." Yet no traveler can wander among the walled towns and cities which line its banks without seeing how vastly inferior the Rhein-gau is to the central parts of France and Germany in everything but natural advantages. Those battered walls and crumbling towers have a wild story of their own. History tells of scenes of violence and deeds of war that have occurred there ever since the Ubii and Sicambri lived on opposite sides of the river; and Roman camps and colonies, planted among the rude nations of Germania, expanded into flourishing cities. The position of the Rhine Provinces, between belligerent powers, has counterbalanced all their natural advantages. At short intervals of peace their growth has been almost unparalleled. No part of Europe was so flourishing during the Hanseatic League: no part of Europe has suffered so much and so often from the incursions of French and German armies.

Whoever will examine a map of the lower Danube will find that its delta is surrounded by an immense basin formed by the Carpathian and Balkan ranges,

which, commencing at the Iron Gate, near the borders of Hungary, bend round in opposite directions toward the Black Sea. Most of this basin is occupied by the Moldau-Wallachian Principalities. With Bulgaria, which lies between the Danube and the Balkans, we are not at present concerned. At the north, the Carpathians, commencing near the borders of the Banat, sweep round so as to make an immense amphitheater. Rising to the height of six thousand feet, they form an almost uninterrupted chain to the westward until they are broken through by the Aluta. The latter, flowing from the lofty valley of Transylvania, breaks through the pass of the *Red Tower*, and in its course to the Danube divides Lesser from Greater Wallachia. Midway between the Aluta and the Pruth, the Carpathians deflect suddenly to the northward, and form the boundary between Moldavia and the land of the Seklers. Among the headwaters of the Bistritza some of their peaks, as Pion and Tschakleo, overreach the limits of the oak and pine, and extend up into the region of snow and ice and alpine plants. Several spurs from the Carpathians extend far down into Lesser Wallachia, among which are numerous lakes connected with the Danube, and among the fastnesses of which the Romouni have often taken shelter from their foes. Greater Wallachia as well as Moldavia is crossed by numerous rivers, as the Argish and the Sereth; but for the most part they are composed of vast level tracts, which are connected with the steppes of Bessarabia, and are open to the winds that sweep across the vast plains of Southern Russia.

Bucharest has the same latitude as the capital of Maine; and Jassy, the chief city of Moldavia, is farther north than Quebec. The climate is far less mild than in the western portions of Europe equally distant from the equator. The mountains of Northern Moldavia retain their snowy caps during the summer, and during the months of winter the lower Danube is usually covered with ice.

Moldavia is as large as Massachusetts and New-Hampshire together, and according to the best authorities contains more inhabitants than the State of Virginia. Wallachia is about twice the size of Maryland, and has a population equal to if not greater than Pennsylvania. Though

among the most thinly-settled portions of Europe, the population of the two Principalities is estimated at four millions of people. Compared with European states, Moldavia is almost as large as the kingdom of Greece, and contains a greater population; while Wallachia is considerably larger than Holland and Belgium together.

The Wallachians (from *Vlak*, the Slavish word for herdsman) inhabit both the Principalities, and from their Latin origin call themselves Romouni. They are not confined to Moldavia and Wallachia, but extend into Transylvania, Hungary, and the Banat. Bulkowina and Bessarabia, which now belong to Austria and Russia, but which were formerly parts of the Principalities, have also a strong admixture of the same race.

The Wallachian language contains almost as many Latin words as the Italian, and in point of age claims to be the eldest daughter of the Roman tongue. Besides having been greatly modified by the Slaves, it also contains numerous Illyrian and Dacian words. The gipsies are more numerous in the Principalities than in any other part of Europe. They appear to have emigrated hither in the year 1400 under Timour, from the East, and at present number one hundred thousand souls. They speak a dialect of the ancient Sanscrit, and have the same remarkable fondness for music that characterizes the gipsies of Bohemia and the west of Europe. The Jews also number one hundred thousand souls. They are industrious, and are the traders and artisans of the Principalities. The Armenians are usually farmers and in good circumstances. Socially, the people are divided into Boyards and Peasants; the relation of the two classes to each other being but little removed from that of master and slave. The boyards are the only persons in the Principalities possessed of political rights, and number scarcely more than two thousand. The boyards themselves are divided into three classes, from the first of which alone the highest officers of state can be elected. They are usually independent, and live in the chief towns, as Jassy, Bucharest, and Krajova. The peasantry for the most part live in the most wretched poverty, and are little if any superior to the serfs of Russia. This is to be attributed to their want of intelli-

gence rather than to an oppressive system of government, since they obtain land from the boyards to cultivate at an almost nominal price; and the soil is so rich that the labor of three weeks, distributed through the summer months, will supply them with an abundance of Turkish corn, more than which they scarcely need. The gipsies are in reality the slaves of the boyards, having no rights whatever. Were they treated like human beings they might become useful citizens, as is the case with many in Austria and other parts of Europe. Another division may be made; namely, that of taxable persons and those who contribute nothing to the support of the state. To the latter belong the boyards, clergy, and privileged families, with their servants. The former class includes the peasants, citizens, and artisans.

After these preliminary considerations we turn to the history of the Principalities, the meager annals of which are possessed of unusual interest.

Of all the causes which tend most to develop national character, and give it strength and perpetuity, none seems so potent as the possession of a literature. Just as mind is the measure of a man, the real power of a nation, and especially its claim upon the regard of posterity, lie in its living intellect or collected thought. It forms a magical center around which all the other elements of power arrange themselves. The vital distinction between the Greek and barbarian ever was that the former could boast of a Pericles and Homer; and the pride of being a Roman citizen rested not so much upon the conquests of the Roman legions as the belonging to a nation of great orators and poets. But though the Romouni descended from a noble race they have no literature. The mere description of the battles that have taken place on the Moldau-Wallachian soil would fill more volumes than the literature of the Romouni possesses. Hence, that part of their history which is not found in the works of cotemporaneous writers must be sought in monkish legends, or the observations of occasional travelers. Another advantage arising from the possession of literature, especially that of an historical nature, is the strength it gives to national character and national institutions. In fact, the knowledge of our history is the first great essential for pre-

serving our rights. If we have no history, strangers are ever ready to deny our name and origin. Unless we can say, "This is the work of our fathers, and these rights are a sacred heritage," others will not fail to despise our vain assumptions, and attempt to deprive us of that of which we boast. If we can boast of none of the glory and strength which a historical literature confers, it will be well with us if we are not called upon to give up to others the soil upon which we dwell, and adopt any name that our enemies may see fit to impose upon us. All this, and even more, the Romouni have been called upon to do. Their origin has been denied them; their name has been changed; their rights trampled under foot; and all this not because they had within themselves none of the elements of strength, but for the reason that they could give no proof of their nationality, and had nothing upon which they could ground and defend their rights.

The history of Moldavia and Wallachia may be divided into three periods. The first of these periods commences with the Dacia, the ancient possessors of the Principalities. It includes their conquest by the Romans, the peopling of the land with Roman colonies, and terminates with the founding of Moldavia and Wallachia, the former in 1350, the latter in 1290. The middle period, or the proper history of the Romouni, is by far the most interesting era. During a period of five centuries Moldavia and Wallachia were independent states. Dark and evil days, however, were in store for them. Since the conquest of the Romans, wave after wave of barbarism had rolled over them from the plains of Asia, each more destructive than the last, and flowing farther toward the west of Europe. There was one to come which no struggle on their part could withstand. In 1453 the Crescent was planted on the spire of St. Sophia, and nine years after the Cross was raised aloft at Moscow over the throne of Iran, who united the wild tribes of Russia into a single monarchy. For three hundred years the Romouni contended bravely against the Osmanlis, and at a time when the name of the latter was a terror throughout Europe, and the success of their arms caused even the Pope to tremble on his throne at the Vatican. The fall of the Principalities, however, was

as certain as it was gradual. In 1592 Wallachia became tributary to Bogatzet I. Moldavia had already been reduced to the same state by Soliman in 1513. Their fall, however, can hardly be considered complete until 1716. At this last point commences the third period of the Moldau-Wallachian history. It extends down to the present time, when evil days have again fallen upon them. During this interval we shall see that all their elements of nationality and patriotism have been lost, and that the ancient institutions of the Romouni have been totally subverted. We shall see that while the French Revolution proved advantageous to other European states, Wallachia and Moldavia were so situated as to derive no benefit therefrom. More than all else, we shall see how Russian policy has been gaining ground, and how she is now striving to bring within her sea-embracing arms a people who both suspect her charity and despise her mediation.

In the *orbis terrarum* of the ancients all that immense region which lies between the Don and the Danube was regarded as a part of Scythia, the rude tribes of which first became known after the campaign of Darius Hystapes. In the time of Philip of Macedon the Getæ, who had formerly occupied the present Bulgaria, crossed over to the left bank of the Danube and took possession of that part of Scythia which afterward became known as Dacia. Alexander, in pushing his conquest northward, met with a most obstinate resistance from the Dacian king, Sarmis. They were ultimately subdued, however, by the conqueror of the world; and after his death Dacia, together with Thrace, fell to the share of Lysimachus, one of his generals. To the latter the Daciæ were unwilling to submit, and in attempting to bring them under his authority Lysimachus himself was taken prisoner by Dromichontes, the successor of Sarmis. In the year 1545 several thousand pieces of gold coin were found near the boundary between Wallachia and Transylvania, bearing on one side the name of Lysimachus, and on the other that of an ancient Thracian city, where the pieces were probably coined.

It was supposed that they were found in the camp of Lysimachus, or were part of the ransom given to restore him to his kingdom. How the Daciæ and Getæ became united history does not inform us.

They seem to have originated from the nomadic tribes of central Asia. After their settlement in Europe they appear to have made considerable progress in civilization, since, according to the learned Neigebaur, Zamolxis, one of the disciples of Pythagoras, was their lawgiver. From the time of Alexander the history of the Daciæ is quite obscure, until we come down to 50 B. C., when, according to the author just named, they chose Barabestes for their leader, and under him carried their conquests to the sources of the Drave. The successes of the Dacian chieftain rendered it necessary to check his career, and Octavianus Augustus marched against him for that purpose 33 B. C. The latter, however, was wounded in Dalmatia, and the command of the legions was left to Statilius Taurus. The Roman general seems to have made but little progress in conquering the Daciæ, since we read of their king soon after offering his services to Mark Antony. The Daciæ always manifested a supreme hatred of the Romans, and their king, in consequence of his offering to assist Antony, was murdered by his subjects. Crassus was afterward sent against another Dacian king. He penetrated into their country, but after destroying an unimportant town recrossed the Danube and returned to Rome. After the death of Barabestes the Daciæ had divided into several parties. Under Cotyso, however, they again became united, and at one time bade fair to overrun Rome itself. The skill of Crujus Lentulus saved the empire, and Cotyso himself fell while bravely contending against the Roman legions. The Dacian king whom we have just mentioned probably built the ancient city of Choitzyn or Chotyn, to which allusion is made by Ovid :—

"Regia progenies cui nobilitatis origo
Nomen in Eumolpi pervenit usque Coty
Fama loquax vestras si jam pervenit ad aures
Me tibi finitimi parte jacere soli."

The poet for some offense was banished to those inhospitable regions, and in one of his epistolary odes, *ex Ponto*, complains of the barbarity of the people and the inhospitable character of the climate :—

"Cumque alii causa tibi sint graviore fugati
Uterior nulli quam mihi, terra data est
Longius hac nihil est nisi tantum frigus et
hostis,
Et maris adstricto quæ coit unda gelu."

The climate of the Principalities is milder than it was in the time of Ovid. The same causes have operated as elsewhere in diminishing the excessive cold of eastern Europe from century to century. Vienna, on the upper Danube, occupies the site of the Roman camp of Julia Vindobona. We read that when the legions were encamped here under Marcus Aurelius, frozen wine was brought upon the table of the officers, a luxury which is not enjoyed by the modern Viennese. During the long period from the commencement of the reign of Augustus to that of Domitian we hear but little of the Daciæ, except that both Tiberius and Titus Cato made unsuccessful expeditions against them. During the reign of Domitian, Duras, the Dacian king, led his army across the Danube, and in a pitched battle, in which Appius Sabinus lost his life, overcame the Romans. Duras ultimately resigned his power in favor of Decebalus, who, in connection with the king of the Parthians and the Sarmatians, carried his arms so far into the Roman empire that Domitian was compelled to purchase peace by the payment of an annual tribute. The latter circumstance, however, did not prevent the emperor from enjoying a triumph. At the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus large numbers of the Jews fled from Palestine and took refuge among the Daciæ, at that time the strongest people against which the Romans had to contend. It is said that Decebalus gave them the city of Thalmun, not far from the pass of the Red Tower, for a dwelling-place.

Trajan was the conqueror of the Daciæ. He mounted the imperial throne in the year 83, and assumed the reins of government with an energy unknown to many of his predecessors, for in less than two years he was at the head of the legions to recover what Rome had already lost, and if possible free her forever afterward from the "barbarians of the North." He was induced by danger as well as ambition to direct the campaign in person. The Daciæ were the first great swarm from the northern hive, and the imperial eagles in their course of conquest had encountered no other enemies so brave and obstinate. His march lay through Pannonia, and along the river Marosz to Transylvania, the chief city of which, Sarmisegethusa, was the stronghold of Decebalus. The

first battle took place on a plain near Thorda, and the Romans were completely victorious. The Wallachian peasant still points to the spot as "Trajan's Field." Decebalus withdrew to his capital; but having afterward been beaten on every hand, sought the Roman camp and sued for peace. The contest must have been bloody, for it is said that Trajan used his own linen to bind up the wounds of his soldiers. The whole of Transylvania, afterward named Dacia Mediterranea, fell into the hands of Trajan, who soon after returned to Rome, having left a large garrison in the conquered province. Decebalus, whose proud spirit could not brook the idea of subjection to the Romans, raised a revolt, and once more took the field against his enemies. Such was the vigor of his movements that Trajan was compelled a second time to place himself at the head of the legions to reduce the province to a complete state of subjection. Attended this time by Adrian, his nephew, and Lucius Quintus Maurus, he selected a shorter route to the capital of the enemy's country. Having crossed the Danube below the Iron Gate, it is supposed that he reached Transylvania by marching up the valley of the Aluta. The Dacia defended themselves bravely, and when at last compelled to yield to the determined energy of the legions, set fire to their cities and fled to the mountains. Decebalus himself plunged a dagger into his breast rather than fall into the hands of the Romans, whom he had compelled to pay tribute no less than twelve years. He, as well as many of his brave companions, chose death rather than be led in the triumphal procession along the "sacred way."

Few of the enemies of Rome so little deserved the name of barbarian as Decebalus. St. Mark Girardin says of him that he invited to his kingdom artists of all kinds from every part of the civilized world. Caninius soon after selected the conquest of Dacia as the subject of a heroic poem; and Pliny the Younger, in a congratulatory letter to his friend upon the excellence of his choice, wrote:—

"No subject is more appropriate or more poetical. You will have to describe long canals dug in unknown countries, immense bridges constructed for the first time over wide rivers and impetuous torrents, camps pitched among mountains never before trod by civilized men, and a king who was forced to flee, to die—but who died the death of a hero."

The fall of Decebalus was followed by the complete conquest of all Dacia, of Mœsia, the present Bulgaria, and of Dardania, which in a great measure corresponded to the Principality of Servia. Moldavia and Wallachia were annexed to the Roman empire under the name of Dacia Transalpina, and the rich territory corresponding to the present Banat became known on the chart of the empire as Dacia Ripensis.

All the immense region between the Dniester and the Danube, the Save and the Black Sea, including, besides the portions above mentioned, a part of Upper Hungary, became a Roman province. At the present day Transylvania is, or rather might be, the California of Europe. So great was the natural richness of the Banat, and in fact of the whole region of the lower Danube, that Trajan conceived the idea of making the conquered province the garden of Europe. Rome was at that time at the very zenith of her power; and though there was little to invite the march of the legions farther north, it was hoped that Dacia would prove an effective bulwark against the Huns, whose countless hordes were then marching to the westward and southward, and the fame of whose deeds had already reached the imperial city. The Romans were never good colonists, at least when compared with the Greeks; and it must to a great extent have been the mineral wealth of this "El Dorado," and the astonishing richness of its soil, that attracted hither so many thousand colonists from the Roman world.

Eutropius says that Trajan sent to Dacia *ex toto orbe Romano infinitas copias hominum ad agros et urbes colendas*,—countless multitudes of men for the purpose of cultivating the land, and building and inhabiting cities.

Gigantic projects were undertaken and executed, in comparison with which all the efforts of modern enterprise in that part of the world have been weak and puny. The shrill whistle of occasional steamers has broken the long silence that reigned over the forests of the Danube; but for sixteen centuries its banks have been strangers to the ceaseless activity of the Roman colonists.

There is at present no stone bridge over the Danube below Ratisbon; but below the Iron Gate, where the river is three times as wide, Trajan erected a bridge,

parts of which have withstood the floods and the ice of sixteen centuries. The abutments of solid masonry, the truncated piers, and the towers which flanked this immense structure, are still to be seen by the curious traveler. Apollodorus of Damascus was the builder; and Marsigli says that the structure was nearly three thousand feet in length, being the longest stone bridge ever erected.

Whatever may have been the causes which tended to weaken the power of Rome in her distant provinces, or enervate her strength at home, the history of the empire served to illustrate the natural law that the races of the north must predominate physically over those of the south. Circumstances may, for a time, retard the normal operation of the law, but they cannot prevent it from taking place sooner or later. By reason of the high civilization of the Romans, and the barbarism of their northern enemies, the contest between the two races, or rather between Romanism and barbarism, was drawn out through several centuries. On our own continent, where the northern race possesses a higher degree of civilization, the contest will be proportionally short, and a few years will suffice to bring all the southern provinces of North America under the banners of the republic. Cæsar found no great difficulty in extending the Roman conquests far to the northward; but the rude nations of Germany, which to some extent pursued a nomadic life, did not defend their altars and their fires with the same spirit as the Romans themselves were afterward called upon to do. When, however, those kindred nations of the north became united against Rome, and marched southward, impelled by a native love of conquest, and attracted by the rich booty of the Italian cities, the Roman legions were compelled to give way before them. The present contest between Russia and Turkey, the representatives of the northern and southern races in the Orient, illustrates the working of the same great law. Thus far, indeed, the Turk has proved himself a match for the Giaour; but the presence in the Euxine of the noblest fleet that ever rode upon its waters, shows not only the apprehensions of the Western Powers, but also the absolute necessity of defending the Palladium of European liberty by upholding the Crescent.

The conquest of Dacia marked the culminating point of Roman dominion, as well as of Roman greatness. It was in that distant province that the tide of empire first turned and flowed back toward the imperial city. There, stubborn Terminus for the first time yielded and retired. Wave after wave of barbarism came rushing down from the north, each extending farther than the last, until Rome herself was submerged.

Adrian was the successor of Trajan, and upon his accession to power in the year 117, the policy of the empire underwent a complete change. Assyria, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, the conquest of which had cost so much blood and treasure, were abandoned by the legions. Dacia shared the same fate, although the presence of many thousand Roman families still secured for it the name of a Roman province. Adrian, however, repulsed the Sarmatians, who formed the advance-guard of the barbarians, and was represented on a medal as the restorer of Dacia; but as the northern hordes pressed forward, he was at last compelled to destroy the bridge which Trajan had erected over the Danube. Antonius Philosophus says that numerous representatives of no less than sixteen barbarous nations had settled in Dacia; and at the same time we know, from historical records, that the Dacian colonists were called Roman citizens up to the year 212. Some thirty years previous to the latter date, the Goths, under Commodus, had established themselves in Eastern Dacia, which corresponds to the present Bessarabia. They proceeded southward in much the same manner as their successors, the Russians, have done during the last fifty years, and in the year 250 reached the Danube. The provinces, however, were not entirely given up until twenty-four years after, when Aurelian withdrew the legions to the right bank of the Danube; and many of the descendants of the Roman colonists also took up their residence in Mesia, the present Bulgaria. With the entire abandonment of Dacia by the Romans, ends one of the most important periods of the history of the Danubian Principalities.

After the fatal day of Pultowa, Charles XII. established himself at Bender. A body of his troops stationed at Czernowicz were defeated by the Russians, and the latter then penetrated into Moldavia.

Even in this first invasion of the Ottoman territory they were accused of tampering with the Christian subjects of the Porte. The prayer of the Sultana Validé, that Achmet III. might make common cause with the Swedish hero, whom she called her lion, was then answered, and the Fetha of the Grand Mufti legitimized a holy war against the Russians. As soon, however, as Peter the Great reached the Pruth, the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia embraced his cause and assisted him against the Turks. The Czar was glad to escape from the Ottomans with a remnant of his army; and the treaty of Pruth, though far less advantageous for the Turks than it might have been, gave the Russians, as yet, no hold in the Principalities. Prince Brankovan was executed for his treachery, and Kantemir saved his life by taking refuge in the Russian camp. From that day the Hospodars were chosen from the Phanariot line. Though the plans of Peter the Great were thus early frustrated, he was by no means discouraged as to their future success. How far they have actually triumphed, and by what means, we propose to consider at a future time. It is not, however, too much to say, that as far as the Principalities are concerned, the efforts of Russian policy have been Herculean, but that hers has been the work of a Sisyphus. With the appointment of the Phanariot princes ends the second period of Moldau-Wallachian history.

[For the National Magazine.]

A SWIM FOR LIFE IN THE ATLANTIC.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SHIP'S SURGEON.

ON the 16th of May last one of the large New-York packet ships was dashing along gallantly on her course toward Europe with all sail set and a fine breeze. The bright sun and cloudless sky overhead, together with the quietness which reigned over the ship's deck, (it being dinner-hour all the passengers were below,) made it a scene which the lover of nature would admire; and a feeling of safety and confidence in the good ship, as she scudded away before the wind, impressed itself on the mind of the beholder, when, alas for the uncertainty of human hopes! one of the sailors, who was at work on the extreme end of the main-

yard, in a lurch of the ship, lost his hold, and was precipitated from the dizzy height into the sea! A wild shriek, and a cry of "a man overboard!" ran like an electric shock fore and aft the ship. "Hard up the helm; let go the main tack; haul up the mainsail;" sung out our first officer, a brave and excellent seaman; at the same time running to the stern of the ship with the life-buoy in his hand, he cast it with all his might in the direction of the poor sailor, who was already far astern, but without effect, for the spray blinded the struggling man's sight and he never saw it. Others were now loosening the ropes connecting the quarter-boat to its iron supporters. The sailors (obstructed in their actions by the pressure of the passengers, who crowded around with terror depicted on their faces) clambered into the boat before the ropes were free, and, terrible to relate, they gave way, and the boat, with five men in it, fell into the sea; but, quick as thought, the hardy fellows recovered themselves, got into the boat again as she floated alongside the mighty hull of the ship, and with a cheer they started off to save their fellow-man. No sooner had they started than their boat began to fill with water, and they discovered, when nearly fifty yards off, that in the fall of the boat her side got stove, and made a wide breach for the sea to flow in. This fresh misfortune all on the poop of the ship perceived, and the fearful probability forced itself on us that all would perish, when, with the speaking-trumpet to his mouth, our first officer shouted, "Give way, my lads; 'tis a life-boat, she can't sink." "Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the gallant tars, and away they went in the direction pointed out by one of the officers in the mizzen rigging, who, with a telescope, from the first moment had kept his eye steadily fixed on the unfortunate man, who, appearing and disappearing with every roll of the billows, was battling with the crested Atlantic waves for his life. By this time the ship was hove to, and although every possible exertion was used, it was nearly fifteen minutes before the boat was under full way on her mission of rescue, and the sailor, fully four miles away, was now a mere speck on the vast ocean, visible only to those who had an elevated position on the ship's poop. Owing to the boat being so much nearer

the surface of the sea, those in her could not discern their object, and had to be guided for a long time by the direction pointed out by the officers on board the ship. With straining eyes and ears every soul on board watched the quick dash of the gallant life-boat as she foamed through the surges, although half full of water, and with fluttering hearts and anxious hopes we observed through the telescope that the poor sailor still held up; and now and again we heard, or fancied we heard, a faint "halloo" borne over the deep.

At last, after a space of twenty minutes of the most intense suspense, the united joyous cheer of the boat's crew assured us that he was rescued. With that cheer the pent-up feelings of the passengers broke loose, and the ladies cried aloud, so agitated had they been during that fearful struggle of the poor sailor for his life.

Soon afterward the poor fellow was got on board, utterly exhausted. We wrapped him up warmly, gave him a cordial draught, and after a sleep of an hour, during which he was continually making convulsive efforts with his hands and feet, he was sufficiently recovered to tell us, (but with difficulty, for his nervous system had evidently received a severe shock,) that after his fall, and when he rose to the surface, his first act was to throw off his great sea-boots, the weight of which alone was sufficient to sink him; then, not being a good swimmer, he merely kept himself afloat without trying to make any progress in the water, for as the ship was going at the rate of ten knots an hour, she seemed actually to fly away from him, until he saw her sails put aback, then he could discern us all on the poop; but the boat being lowered on the opposite side, where he could not see it, he feared we could not see him, and thought we did not lower a boat on that account. His feelings were dreadful; he gave himself up as lost, and every action of his life came before him as in a mirror. He must have swooned before the boat got to him, for his first feeling of consciousness was when he was caught by the boatswain and lifted into the boat, and he thanked the Lord for his providential deliverance. His rescuers were made the lions of the day, and the whole evening was taken up with wonderful stories of "accidents by flood and field."

VERY NICE PEOPLE, BUT NOT TO BE DEPENDEN ON.

DON'T we all know numbers of nice people? Of course we do. Town, country, and watering-place abound with denizens of whom it would not be convenient to attempt any further description. *Nice* suits both sexes and every age. It will do for the maiden aunt, for the niece newly come out, for the new-made bride, for the consolable widow, for the young poet, for the old doctor, and for the stout gentleman of any profession. The English language has no phrase fit for so much service; no adjective is more fully employed; and among the many it designates, is there not a comfortable sprinkling of those trusty souls, to the consideration of whose virtues and talents the present paper is devoted?

"Very nice people, but not to be depended on." Who has not met with some of them in every grade of society? for the distinction is founded on character rather than station. Master and man, maid and mistress, may be found to merit it, and will prove their title as opportunity serves. They are all splendid promisers, however brief the time—only put twenty-four hours between them and performance, and they will surpass your utmost expectations. No matter what you want, it will be done without pains or payment. That work will be finished sooner than you require it. The appointment you seek will be waiting at your door like an engaged cab. Your house will be built, your entire family provided for, and all the rest of your days made easy, in less than a week. Nothing can be done just now—the whole stock of their help, friendship, or endeavors, lies in the future tense. Some lion stands in the way of the smallest immediate service, but if you wait till to-morrow afternoon they will make your fortune. The worst part of these dissolving views is, that people occasionally put faith in them. That want of experience in the world's ways, popularly called "greenness"—the natural tendency to believe what we wish, and, above all, a sufficiently slight acquaintance with the promising party—may induce an individual, sane on most other subjects, to imagine that something much wanted, and very desirable, will be done for him on the morning of Monday next, or Wednesday evening at

farthest. The process of discovering such a mistake is by no means a pleasant one. There is not only the final disappointment, but the loss of time, which generally makes matters worse, and perhaps also the loss of opportunity, which might have been caught, if one had only known, what we will never again forget, that Miss, Mrs., or Mr. — were very nice people, but not to be depended on.

The proverb touching birds of a feather seems peculiarly verified in this large and interesting class, for all their allies, whether nice or its contrary, partake of the independable character. It is matronly ladies of this order who recommend those consolations of cooks, found to entertain followers by the score; those treasures of maids, who break everything, and are otherwise beyond toleration; and those real blessings of nurses, who like something stronger than chocolate, and have a habit of letting babies fall. Elderly gentlemen of the kind pronounce glowing eulogiums on firms that appear in the next list of bankrupts, and advise safe investments in concerns on the verge of insolvency; and for young men and maidens, let the simple and single-hearted beware how they confide in them regarding any matter, from a pic-nic to a wedding. Were satisfaction to be had by bringing to the memory of those particular friends the promises unfulfilled, or the turning out of the recommended jewels, it would be some comfort to the spiteful part of one's nature, but their genius allows of no such compensation. "They never could have said so; it must have been a misunderstanding, or the fault of somebody else; and you cannot think how sorry they are for your difficulties." Courtesy forbids a refutation of this defense. The ultra-civil appear never to have been so fully persuaded of anything in all their lives. The less polite, or more disappointed, acquiesce with reservations; but, from either mind, the two main pillars of friendship, respect and confidence, are gone, and, however attractive in manner or agreeable in conversation their so-called friends may be, they are henceforth valued only as very nice people, but not to be depended on.

Few persons like to get into a fix, and we cannot recommend it as an experiment; but, except when very considerable, the cost or confusion is in some degree balanced by the practical understanding it

gives us of surrounding characters. Little fixes in this way have saved people from great ones, by showing them the brittle nature of the reeds on which they might have leaned more confidently in future time. The Spaniards have a story of a certain Don, who had much discretion, and many friends; and, by way of making out which of them would serve him most zealously in time of need, he sent every one intelligence of some evil or accident having befallen him. The messages began with the loss of his favorite falcon, and ascended through a graduated scale of misfortunes to the breaking of his neck; but the tale records, that the only one of all his trusty and well-beloved who came to the noble Don's assistance, was he to whom the latter news had been conveyed, from a hope of being remembered in his will. Fortunately everybody's fixes do not furnish similar results; but it is curious to note what changes take place in one's estimate of friends and acquaintances, after any of those small occurrences which make a man call up his available forces. Still more curious, if not admonishing, is it to observe how the discovery of such failures in memory or friendship brings into operation the old law of measure for measure. One does not just go and do likewise. Promising everything and doing nothing, are not natural to all mankind; but who will ever again rely on anything from the same quarter? Does anybody think of making an arrangement to be remembered or an appointment to be punctually kept with the gentleman that went into the country on the day of the canvass he was to conduct, or the lady that was found at a fashionable watering-place, while Mrs. Clarke waited for her all-but-sworn assistance at the sale? Not they, good readers. Time and patience are too scarce to be risked, and those who disappoint others easily must look to having their small plans upset.

Our subject has a more elevating moral. Trustworthiness, even in the little things of life, is noble; and, though punctuality has been classed as one of the small virtues, it is related to some of the largest. To hold the word as a bond, is becoming to the loftiest station, and dignifying to the lowest; and the world would certainly go on worse if all its affairs were managed by very nice people, but not to be depended on.

[For the National Magazine.]

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

GOOD-NIGHT!

Hie thee to sleep—

To slumber calm and deep.

The evening star has long since gone to rest
Behind the trees that fringe the dewy West;
And darkness broods upon the silent wood,
Where night now holds her cloistral solitude.

The lights that lately shone
So cheerily across the village street
Have vanish'd one by one,—
The weary households, wrapp'd in slumbers
sweet,

Forget the busy day;
The child forgets its play,
Or else it fashions, in its pleasant dreams,
New sports beside the flowing crystal streams
Where the wood-shadows dance,
And the clear day-beams glance;—
Where the frolicsome odities that never are still
Go curling and whirling all over the rill.
Ah, beautiful dream!
To manhood it comes, as it comes to the child
And Fancy's creations, so strange and so wild,
Realities seem.

Thank God for the night!
Though laurels are gain'd, though a prize may
be won,
When the day's long wearisome labors are
done,—
When, at its bright close, we so gratefully come
To the spot ever dearest, the fireside of home,—
O then, o'er every sense
Steals night's sweet influence,
Soothing the throbbing heart and aching brow,
Lulling the cares that cloud our spirits now,
Breathing in voiceless words its lessons pure,
And strengthening us the future to endure.

Hark! 't is the distant bell;
High in its massive tower
It notes the passing hour,—
A faithful sentinel.
Unnoticed all the day its deep tones fell;
But now, how solemnly its echoes swell,
As of another hour it tolls the funeral knell!

The sea, the restless sea,
The changeful, mighty sea,
Whose blue tides break
Along the shore so heavily,
Whose murmurs wake
The answering echoes of the distant hills,
Hath yet a tone subdued, whose music thrills
The ear of list'ning night
With ever new delight,
And all the air with deeper quiet fills.

The winds are all asleep;
The leaves hang motionless, and not a flower
Has stirred its petals since the twilight hour;
There's not a bird awake, in bush or bower,
To break the silence deep.
The gentle night has hush'd its very breath,
And over hill and mead
With noiseless hand hath spread
The stillness of repose—but not of death.

VOL. VIII.—17

Good-night!

Aurora fair,

E'en now, with light and rapid feet,
Is hastening with her odors sweet,

And colors rare,

T' invade the tranquil realm of night,
And fill its courts with roseate light.

Haste thee to rest, while yet

The stars, so thickly set

Around night's coronal of jet,

Their peaceful vigils keep.

God's angels guard thy sleep,

And keep thee till the morrow's light

Shall waken thee

To greet again the morning bright,

And listen to its melody.

Good-night!

[For the National Magazine.]

THE NEWSPAPER.

THE influence of the *press* in the formation and regulation of public sentiment is obviously manifest and universally admitted. No product of human ingenuity and skill can compare with this for the measure of its force and for its undefined and illimitable extent. Its moral power may scarcely be overrated. The *possibility* of accomplishing its designs has ceased to be a dubious question—the *time* only is problematical. It is well called an *engine*; but who dares hazard an estimate of its capacity? The celebrated Archimedes challenged the admiration of the world when he put forth his bold hypothesis that with a lever of sufficient extent, properly adjusted, he could with his own right arm move this terrestrial globe from its foundations. But the pen of the journalist, without exacting unattainable Archimedean conditions, actually moves the moral, social, and political worlds. Of course I refer to the independent press, unfettered by governmental censorship or a despot's will.

How important it is, then, that the editorial corps should be composed of men of the right stamp—men of intelligent, discriminating minds—men of lofty and comprehensive thoughts—men of independent judgments and clear heads—men of kind feelings and scrupulous consciences—men of firm purpose, of unflagging zeal in defense of the right and in conflict with wrong—men that are neither bigoted partisans, fawning sycophants, prejudiced imbeciles, nor mercenary politicians! If such be, indeed, the requisites for an editor, how few there are who combine any considerable share of the proper qualifica-

tions! What wonder if sensible men shrink from the fearful responsibility! And still more, what wonder if of those who have the temerity to undertake it so very few succeed!

We cannot, indeed, expect, and most assuredly never do find, that rare combination of excellences in any one man which we would regard such a desideratum in an editor. It is fortunate, however, that where so vast an interest is at stake, the lack in the composition of individual character is greatly compensated by the diversity of gifts and adaptations found in the corps editorial *collectively*; so that the deficiencies of one, or the wrong biases and hurtful influences generated in certain quarters, are measurably thwarted and perhaps repaired by counter-acting influences from other directions.

To give practical exemplification of the foregoing reflections I have only to allude to the following ascertained statistics. To say nothing of the other daily papers of this city, these four, the *Sun*, the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, and the *Times*, have an aggregate circulation of at least one hundred and forty thousand. As these several papers are often read by the various members of the family and by clerks, &c., it is fair to presume that each copy has upon an average at least three readers, which will give an aggregate for these four papers of nearly half a million daily readers! And when we take into calculation the *weekly* and *semi-weekly* issues of these same journals, which I suppose may be set down at double the number of the dailies, we arrive at the astonishing total of one million five hundred thousand! One million five hundred thousand individuals who look to these four journals for their daily dish of news, and of reflections thereon as well as upon business and politics, morals and religion, and who from them receive impressions that give color to their sentiments and bias to their principles!

Do I overrate the influence of the editor? What other four men, be their position what it may, wield so potent a scepter as that which these four editors sway over the willing minds of their million and a half of readers?

"Like pastor like people" has passed into a current adage; but the sentiment is more truly verified in the relation of editor and readers—*more* truly, inasmuch as he addresses his readers not one day in

seven, but *every* day; and not through the medium of the auricular sense only but also through the acuter and more impressive sense of sight. Surely, then, ought parents to look well to the character and merits of the newspaper introduced into their families; for it is not to be regarded in the light of a casual visitor, or even of a temporary sojourner, whose opinions may be tolerated or rejected; but rather as an accredited and oracular member of the family, whose introduction and commanding position are attributable to his acknowledged competency to judge, advise, and instruct.

Well may Christians, patriots, and philanthropists feel a special interest in the moral character and qualifications of the editors of our country, invoking for them the benign and illuminating influence of the all-wise One.

But the newspaper is not only a vehicle of intelligence, and an engine of mighty power in the body politic and social; it is exerting a vast influence in the development and training of the *intellect* of the land. And, unhappily, this view of the influence of the newspaper is not very gratifying. Its tendency is to enfeeble the mind, and disqualify it for solid reading and valuable acquisitions; superinducing a state quite congenial with the light, frippery, gossiping character of most of the conversation of society now-a-days, and preventing that deep reflection and commanding wisdom which brings from its accumulated stores that which should strengthen and enrich the national mind.

Whether the newspaper can be made greatly subservient to mental discipline, or even add very much to our stores of intellectual wealth, may, perhaps, be seriously questioned. Nevertheless, if its contents were properly and systematically classified, its yearly volume might prove a real pantology in science and general information, and would contribute not a little to augment the sum of human knowledge.

Perhaps nothing, however, has so efficient an influence in awakening the mind, and setting its various faculties into active exercise, as the newspaper; and probably no other one thing is half so efficient in its molding influence upon our national mind and national character as the universal habit of newspaper reading, and the fresh, active, independent spirit the ever present and living newspaper generates.

[For the National Magazine.]

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN.

IT is less the purpose of this article to make an attempt at vindicating or refuting the claims set forth by the Northmen to an early discovery of this continent, than to give a brief review of those pretensions, and the degree of favor with which they have been received.

In the midst of the dark ages, or from the ninth to the twelfth centuries, the Scandinavians were preëminently the pioneers of ocean navigation. The tastes and public sentiment of the Baltic peninsular nations were maritime, and perhaps, as we might now term it, piratical, though then honorable. So far from its bearing any aspect of wrong to them, to have attacked successfully and plundered some foreign seaport was an honorable and unquestionable evidence of courage and valor.

This peculiar basis of national pride and glory led these Northmen to an acquaintance with, and attacks upon, all the Atlantic islands lying opposite their western coast. Hence Scotland, Ireland, and England were the frequent theaters of their marauding expeditions,—hence also their irruption into France, and the foundation of Normandy.

Iceland, first discovered by some of these maritime rovers driven far to sea by adverse winds, was colonized in the latter part of the ninth century. The first attempt at a settlement, made by Floki, from the severity of the season, brought no further result than the loss of the animals taken thither, discouragement and final abandonment of the enterprise; and, as Floki's parting blessing as he left, the name of Iceland, as well befitting a place uninhabitable for man or beast.

A more successful and the first permanent settlement was effected by Ingolf in 874. From this time onward the Icelanders appear to have met with a fair degree of prosperity, remaining an independent people for four centuries.

Not long after, the Icelanders having become aware of the uninhabited coast which lay skirting along their western and southwestern horizon, a colony was established there by Eirek (Eric), who gave to the place the name of Greenland, under

the impression "that a good name would induce people to settle there."

Eirek was a worshiper of Thor and Odin, the gods of the Scandinavians; but his son Leif, having made a voyage to Norway, and having received flattering attentions from its Christian king, was induced to embrace Christianity. Thus, on his return, was Christianity first introduced to this new country.

Greenland continued to flourish as well as could be expected of so frigid a climate, if indeed it did not in its most prosperous times pass quite beyond all expectations. The settled provinces were known under the name of East and West Bygds, or Districts, the latter containing at one period of their history ninety farms and four churches, the former nearly two hundred farms, two towns, eleven churches, and a cathedral—the first bishop being ordained in 1121.

It is important to observe, that though history furnishes a very full and satisfactory account of the settlement, growth, and condition of Greenland from its discovery to the latter part of the fourteenth century, here it suddenly becomes silent, and Greenland a blank for three centuries.

The accounts of ancient Greenland, found in early Icelandic writings, might well have been doubted, since, on the establishment of the present settlements there were no evidences of such a previous population, but that recent research has fully vindicated their truthfulness in the ruins of churches and other extensive structures, and particularly in certain monumental inscriptions bearing the date of the twelfth century.

To the question how, when, or from what causes Greenland perished, history offers no direct reply; though perhaps it may be said it appears incidentally that from the moment Iceland and Greenland became subject to European governments their decay commenced, and, chiefly by the commercial restrictions imposed on the necessities of life to replenish the royal treasuries of Sweden and Denmark, was hastened on to this calamitous and probably tragic termination.

If the Norwegians discovered Iceland at a distance of six hundred miles, and the Icelanders within a century discovered and planted a colony upon a land at a still greater distance, is it possible that

these same Northmen, residing on the American coast of Greenland, continually passing around Cape Farewell on their route to and from Iceland and Europe, should have remained four centuries within three hundred miles of the continent of America, and never have become aware of its existence, or never have visited it?

From the known and indisputable history of the discoveries of Iceland and Greenland we are not only prepared for such a discovery, but that they should have failed to make it, even in the absence of all corroborative testimony, is in the highest degree improbable.

The attention of moderns was first drawn to this early discovery by the Scandinavians in a work issued by the Danes, in 1705, purporting to be a translation of certain Icelandic writings. Those which related most particularly to the point in question were the *Sagas* (or narratives) of Eirik and of Thorfinn—documents which, whether we can rely upon the internal evidence that they were written in the twelfth century or not, were certainly transcribed upon the present parchment before the year 1400. This fact is worthy of particular note, as it precludes all insinuation of forgery after the existence of the continent was fully known, and redeems it at once from all affinity with those accounts which have since been put forth claiming the honor of a prior discovery. Thus we find in Hakluyt "that Madoc, Prince of Wales, sailed so far west and south that he came to some part of that country whereof the Spaniards affirm themselves to be the first finders. Whereupon it is evident that that country was discovered by Britains long before Columbus led any Spaniards thither."

The antiquity of the history being thus beyond cavil, the only remaining question was to determine whether the sagas were veritable histories or fictitious sketches. The ruins and inscriptions recently found so fully verify the accounts relating to Greenland as to give the strongest assurances of veracity in those relating to the continent.

Let us now turn to the documents themselves, extracting here and there at pleasure sufficient to indicate the most substantial points of proof:—

"Bjarni having on a voyage from Greenland to Norway descried a land to the southwest, Leif, son of Eirik, set out in the year 1000

with a crew of thirty-five men on a voyage to this land.

"The first land which he made was that which Bjarni had seen. Going on shore they found no herbage of any kind, but a bare, rugged plain of broad flat rocks, from which they gave it the name of Helluland, or Flat-rockland. Continuing on, they arrived at a low, level coast with numerous white, sandy cliffs, and thickly covered with wood, from which circumstance they call it Markland, or Woodland.

"Two days' sail with a northeast wind brought them to an island with a channel between it, and a point projecting northward from the main-land. Proceeding westward through the channel, along the shore of the main-land, they entered a river, passed up to a lake, and disembarked at a place which they call Leif's-booths. The climate was temperate, there being no severe cold during the winter, and the grass never losing its freshness. From the abundance of wild grapes the land was called Vine-land.

"Leif returning in the spring, gave so glowing an account of the country that Thorvald, his brother, made a voyage in 1002.

"On his return two years after Thorvald sailed eastward from Leif's-booths, and then northward past a remarkable headland which with an opposite headland inclosed a bay. Having been driven into shoal water by a violent wind he afterward sailed along the coast eastward, and coming to a pine-wooded headland, remarked, 'Here would I like to fix my dwelling.'

"Afterward, being attacked by the natives, Thorvald was wounded, and finding death approaching addressed his companions as follows: 'Bear me to the headland which I thought was most fitting for a dwelling-place. It may be that the word that fell from my lips about abiding there was prophetic. There shall ye bury me, and set up two crosses, one at my head and the other at my feet, and call the place Cape Cross.'

"In 1006 Thorfinn came from Iceland to Greenland, and passing the winter with Eirik, and hearing much said of Vine-land, resolved to plant a colony there.

"Having equipped three vessels he set sail in the spring, having on board one hundred and sixty persons, and a supply of live stock.

"They first sailed to the western district of Old Greenland and to Bjarney, thence for two days in a southerly direction to Helluland, where they found foxes and the large flat stones. Two days more brought them to Markland—thence southwest for some time, arriving at Cape Kul, where were trackless coasts, and white, sandy beaches. The coast afterward became more indented with bays and inlets, into one of which they entered. Continuing their course, they entered a bay off the mouth of which was an island so crowded with eider ducks that they could scarcely walk without treading on the eggs.

"A strong current ran past this island, and also further up the bay, from which they called it Stream Isle. Having spent the winter here, during which the wife of Thorfinn gave birth to a son, Snorri, (from whom the celebrated sculpt-

tor Thorwaldsen was descended,) they proceeded southward to where a river flows through a lake on its way to the sea, the mouth of which was so beset with sand-bars as to be accessible only at high water. To this beautiful place, which abounded with wild grapes and corn, with forests and game, rivers and fish, which possessed so mild a climate that no snow fell, and the cattle remained at large during the winter, they gave the name Hop.

"Being continually troubled by the natives, and a battle having at length occurred, Thorfinn decided to return to Greenland. After having touched at Markland, one vessel was driven by winds westward into a sea so infested with worms as necessitated them to abandon it. Those that took the boat made their way to Dublin; the others were never more heard of. Thorfinn with his ship arrived safely at Greenland in 1011."

Such is the substance of these sagas of Eirek and Thorfinn. It remained for those who claimed for them the rank of faithful histories to verify so unequivocal accounts, by showing that the configuration of the continental coast would admit of such descriptions. To this task they have diligently applied themselves, and at the very fortunate transatlantic distance to their own complacency have succeeded admirably. That their expositions might strike a cisatlantic observer with a very different degree of favor would be natural from the diverse points of view as well as of interest. The general exposition put forth by the antiquarians at Copenhagen, and it is but just to say, accepted by Humboldt, and to quite an extent by the French and English *savans*, is nearly as follows:—

"Leaving Greenland and sailing southwesterly they struck Labrador, calling it Bjarney; thence onward, doubling Newfoundland, or Helluland, past Nova Scotia, or Markland; Cape Cod, or Cape Kul; Martha's Vineyard, or Stream Isle; and finally up Narragansett Bay to Leif's-booths, not far from Mount Hope."

While it would, perhaps, be indecorous for us to set aside such an array of authority, and while we may aver that we have no such desire, it may fall within the scope of propriety to advert to some of the difficulties with which this exposition meets.

So minute a description of three voyages along the same coast to the same destination, ought to leave little room for doubt as to the course taken and the places visited.

Thorfinn sailed first to Old Greenland and thence to Bjarney, which we may suppose was the land which Bjarni had seen to the southwest, that is, Labrador,—thence

for two days in a southerly direction to Helluland. Leif first, after leaving Greenland, touched at Helluland.

Their united descriptions of this place are, no herbage of any kind; a bare, rugged plain of broad flat stones, extending from the snow-clad mountains to the coast.

This description, to prove anything, must be sufficiently precise to distinguish one location from another. If it apply equally to various places, it is evidently valueless toward indicating any precise route. It is claimed that this Helluland is Newfoundland. Let us, then, compare these ancient with modern notes:—

"The east half is generally low, and diversified with trees of humble growth. The soil and climate are well adapted for pasturage, potatoes, and other crops. Vast herds of deer graze in the plains and woods of the interior"—*McCulloch*.

"Berry-bearing shrubs clothe every swamp and open tract. Loose rocks, scattered over the country, increase its general roughness. Its sea-cliffs are, for the most part, bold and lofty.—*Lippincott's Gazetteer*.

This is not such a coincidence in particulars as precludes all inclination to a further examination of these coasts. Of Labrador itself, which some may possibly be inclined to think Leif would have made first, and which it is quite as probable Thorfinn would have reached in two days' sail from Bjarney, we find the following descriptions:—

"The coast is bleak, rugged, and desolate in the extreme."

"One of the most dreary regions on the globe, exhibiting scarcely anything except rocks destitute of vegetation."

Were it not for the authority with which these translations are put forth, we should be inclined to say that, whatever other land these descriptions may identify as Helluland, they certainly fall very far short of identifying Newfoundland as the place.

In two days more Thorfinn made Markland—the time it took Leif is not stated. The distance passed over in these two days, allowing that the most direct course was taken to the nearest point of Nova Scotia,—an utter improbability,—was four hundred miles, or two hundred miles per day—a rate of speed of which, over an unknown sea, and along an unexplored coast, few modern craft can boast.

Nor is it altogether an unimportant

fact that, though both of the voyagers often mention their direction, neither of them in this instance speak as if there had been any change of course, certainly not as if the change had been as great as it must have been in doubling the corner of Newfoundland. They both speak of *continuing* the voyage.

Markland is described as having a low, level coast, with numerous white, sandy cliffs, covered with wood.

Compare this with that given above of Newfoundland, and it is obvious that, while this island quite decidedly rejects the appellation *Helluland*, it nearly as decidedly invites that of *Markland*, scarcely claimed by Nova Scotia in the following item from McCulloch:—

"The coast is fringed with rocks and islands."

Two days more brought Leif to Nantucket—another marvelous voyage of some four hundred miles in two days, taking the most direct route.

Thorfinn continuing some time in a southwest direction, arrived at Cape Cod, of which the coast afterward became more indented with inlets and bays, into one of which they entered.

It will, doubtless, be an item of no small interest to the multitude who do business on the great waters off "the back of the Cape," to learn that between Race and Malabar, where they have never been able to find a "snug retreat" save in one solitary instance, our sagacious European friends discovered that it is indented with inlets and bays.

The identity of Cape Cod and Nantucket is made out from the following notes: "They entered a channel between an island and a point of the main-land projecting northward."

This description, which is, perhaps, regarded as one of the most unmistakable and corroborative of this exposition, so far from proving what one might gather from it at a glance, unfortunately for these theorists, seems to prove quite a different result.

Cape Cod can in no sense be said to be a point projecting northward from the main-land to an observer off Nantucket. If this description was given after diligent investigation of the coast, it must have been known that that part where it turns northward was not the main-land. If it be

said that it was given as the result of such observations as might have been made from the vessel, then, most assuredly, is the language unfortunate for these localities; for opposite Nantucket there is not only no appearance of any projection northward, but there is one of ten or twelve miles length extending southward. In fact, the channel or bay into which they entered is between an island and a point projecting southward.

But this is not all. The sentence "entered a channel between an island and a point projecting northward from the main-land," can have but one meaning as to location—the island must be north of the main-land. To insist, therefore, on an application of the text to localities so completely reversed must lead one to regard the whole history with suspicion.

To the coasters who are familiar with both the land and water of that section, it can but be amusing to learn that that part of the ocean lying between Nantucket and the Cape, having a breadth of thirty miles, is regarded as a bay or inlet of a cape of some half dozen miles in width.

Continuing on, Thorfinn enters a bay,—Buzzards,—off which was an island crowded with eider ducks' eggs. This island was Martha's Vineyard, or Nauston. How fortunate for those present sea-girt denizens could those good olden times return again. The generous wish of the good-hearted Henry of France, "that every peasant might have a fowl in his pot," might not then need to await Thanksgiving or Christmas for its accomplishment.

As for these ducks, it is well known that the eider is eminently a frigid water-fowl, seldom on the European coast lower than latitude sixty degrees, thermally fifty degrees on the American coast, or the vicinity of St. Lawrence Gulf. But what renders it more certain that Martha's Vineyard could not have been the habitat mentioned is the season of the year when they were observed—not earlier than the first of June, and more probably the last. It is not improbable that the eider may sometimes winter in latitude as low as forty degrees, but those migratory birds leave again before the first of May, and never spend the summer in this latitude, as the eggs fully show these were doing.

Past this island, and further up the bay, ran a stream.

The extent to which men allow themselves to be led in vindication of some favorite theory, may well be observed in the following attempt of Mr. Blackwell, editor of a recent edition of "Mallet's Northern Antiquities," to explain these currents:—

"The Gulf stream will sufficiently account for the currents noted in the narrative. Lyell remarks, 'that it is the beach of Nantucket which turns the current of the Gulf stream at the depth of from two hundred to three hundred feet below the surface.'"

In the first place, allowing Mr. Lyell's remark to be true, the shoals which he speaks of as being two or three hundred feet below the surface are from twenty to fifty miles seaward of the coast of the island. In the next place, Lieut. Maury has shown theoretically that Nantucket beach has no connection with the Gulf stream; and the United States Coast Survey demonstrates by actual observation that for leagues at sea there is no current whatever except that of the tides.

But allowing, for the moment, that the Gulf stream washes the coast, as Mr. Blackwell asserts, we should be much indebted to this same Mr. Blackwell if he will initiate us into the mysteries of those mental processes and rules of logic by which he finds the currents in Buzzard's Bay accounted for in the fact that there is a current along the coast of Nantucket at a distance of nearly twenty leagues. The only current known in these waters is that of the tides; but so far from any reference to a tidal current, it is evident that attention is called to the movement of the waters because it was not occasioned by the tides.

We might continue to follow these astute antiquarians in their exceedingly rich and lucid expositions of these voyages as applicable to the New-England coast; but we forbear, merely observing that to them it is eminently natural that the Scandinavians should have taken the small, narrow channel on the east side of Newport island, and then have complained of shallow water, when with "half an eye" the broad open passage to the west could have been seen—that Leif should have found no severe weather, the grass never losing its freshness, and Thorfinn no snow, the cattle remaining out in the fields all winter, though the like of which has never been dreamed of by the inhabitants

of Mount Hope from the landing of the Pilgrims to the present—that the water below Mount Hope may be called Taunton River, and that above a lake—that Thorvald, by sailing eastward along the coast from the point of Cape Cod, should arrive at Hull, fifty miles to the westward—these and many similar circumstances, which, to those residing near the localities, may seem somewhat difficult of apprehension, but which are so marvelously lucid across the Atlantic, lead us quite to coincide with Campbell as to the effect that distance often lends.

It would appear a rational question, Why this pertinacity, amid so many difficulties, in assigning the localities to the southeast portion of the New-England coast? Why not look for the specifications elsewhere? The answer is not difficult. The veracity of the sagas hinges upon their application to this coast.

There is another incompatibility in the time allowed and the latitude reached. It is against all probability that in six days Nantucket should have been reached, and equally improbable that when there it should have furnished such a temperature as is represented.

What, then, is the conclusion? That the sagas are not to be relied upon. That they are mere fancy sketches. But it is no more acceptable to the mind that, during four centuries, the Greenland colony should never have become acquainted with, never have made a voyage to a land almost within their constant vision.

Amid these strong and conflicting probabilities, it is not a matter of surprise that national honor and pride should discern a satisfactory vindication of these writings; while those nearer the points of investigation, and with less personal interest, discerning the strength of the opposing elements, should be somewhat incredulous.

A mean between these two extreme views may, after all, be as near the truth as either version. The time allowed would have brought them to the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence or Nova Scotia, at which place the eider ducks, the currents, the islands and bays will find as ample room for verification as any place this side of Florida; while the most charitable conclusion upon the sagas as to climate may perhaps be, that to a Greenlander Nova-Scotia snows would pass for the flurry of an April day, and its wintry

blasts as but the balmy breath of early spring time.

Historians differ quite materially as to what position to assign these writings, being more inclined to credit them on the European than the American side of the Atlantic. Hinton remarks:—

"Of a far more probable character, though by no means uncontested, are the assertions of the Norwegian historians, who claim for their countrymen, confessedly the most adventurous navigators of the northern waters of the Atlantic in the earlier ages, the discovery of this vast continent in the year 1001."

Bancroft says:—

"The story of the colonization of America by Northmen rests on narratives mythological in form and obscure in meaning, ancient, yet not cotemporary. . . . The geographical details are too vague to sustain a conjecture; the accounts of a mild winter and a fertile soil are, on any modern hypothesis, fictitious or exaggerated.

"The nation of intrepid mariners, whose voyages extended beyond Iceland and Sicily, could have easily sailed from Greenland to Labrador. No clear historic evidence establishes the natural probability that they accomplished the passage."

Finally, Irving tells us that—

"Learned men are too prone to give substance to mere shadows when they assist some preconceived theory. Most of these accounts, when divested of the erudite comments of their editors, have proved little better than traditional fables. There is no great improbability, however, that such enterprising and roving voyagers as the Scandinavians may have wandered to the northern shores of America about the coast of Labrador or the shores of Newfoundland."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

JAMES O'LEARY was a schoolmaster of great learning and still greater repute; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Killgubbin, yet he modestly designated it his "Small College," and his pupils "his thrifle of boys." O'Leary never considered "the Vulgarians"—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil; he began his school catalogue with "the Vargils;" but was so decidedly proud of "the Homarians," that he often regretted he had no opportunity of "taking the shine out of them ignorant chaps at Dublin College" by a display of his "Gracians"—five or

six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue, whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery; and yet, poor fellows! were as proud of their Greek, and as fond of capping Latin verses, as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and traveled the country for his learning; he had graduated at the best hedge-school in the kingdom of Kerry, and at one time had an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A, B, C; *this* he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the fair sex. James looked with the greatest contempt at the system adopted by the national schools, declaring Latin to be the foundation of all intellectual education, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old gentleman, whose father, having granted long leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing to others. The simple farmers had so long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in this opinion so frequently, by saying in various languages what they had not understood, if spoken in the vernacular, that when a national school was proposed in the parish by some officious person they offered to send up their schoolmaster, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to "bother the board." This threw James into such a state of excitement that he could hardly restrain himself; and indeed his wife does not hesitate to say that he has never been "right" since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the national school system as James himself; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having an opportunity of "flooring the board," which he bitterly regrets. James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceed-

ingly kind to the itinerant class, of whose merits he was so bright an example; for a long time his college was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from "the master," and the attention and tenderness of a mother from "the mistress." This generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom—not only the itinerant scholar, but the sons of snug farmers, who boarded in his neighborhood, and paid largely for the classics, and all accomplishments. This James found very profitable; in due time he slated his house, placing a round stone as a "pinnaele" on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other the celestial globe; he paved the little court-yard with the multiplication table in black and white stones; and constructed a summer-house, to use his own phrase, on "geometrical principles," whose interior was decorated with maps and triangles, and every species of information. If pupils came before, they "rained on him" after his "Tusculum" was finished; and he had its name painted on a Gothic arch above the gate, which, such was the inveteracy of old habits, always stood open for the want of a latch. But somehow, though James's fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that was not right; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth; he became civil to rich dunces, and continually snubbed a first-rate "Gracian," who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question to himself—"Why he should do good, and bother himself so much, about those who did no good to him?" He had never ventured to say this out aloud to any one; but he had at last whispered it so often to himself that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stir-about, gruel, or "*a sup of broth*,"—which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the "Gracian," who had been unwell for some days,—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said, "Mary, can't ye sit at the wheel now that the day's a'most done,

and nature becomes soporific?—which signifies an inclination to repose."

"In a minute, dear; it's for poor Aby—he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him—the place where he lodges has no convayniance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of,—so I'll sit down at onet."

"Then why do n't you sit down at onet?"—(A corruption of "at once," and means, at this moment—it is the present tense—now—instantly.) "Why do you sit—wasting your time—to say nothing of the sweet milk—and the"—he was going to say "the sour," but was ashamed, and so added, "other things—for one who does no good to us?"

"No good to us?" repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon. "No good to us, dear?—why, it's for the Aby—the—What is it you call him—Aby Gradus? No; Aby the Gracian—your top-boy as used to be—he that his old grandmother—(God help us! he had no other kith or kin)—walked ten miles, just to see him stand at the head of his class, that she might die with an easy heart—it's for him, it is —"

"Well," replied the master, "I know that, I know it's for him—and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould, but advancing to the region of middle life—past its meridian, indeed—and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby —"

"James!" exclaimed Mary.

"Ay, indeed, Mary, we must come to a period—a full stop, I mean—and"—he drew a deep breath, then added—"and *take no more poor scholars!*"

"O, James! don't say the likes o' that," said the gentle-hearted woman; "don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens itself to let them in."

"Still we must take care of ourselves, woman, dear," replied James, with a dogged look. Why the look should be called "dogged" I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate, or given to it; but he put on the sort of look so called; and Mary, not moved from her purpose, cov-

ered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple potato, and, beckoning a neighbor's child who was hopping over the multiplication table in the little court-yard, desired her to run for her life with the jug, while it was hot, to the house where Aby stopped that week, and be sure to tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband, and began spinning.

"I thought, James," she said, "that Abel was a strong pet of yours, though you've cooled to him of late—I'm sure he got you a deal of credit."

"All I'll ever get by him."

"O, don't say that! sure, the blessing is a fine thing—and all the learning you give out, James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in your head, which is a great wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losset handful by handful, it wastes away, but your brains hold out better than the meal; take ever so much away, and there's the same still."

"Mary, you're a fool, agra!" answered her husband—but he smiled. The schoolmaster was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

"And that's one reason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that wants it," she continued; "it does them good, and it does you no harm."

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman, getting her husband into a good-humor before she intimated her object.

"I've always thought a red head lucky, dear."

"The ancients valued the color highly," he answered.

"Think of that, now!—and a boy I saw to-day had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye."

"What boy?" inquired the master.

"A poor fatherless and motherless craythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap at his back, and a purty tidy second shute of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you told me you set off poor scholaring yourself, darlin'!—all as one as that poor little boy, *barrin' the second suit of clothes*."

"What did he want?" inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper, for Mary made a mistake in her second hit. She

judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had *hardened* her husband.

"Just six months of your teaching to make a man of him—that's all."

"Has he money to pay for it?"

"I'm sure I never asked him. The trifle collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to eat, without paying anything to a *strong* (rich) man like yerself, James O'Leary;—only just the ase and contintment it brings to one's sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be after doing a kind turn to a fellow-Christian."

"Mary," replied O'Leary, in a slow and decided tone, "*that's all botheration*."

Mary gave a start—she could hardly believe she heard correctly; but there sat James O'Leary looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone. Under the impression that he was bewitched, Mary crossed herself; but still he sat there looking, as she afterward declared, "like nothing."

"Father of Mercy!" she exclaimed; "spake again, man alive! and tell us is it yourself that's in it!"

James laughed; not joyously or humorously, but a little, dry, half-starved laugh, lean and hungry—a niggardly laugh; but before he had time to reply, the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale, acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

"That's the boy I told you of," said Mary. "Come in, *ma bouchal*; the master himself's in it, now, and will talk to you, dear."

The boy advanced his slight, delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen, penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down; but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book, in which he hoped to be examined.

"What's your name?—and stand up!" said the master, gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore.

"What do you know?" He said, "He knew English and Voster (Voster's Arithmetic)—a trifle of Algebra and Latin—

and the Greek letters—he hoped to be a priest in time—and should be,” he added confidently, “if his honor would give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and agin, and let him pick up as much as he could.”

“And what,” inquired O’Leary, “will you give me in return?”

“I have but little, sir,” replied the boy, “for my mother has six of us, paying to one, whose face we never see, a heavy rent for the shed we starve under. My father’s in heaven, my eldest sister a cripple; and but for the kindness of the neighbors, and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and, above all, the blessing of God—which never laves us—we might turn out upon the road and beg.”

“But all that is nothing to me,” said O’Leary, very coldly.

“I know that, sir,” answered the boy, yet he looked as if he did *not* know it; “though your name’s up in the country for kindness, as well as learning; but I was coming to it—I have a trifle of about eighteen shillings—besides five which the priest warned me to keep when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness; and I was thinking, if yer honor would take ten out of the eighteen, for a quarter or so. I know I can’t pay yer honor as I ought, only just for the love of God; and if ye’d please to examine me in Latin, his reverence said I’d be no disgrace to you.”

“Just let me see what you’ve got,” said the schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside his waistcoat the remnant of a night-cap, and held it toward the schoolmaster’s extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and the temptation.

“Put it up, child,” she said; “the mather does n’t want it, he only had a mind to see if it was safe,”—then aside to her husband—“Let fall yer hand, James, it’s the devil that’s under yer elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook; is it the thin shillings of a widow’s son you’d be after taking? It’s not yerself that’s in it at all;”—then to the boy—“Put it up, dear, and come in the morning.” But the silver had shone in the master’s eyes through the worn-out knitting, the “*thin shillings*,” as Mary called them, and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So, standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good counsel,

with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all or none, and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation, agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying that “the Lord above would rise him up some friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on.” Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that, at least, for that night, he would receive shelter from some kind-hearted cotter, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the “great master;” while the dispenser of knowledge, chinking the “thin shillings,” strode toward a well-heaped hoard to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the cheerful fire, rocking herself backward and forward in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that had come over her husband, turning him out of himself into something “not right.”

This was O’Leary’s first attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself; he did not care to encounter Mary’s reproachful looks, so he brought over his blotted desk, and sat with his back to her, apparently intent on his books; but despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself, and no matter whether he looked over problems, or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale face of the poor scholar, whom he had “fleece” to the uttermost.

“Mary,” he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, “there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they pertended.”

“Was that the way with yerself, avick?” she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat, bounced the door after him, and went to bed. He did not fall asleep very soon, nor when he did did he sleep very soundly; but tumbled and tossed about in a most undignified manner,—so much so that his poor wife left off rocking, and, taking out her beads, began praying for him as hard and fast as she could; and she believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil and slept soundly; but Mary went on praying; she was accounted what was called the steadiest *hand* at prayers in the country, but, on this particular night,

she prayed on without stopping until the gray cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours; for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the innocent-hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water, cross, and cup, James gave a groan and a start, and called her—"Give me your hand," he said, "that I may know it's you that's in it." Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

"Mary, my own ould darling," he whispered, "I'm a grate sinner, and all my learning isn't—isn't worth a brass farthing." Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. "It's quite in airnest I am, dear, and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's night-cap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day breaks intirely, go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him, nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and Mary, agra, if you've the power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of teaching them, for I've had a dream, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning—there, praise the holy saints! is a streak of daylight; now listen, Mary, and don't interrupt me.

"I suppose it's dead I was first, but anyhow, I thought I was floating about in a dark space—and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down—I *could not rise*—and as I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself—mighty curious shapes—one of them, with wings like a bat, came close up to me, and, after all, what was it but a Homer; and I thought may be it would help me up, but when I made a grab at it it turned into smoke; then came a great white-faced owl, with red, bothered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough; and globes and ink-horns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two looking eyes into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there and making game of me as they passed. O, I thought the time was a thousand years, and everything

about me talking bad Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and I without power to answer or get away. I'm thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I was in."

"May be so," replied Mary, "particularly as they would n't let you correct the bad Latin, dear."

"But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, afther a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me, and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy-like vapor, and I had my full liberty in it, so I kept on going up—up for ever so many years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a *bohreen* at either side, leading toward a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill; and having got over it, I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw, was the brightness above me the brightest; and the more I looked at it the brighter it grew, and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes, and something whispered me that that was heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees and asked how I was to get there; for mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the hill, or, to speak more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in no way joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how was I to get there. Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars, those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy, blessed pay, the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head."

"O yah mulla! think of that now, my poor Aby; did n't I know the good, pure drop was in him?" interrupted Mary.

"The only way for you to get to that happy place, mather dear, they said, 'is for you to make a ladder of us.'"

"Is it a ladder of the —"

"Whist, will ye," interrupted the mather. "'We are the stairs,' said they, 'that will lead you to that happy mansion—all your learning of which you were so proud—all your examinations—all your disquisitions and knowledge—your algebra and mathematics—your Greek—ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same, all are not worth a *traneen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of

man's learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, master, jewel, WE ARE YOUR CHARITIES; seven of us poor boys through your means learned their duty—seven of us! and upon us you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy forever.'

"I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a *step-ladder* of the seven holy creatures, who, though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where we were now; but as they bent, I stepped, first, on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but any how, when I got to the end of the seven I found there were five or six more wanting. I tried to make a spring, and only for Paddy I'd have gone—I don't know where—he held me fast. 'O the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me after all,' I said. 'Boys—darlings! can ye get me no more than half way after all?'

"'Sure there must be more of us to help you,' makes answer Paddy Blake. 'Sure ye lived many years in the world after we left you,' says Abel, 'and, *unless you hardened your heart*, it is n't possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you. Sure you were never content, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and leave your task unfinished? O, then, if you did, master,' said the poor fellow, 'if you did, it's myself that's sorry for you.' Well, Mary, agra! I thought my heart would burst open when I remembered what came over me last night—and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to—and every niggard thought was like a sticking up dagger in my heart—and I looking at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart, and just then I woke—I'm sure I must have had the prayers of some holy creature about me to cause such a warning."

Mary made no reply, but sank on her knees by the bed-side, weeping—tears of joy they were—she felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. "And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We'll have the poor scholars to breakfast—and darling, you'll look out for more of them. And, O! but my heart's as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my blessed dream."

THE AWAKENING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THEREMIN.

WIFE. Hast thou slept well?

Husband. As never before. Noteven in childhood did I experience such a deep, soft, refreshing slumber. My old father—thou rememberest him well—when he stepped into the room in the morning, where we were waiting for him, used to say, in answer to our inquiry how he had slept, "Like the blessed." Like the blessed, I might say, have I slept; or rather, like the blessed have I awakened. I feel myself new quickened; as if all weariness, and all need of sleep were gone forever. Such vigor is in my limbs, such elasticity in my movements, that I believe I could fly if I would.

W. And you are pleased with this place?

H. Indeed, I must say, we have been in many a beautiful place together; but this is wonderful and beautiful beyond description. What trees! actually heaven high! They bear blossoms and fruit together. Their branches, swaying to the morning wind, cause the tree-tops all to give forth melody, as if a host of feathered songsters dwelt in them. Behind the trees the mountains tower up. Their majestic forms rigidly defined in the pure air, and here and there glowing with all the hues of sunrise and sunset, stretch along their sides, or float over their summits. Upon the highest peak, out of a milk-white, translucent, shining mist, there spring as it were the gates, and towers, and palaces of a splendid city. From this peak nearest us there seems to gush a mighty water, which I may call a sea rather than a stream, and which, nevertheless, leaps down the numerous terraces of the mountain, not with fearful roaring, but with a melodious sound. Wide about us are sprinkled the drops which water the trees and flowers, and impart a delicious coolness to the air, making it ecstasy to breathe here. Look, too, at this bank whereon we stand! How luxuriant, and how thickly strown with wonderful flowers! We wander over it, and yet the spires of grass are not broken, nor are the flowers crushed by our footsteps. 'Tis a solitary place; yet on all sides vistas open to us, and the horizon tempts us ever further and further on.

W. Hast thou seen all this often be-

fore, or dost thou see it to-day for the first time?

H. Notwithstanding all is so homelike to me here, and though everything greets me as something long-beloved, yet when I think of it I must say No; I have never been here before.

W. And dost thou not wonder to see me again at thy side?

H. Indeed, and hast thou not somehow always been near me?

W. In a certain sense I have; but in another not so. 'Tis long since thine eyes have seen me. I disappeared from them once.

H. Ah! now there sweeps over my memory as it were a dark cloud—days of anxiety, and nights spent in weeping—only the painful thoughts and emotions which so recently absorbed me. Now they elude my grasp; I cannot distinctly comprehend them; they appear to me something mysterious.

W. Think on the fourteenth of February.

H. Now, now it is all clear to me. It was near noon. Four days hadst thou been sick. We had feared much for thee, but still had hope. Suddenly a faintness came over thee; thou didst lean thy head upon my breast, didst sink back with a deep sigh; thou didst—yes, it is all over, thou art dead.

W. I am dead; and yet see, I live.

H. If thou art dead, and if I see thee, then do I really dream?

W. Thou dreamest not, for thou art awake.

H. Or, art thou sent down from heaven to earth that I should see thee again for a short time, and then anew through long years lament thy disappearance?

W. No; henceforth we shall never separate. I am indeed sent to thee, but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here; where upon earth hast thou seen such trees, such waters? Look at thyself; thou didst go about yonder, bowed beneath the weight of years. Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk, thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself, has it always been with thy heart as now?

H. Within me is a deep, unfathomable, ever-swelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, and when I feel thy hand in mine,

then I must say I am blessed—I am in heaven.

W. Thou art.

H. And then must I be actually dead.

W. Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought? Has not thy son, day and night, without leaving thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thee? Hast thou not by day and by night found open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which she vainly strove to hold back the forth-welling tears? Was there not then a deep mist and utter darkness spread over the faces of thy children, and over everything around thee?

H. I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death, upon my knees I thank thee that thou hast fulfilled this so great a thing in me—that thou hast led me to such high happiness, to such great honor—*dead, and happy to be dead.* Thou knowest, O Lord, how often that moment stood before me; how often I have prayed that thou thyself, since I was not able to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour; that thou wouldst send me a soft, blessed death. Now, O Lord, that thou hast heard this, as all my other prayers, thou hast in this, as in all things, eternally shown thyself gracious and pitiful. What stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not yet learned exactly what death is; but this much I know, death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright spring garden, so hast thou borne me from earth to heaven. But now, loved one, hold me no longer back.

W. Whither wouldst thou go?

H. Canst thou ask? To whom else but to Him? All is beautiful and lovely here; these trees, these flowers, this down-streaming water, this coolness which breathes over flowers and trees and deep into my heart; thyself, thy presence, which after so long a separation, after so many fears, I enjoy again; but not even all this satisfies me. Himself I must see. Let him adorn his heaven as beautifully as he may, that cannot compensate for the loss of his presence. What was impossible, he has made possible: so long, so unweariedly, so faithfully has he worked in me, that I might be capable of bliss! Where is the little earth? Yonder it spins, how far from here? In what darkness it is veiled. I would not again return to it. He has condescended to go

down thither, has trod its dust with his sacred feet, has endured hunger and thirst, has died. Ah, he will quicken my vision, that I may pierce deeper than heretofore the abyss of his death-pains! There he won me for his own; and that I, his dearly-purchased one, should not again be lost to him, he has from my earliest years given me his ceaseless care. Much that he has done for me have I already learned upon earth; now I know more; and I shall know still more in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have no time for this. Emotion within me is too strong; my heart will burst; I must away to him, see him, thank him—if I am capable of thanking him—if in this overpowering bliss thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

W. Thou wilt see him, but not until he comes to thee. Until then be patient. I am sent to thee, to tell thee that such is his will.

H. Now I know for a certainty that I am in heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly to his without a struggle. I had thought it wholly insupportable not to see him here. Yet I not only bear it, but bear it cheerfully. He wills this, I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou art sent to me from Him, then he must have spoken with thee. He has already spoken many words with thee?

W. Already many.

H. O thou truly blessed one! Canst thou tell how it was with thee when He for the first time spake with thee?

W. As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described.

H. As thou sawest Him for the first time didst thou instantly recognize him?

W. Instantly.

H. How? By that particular glory in which he outshines all angels?

W. He has no need to clothe himself in splendor: we know him without that.

H. Dost thou mean that I will immediately recognize Him without any one saying to me, that is He?

W. Thine own heart will tell thee.

H. How will he really seem to me, severe or gentle? Below, when I cried to Him out of the darkness of my earth-life, he often answered me with sternness.

W. There below He is constrained to do this with his best beloved. Here, it is no longer necessary; here there is no need that he should do violence to his own heart; He can give free expression to his love. This love is infinite; on earth we could not fathom it, as little can we do so here.

H. Do there exist among you here differences in glory and blessedness?

W. In endless degrees; but then the highest are even as the most lowly, so they stoop down to the humblest. And this does He require of them; for He who ranks above the highest is himself the humblest of all. So, then, these diversities become swallowed up, and we are all one in Him.

H. Lo, I have often thought me, if I only reach heaven, only dwell not with the enemies of the Lord, I shall be content to be the very least of all there. Thou, methought, wouldst soar in a much higher circle, and our children also when they left the earth. But then if only once in a thousand years I might be counted worthy to see the Lord—still methought it would be enough for me.

W. Be trustful. Whom He receives He receives to glory. Knowest thou not by what wonderful way He has called us in His word.

H. Well do I know all that, and I see with what glory and honor He has crowned thee. Between thine image in thy last sickness, and that which now stands revealed to me; between that perishable flower and the heavenly blossom—what a difference! No, this bloom upon thy cheek can never fade; this light in thine eyes can never be dimmed; thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Thus ever wilt thou wander about with me here, thou wilt show me the glory of these heavenly mansions, and also wilt lead me to those other blessed ones who are dear to me.

W. Thou wilt see them as soon as thou hast seen the Lord.

H. How delightful was it of old when we sought our aged father in his cot. Our carriage rolled up, all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop we sought first his dear, honored countenance. How much more delightful to see him here! He whom the smallest favor filled with thanks to the giver, he who could find beauty in a single spire of

grass, who smiled at a brighter sunbeam, he who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens, and adored the Creator of these worlds—what must he experience here, where the wonders of Omnipotence lie all open and unvaild before him! He who in silent joy of his heart thanked the Lord for his beneficence, and for the least refreshing which was granted him on his weary earth-way—what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer! “We shall meet again,” he said to me in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand with all his remaining strength, “we shall meet again, and together thank God for his grace.”

W. Thou wilt soon see him and thy mother.

H. My mother who loved me with such unspeakable tenderness, and whom I have never known! I was but three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her death-bed, and I was playing in the garden before the house, “What will become of my poor child!” she cried. Good mother! all that a man can be thy son has become—an inhabitant of heaven. Through the grace of God has this been effected, and also by the help of thy prayers. Is it not so?

W. It is even so. I have often spoken of thee with thy father and mother.

H. Is X—here?

W. Yes.

H. I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong; *why am I here?* But the dear souls whom I left behind me on earth, I would have some tidings of them; or is the perception of them lost to us until the moment of reunion?

W. This question thou mayest speedily answer for thyself. Look thither.

H. I do so; but I see nothing.

W. Look longer in this direction and you will surely see. Dost thou see now?

H. Perfectly. The place is familiar to me. It is the church-yard where I placed thy mortal part which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me; I often sought it, and kneeling upon the grave raised my eyes hitherward to heaven, where we both are now. Among beautiful trees and flowers shall her body rest here. So a flower-garden, and a wilderness of blossoms sprung up, and every beautiful thing which the anniversary brought with it adorned thy grave.

W. I knew it well. Look thitherward now. What seest thou?

H. Near thy grave another is open. The church-yard gate stands open, a corpse is borne forward, our children follow. Do ye weep, loved hearts, weep so bitterly? Could ye see us as we see you, ye would not weep, or at the most only for longing. The body—my body—is lowered; now they cast a handful of dust upon the coffin. The grave is closed, now rests my dust by thine. Go home now, ye loved ones, and may the foretaste of that heavenly peace which we enjoy glide to your souls! But return hitherward often and seek the grave of your old parents. When ye meet and pray there we will be near you, and bring you heavenly gifts from the Lord. Henceforth take his hand as ye go. He will guide you safely; your old parents have proved this! And one day he will bring us all together again.

W. Amen. Thus it will surely be.

H. Hear'st thou those sounds? What may it be? Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea, and sweetest flute notes, they come from that quarter and float through the wide heaven. Hark! now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, and yet just as strange and enrapturing. What may it be?

W. They are angel choirs, which from immeasurable distance answer one another.

H. What do they sing?

W. Ever of One who is the theme of eternal and ceaseless praise.

H. For some time already a form moves about there.

W. Observe it more closely, and then tell me why it attracts thee so.

H. I who have been so lately called from the earth, will give you an earthly, childish comparison. At the home where I was born, thou knowest it well, though at the time thou wast no longer upon earth, I had planted a garden. As the spring came, I devoted myself to its cultivation, and enjoyed myself over my plants, and their beautiful unfoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery and many flowers; yet I know every shoot; I had myself planted and watered it; each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it puts on its bright green, and blossomed beautifully and grew

thriftily, then found I a heart friend in it. Thus seems to me, that man to be the gardener in this heavenly garden. He moves hither and thither quietly, and in mildest radiance; but one can see that everything here is familiar to him. He casts around on all besides a satisfied and friendly glance, and appears to find joy in all creation here. My heart! till this moment I have felt within me only soft, soothing emotions; but now a tempest is rising in my breast, I am dizzy; heaven with its glory vanishes from my sight, I see Him alone. Now pain again returns to this heart, yet in this pain there lives a higher blessedness. My soul burns with longing to approach Him. Yes, He is indeed one known to me, though never before seen face to face. Now He turns hitherward, and looks upon us. He appears to rejoice over us. His eyes glisten with tears of joy. I can no longer restrain myself, I must away to Him. I must say to Him, that I love Him, as I never loved aught before. He raises his hands—how? in those hands a mark, and from the mark rays darting forth? Yes, those are the pierced, the bleeding hands. He blesses us! Deep in my heart I feel His blessing. Now know I that I am in heaven—now know I that this is HE!

W. Away, then, to Him.

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

BY H. L. THORNTON.

THE past, ah! say, what is the past?
Time's brief and fleeting hour;
Visions too fair and bright to last;
The sunshine, and the shower:
A dubious, unconnected dream,
To which we turn, and sigh,
And pause, to snatch from Lethe's stream
The spell of Memory.

The present—what is it to man?
No sooner here, but gone;
Neglected for some future plan,
To which each thought we turn;
Enjoy'd but when the heart is young,
When life is in its spring,
When all that o'er our path is flung,
Unsullied pleasures bring.

The future, idol of the heart,
Whence is thy magic spell,
That bears, in every dream, the part,
O'er which we love to dwell?
The past, the present, fade away,
With scarce a thought, or care;
We prize alone thy distant ray,
For Faith and Hope are there.

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RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

THERE are two kinds of discussion. One seeks the development of truth, and is cool, consistent, and rational. The other looks to the conservation of opinions and doctrines, and is fierce, boisterous, and irrational. Applied to religion, each gives rise to its own peculiar train of results. From the one there follows religious progress. By it men gain new and useful ideas, and lose old and rusty notions. It tends to make religion, in its bright points, brighter, and to purify it of its errors. This kind of discussion never causes alienation of affection, or unprofitable strife; for God made our world to be a great theater for the human soul upon which to act out glorious feats of discovery and improvement. Study, inquiry, analytic and synthetic thought, with the acquisition and spread of intelligence thereby, constitute the noblest occupations of man. Any supposition that denies this, or that would hinder free and calm discussion upon any subject, charges our Creator with the monstrous inconsistency of loading a creature with superior faculties of improvement, and placing it in circumstances adapted to call those faculties into action, all merely in the way of a superfluous arrangement.

But let us pass to consider, with special attention, the results of the other kind of discussion—that which has been distinguished as fierce, boisterous, and irrational.

The great cause of the troubles and misfortunes that occur in the religious world is controversial agitation in regard to matters of belief. It is this which accustoms the minds of men to fly from the level of moderation and to run rampant with blind zeal. It is this which performs the cutting part of the process hinted at in the term SECTARY. Men cannot long cling harmoniously together after they have become habituated to the heats of bitter contention. Fierce agitation, by a necessary law of development, leads to fierce antagonism. All men of truly enlarged mind are careful to avoid discussions which are apt to prove over-exciting to the passions. Such men know well their pernicious consequences; how they divert attention from the solid to the superficial; from great principles to insignificant distinctions; how they beget pet-

ulance, and a vain love of victory; how they make reason captious and trifling, give undue reins to the imagination, and utterly disqualify the mind for all cool and philosophic researches. This was very eminently the case with the great Newton, as has been justly observed by Dugald Stewart. Quoting from one of the biographers of that illustrious philosopher, he gives us, in his "Active and Moral Powers," the following interesting account:—

"He was, indeed, of so meek and gentle a disposition, and so great a lover of peace, that he would have rather chosen to remain in obscurity than to have the calm of life ruffled by those storms and disputes which genius and learning always draw upon those who are most eminent for them. From his love of peace arose, no doubt, that unusual kind of horror which he felt for all disputes. Steady, unbroken attention, free from those frequent recoillings incident to others, was his peculiar felicity. He knew it, and he knew the value of it. When some objections, hastily made to his discoveries concerning light and colors, induced him to lay aside the design he had taken of publishing his Optical Lectures, we find him reflecting upon that dispute, into which he had unavoidably been drawn, in these terms: 'I blamed my own improvidence for parting with so real a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow.' In the same temper, after he had sent the manuscript to the Royal Society, with his consent to the printing of it, upon Hooke's injuriously insisting that he had himself solved Kepler's problem before our author, he determined, rather than be involved again in a controversy, to suppress the third book; and he was very hardly prevailed on to alter that resolution."

Such was the noble aversion this wonderful man felt to all kinds of antagonizing contention; and the same species of aversion cannot but be experienced in the mind of every truly elevated individual to sharp agitation upon religious questions. To a pure and well-cultivated intellect there is something indescribably burdensome and abhorrent in the selfish ravings of irritable opponents. Malevolent passion is a brutalizer. Its influence is out of harmony with all that is high and exalted in humanity. And especially is this the case with that form of malevolent passion which invariably accompanies fierce disputation. There is an evolution of angry feeling which is more or less temporary. The excitement attendant upon it is furious, but does not last long. The species of malevolent passion which thus manifests itself was no doubt given to man as a sort of protective ferocity to be vented only on certain occasions of intol-

erable insult and abuse; and when it is called forth under conditions of provocation that obviously require the assistance of just such a reserve-force, it cannot, of course, be said to possess any other than a purely instinctive character. But there is another kind of malevolent passion which, after it has once been fully roused, is characterized by a bitterness that never ceases to rankle. This is the malevolence that accompanies controversial agitation. Its victim is not brutalized merely for a moment or an hour, but for all time. Under its infernal influence life itself becomes a long phrensy-fit, in which the demoniacal breathings of revenge mingle with the satiric sneers of envy. Angry disputation is the fertile resource from which this passion draws its nourishment. Angry disputation it was that fed the passion under whose malicious promptings Socrates was condemned to drink the poisonous hemlock. Angry disputation it was that created the spirit in which the sectarian Jews stoned Stephen to death. Angry disputation it was that kindled the rage in which the same stiff-necked unbelievers crowned the pure Jesus with thorns, and scourged him, and buffeted him, and spit upon him, and nailed him, at last, to the ignominious cross. Angry disputation it was that fed the excitement, in the terrible fury of which that long age of papal domination was introduced, whose dense darkness was only relieved by martyr-fires. There is no form of malevolent feeling like that which angry disputation produces. When once inflamed, there is scarcely any influence or set of influences that can break it up or calm and soften its rough ragings. It admits of no cool moments of self-examination. When he that has felt its fierce fires turns blushing upon himself with tearful regrets and unsparing accusations, it is the nature of the passion begotten of controversial agitation to swallow up every impulse that would prompt to remorse and concession. The maxim according to which it makes men act is to see no blunders or deficiencies upon their own part, and hence to acknowledge none. It is hard to convince a stiff religionist that he has ever been unduly angry with an opponent. "How preposterous," he will say, "to suppose that so devout a man as I should be angry without just cause!" And if you persist in reasoning the point, he will speedily

give you a practical illustration of his wonted temper, and it will do little good to rebuke him, for he is always ready with a fierce retort.

But another result in the train issuing from the same great cause of evil is prejudice. When controversial agitation takes a religious character, the form of prejudice then resulting goes under the name of bigotry. Prejudice becomes then a wretched hag in the soul, playing the sorceress with all its progressive tendencies. By its incoherent rantings it affrights reason from her throne; by its weird whims it converts conscience into a tool for subserving the narrowest purposes; and by its breath of false devotion it freezes up the fountains of the heart, so that its currents of sympathy trickle beneath the ice of an arctic selfishness. All the graces of the spirit—modesty, patience, benevolence, moderation—take to themselves wings and fly far away at the approach of this old mother of superstition. Under its ruinous sway the soul becomes like a filthy den where some growling whelp nestles with her cubs. The invariable accompaniment of prejudice is ignorance—a sort of fixed, stationary, hopeless ignorance. This form of ignorance is quite peculiar. It is not exhibited under any other condition than that of a mind dwarfed and stultified by prejudice. When a soul ceases to grow, when it becomes determinedly stolid, refusing to think, and judge, and reason, and make wise choices with a view to realizing further progress, then you may know that an awful drouth has passed over it and left it barren. There is no sterility of mind like that which attends the heart-withering, purpose-contracting, life-narrowing reign of prejudice. Ignorance has other forms that are not so hideous and not so saddening. You do not look sadly upon an inexperienced child. You perceive it to be possessed of an expanding, improving nature. It has eyes that sparkle with the delight incident to new acquisitions of intelligence. It has ears alive to every new utterance of truth, and to the tones of every freshly-heard voice. It has feelings that thrill in answer to each new object or occasion of sympathetic solicitation. It has a reason that loves to hunt out truth and to root out error. It has a conscience that is ever open to the correcting and improving influences of intel-

lectual light. It has a power of volition which ever stands ready to fly into exercise at the bidding of honest conviction. It does not know all things; it is ignorant of very many important items and kinds of knowledge; but wherever it is, and in whatever it engages, there is the redeeming association constantly attending it that it is a susceptible, thinking, discriminating, appreciating, attentive, improving being. Within the whole circle of its bright existence there is scarcely anything that is not interesting. Its sports win your attention, and give you a dear pleasure. Its little sorrows, with the tears shed and showered over them from its dripping eyes, do but touch a congenial chord in your heart. And even when you see it sharing in stolen enjoyments with a truant's cunning and craft, you cannot but almost laugh while you half tremble at the roguery of the beautiful little culprit. Now all this delightful interest is borrowed from the simple fact that this youthful creature is a growing being. It is growing every day, growing in body and growing in mind. But let its growth in either of these directions cease, and just so far you cannot but look upon it with sadness and with pity. Hence we see now what a wide difference there is between fixed ignorance and improving ignorance. One is hopeless and hideous, the other promising and attractive. One is inconsistent and degraded, the other rational and aspiring.

The possibility and the fact of a continual enlargement of being is the glory of our humanity. There can be no manhood where there is mental stagnation. Ignorance, when it becomes fixed, is a positive evil, and never before. Angels and archangels are not dishonored by knowing less than God. But let an angel cease progressing in its rapturous march toward archangelhood, or an archangel cease growing into the likeness of Deity, and hell itself becomes the only fit place for the poor thing to flutter in. There is always more or less virtue where there is true progress, and there is no virtue where there is no true advancement. A soul whose windows are all blinded against the effulgence of truth—a soul that hates light and swears to a life-long groping in darkness—who can conceive of a greater monster in all the worlds of probation? Prejudice is what makes ignorance blind, and

stolid, and debased. Prejudice is what paralyzes the soul's powers of progress, and makes it like a stupid snail that only ventures out of its narrow shell to gather little additions to its slimy fatness.

I have seen a full-grown man who was living in the possession of all his faculties, and who expected to live on in the possession of them till death—a man around whom a family clung for that support which only a kind father can give; I have seen this individual stretched upon his couch, in the helplessness and inanity of a paralytic, so suddenly, that there was but the lapse of a few moments between the normal exercise of his entire mind, and an astonishing stultification of being in which he simpered and mewled like a wretched idiot. But what is a condition like this compared with that of a person who has a soul, but mocks at instruction, and exults in keeping it, so to speak, *hermetically* sealed in barrenness; who has eyes, but will not see; ears, but will not hear; hands, but will not move them; a reason, but will not exercise it; a memory, but will not add a single new gem of truth to its storehouse; a conscience, but holds it embowelled in a selfish vision; a will, but keeps it cheated down into a narrow subserviency to the whims of a deluded imagination? Associate now all these circumstances, which are inseparable from prejudice in any form, with that form of it which is termed religious bigotry, and superadd the gloomy array of instances that may be gathered from history in which it has been made a means of oppression and persecution, on account of attempts nobly made to accelerate the march of human progress, and you will have a picture of most melancholy interest. The philanthropic and nervous O'Connell says of religious bigotry:—

"She has no head, and cannot think; no heart, and cannot feel! When she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruins; her prayers are curses; her God is a demon. Her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock, to whet her vulture-fang for a more sanguinary desolation."

It requires but a glance to see that the kind of agitation which leads to bigotry is entirely illegitimate. Rational controversy is no producer of estrangements and hatreds. Sectarian antipathies arise from an over-eager anxiety concerning

things of no real importance. Religionists are either too strenuous about the extra-trivial or the extra-mystic. There may be differences of interesting moment between doctrines, but there cannot be between tenets. Differences between doctrines lead to sects; differences between tenets lead to sectaries. Sects may be legitimate, but sectaries are never so. The one represent important distinctions in faith, the other are representative of mere selfish opinions. The division of the Protestants from the Romish Church at the time of the Reformation was legitimate, as have been many of the divisions that have taken place since among the Protestants. But along with these divisions, from the first, there has followed a series of illegitimate divisions—divisions made by the poisonous edge of sharp fanaticism. Secession may be just and necessary; but who will say that angry secession ever is? What need is there of prostituting discussion into fierce agitation? what need of setting reason aside to give play to malevolent passion? what need of letting prejudice come into the soul to hatch there her brood of blind impulses? If there must be disagreement between religious parties upon matters of belief, this is no reason why there should be mutual hatred, envy, and contempt. What was the example set by the holy Jesus in regard to controversial agitation? When and where did he turn aside from his great mission work for the mere sake of contending about whimsical predilections of belief? It is true the Scriptures tell us that, in his youth, he disputed with the Jewish doctors in the temple. But he did it by "both hearing them, and asking them questions;" not by forcing self into an overforward prominence—not by any exhibition of exasperating contempt, or infuriating condemnation of their erroneous notions. From the Gospel representation given of this beautiful little episode in our Saviour's history, we are led to the conclusion, that he intruded himself upon that company of Jewish dignitaries with a sweet modesty of behavior, and a conciliatory application of argument. In no other way can we explain how, at so early an age, he gained their careful attention to what he said, and how he made his reasoning tell so forcibly and impressively upon them, that, to repeat the words of Luke, "All that heard him

were astonished at his understanding and answers." And the same fidelity to his divine trust, the same moderation, patience, consistency, wisdom, and love, will be found to have marked his deportment in all the argumentations he held during the period of his stay upon the earth.

The celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, in his whimsical *Tale of a Tub*, gives a ludicrous, but too truthful account of the origin and nature of bigotry, as well as of its inevitable tendencies to a wild and wayward enthusiasm. Immoderation is what opens the way for it; its essence is a spiteful hatred, subordinating the whole soul to a stubborn purpose of revenge; and it leads to all the absurdities of a self-righteous and superstitious ignorance. Such has been the condition of the rise, and such the consequences of the reign of bigotry in every age of the world. Thanks to civilization, that this great obstacle to religious harmony does not appear with the same power to thwart and baffle righteous endeavor as it used to do! And yet let us be sad over the evil it occasions even in our day. The formative cause of bigotry is far too fertile in the Churches of these Christian times. Every denomination of religious professors is more or less injured by a blind immoderation. Where there should be an agreement to disagree between the members of different sects, there is rather a splenetic prurience for antagonizing and disuniting agitation. Men refuse to reason calmly about anything, because they cannot come to terms upon a few trifles. Why should there be this extreme of inconsistency? God designed men to reason and commune together. He dislikes contentions, and wranglings, and angry secessions. Rash excitement is not manly, much less heavenly. There are no tenets, and but few doctrines, that are worth the risk of quarreling and foaming over. Those that lead to provocations, and altercations, and re-creminations, and desecrations, are, in nearly all cases, mere distinctions of opinion, unworthy to be dragged into a process of sober truth-seeking argumentation.

Look at the matter as you will, you will find that bigotry aims only at the conservation of mere doctrinal appurtenances, the after-inferences of Scriptural interpreters.

When our Saviour gave his apostles a new commandment he did not bid them to pay better heed to certain little tenets of belief; but the beautiful utterance that fell from his divinely eloquent lips was, *Love one another*. As if he had said, Be not divided in heart by any contentions about insignificant points of the holy faith I have commended to you; be not over-anxious concerning any obscure hints as to the special modes and forms of a religious life, which you may find scattered along the pages of the great instruction-Book I have given you; let alone all that is too mysterious for your finite understandings; let alone all that is not worth the dangerous hazard of sharp agitation, and cling to the large and life-expanding principle of love.

A religion of love must come to be the universally acknowledged religion of all Christian denominations, before the Gospel can accomplish that for which its infinite Author designed it. No other religion can be an honor to Him who conceived the glorious plan of human redemption, or to Him who, bearing the name of the Son of the blessed, executed that heaven-projected plan by an incomprehensible humiliation of himself among men and a sacrificial death upon the cross. Old creeds, hugged and quarreled over with porcupine pertinacity, are not the things which the Father Almighty sends his swift-pinioned angels to watch and bless here in our world. Love is the only religion professed around the throne above. And just in proportion as this same divine principle permeates through, and animates with harmonious activities the religion professed on the earth, just so far will it be heavenly, and true, and efficient for good.

DIVINE LOVE.—On one occasion the Rev. Rowland Hill was endeavoring to convey to his hearers, by a variety of illustrations, some idea of his conceptions of the divine love; but suddenly casting his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed—"But I am unable to reach the lofty theme! yet I do not think that the smallest fish that swims in the boundless ocean ever complains of the immeasurable vastness of the deep. So it is with me; I can plunge, with my puny capacity, into a subject the immensity of which I shall never be able fully to comprehend!"

A TRIP TOWARD GREYNA GREEN.

FROM Dickens's last series of Christmas Stories, entitled the *Holly-Tree Inn*, we copy the following little tale, purporting to have been told by that respectable personage known at the inn as "the Boots." He was asked what was the strangest thing he had met with in his eventful history. He replies:—

What was the curiousest thing he had seen? Well! He didn't know. He couldn't momentarily name what was the curiousest thing he had seen—unless it was a Unicorn—and he see *him* once, at a fair. But, supposing a young gentleman not eight years old was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think *that* a queer start? Certainly! Then, that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on—and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in—and they was so little that he could n't get his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers's father, you see, he lived at the Elmses, down away by Shooter's Hill, there, six or seven mile from Lunnon. He was a gentleman of spirit, and good-looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call fire about him. He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he cricketed, and he danced, and he acted, and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child; but he did n't spoil him, neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own and a eye of his own, and that would be minded. Consequently, though he made quite a companion of the fine bright boy, and was delighted to see him so fond of reading his fairy books, and was never tired of hearing him say, My name is Norval, or hearing him sing his songs about Young May Moon is beaming love, and When he as adores thee has left but the name, and that: still he kept the command over the child, and the child *was* a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was!

How did Boots happen to know all this? Why, through being under-gardener. Of course he could n't be under-gardener and be always about, in the summer-time, near the windows on the lawn, a mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the

family. Even supposing Master Harry had n't come to him one morning early, and said, "Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked?" and then began cutting it in print, all over the fence.

He could n't say he had taken particular notice of children before that; but really it was pretty to seem the two mites a going about the place together, deep in love. And the courage of the boy! Bless your soul, he'd have throwed off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves, and gone in at a lion, he would, if they had happened to meet one, and she had been frightened of him. One day he stops, along with her, where Boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel, and says—speaking up, "Cobbs," he says, "I like *you*." "Do you, sir? I'm proud to hear it." "Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, do you think, Cobbs?" "Don't know, Master Harry, I am sure." "Because Norah likes you, Cobbs." "Indeed, sir? That's very gratifying." "Gratifying, Cobbs? It's better than millions of the brightest diamonds, to be liked by Norah." "Certainly, sir." "You're going away, ain't you, Cobbs?" "Yes, sir." "Would you like another situation, Cobbs?" "Well, sir, I should n't object, if it was a good 'un." "Then, Cobbs," says he, "you shall be our head gardener, when we are married." And he tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than a pieter, and equal to a play, to see them babies with their long bright curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their beautiful, light tread, a rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots was of opinion that the birds believed they was birds, and kept up with 'em, singing to please 'em. Sometimes they would creep under the tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms round one another's necks, and their soft cheeks touching, a reading about the prince, and the dragon, and the good and bad enchanters, and the king's fair daughter. Sometimes he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living entirely on milk and honey. Once he came upon them by the pond, and heard Master Harry say, "Adorable Norah, kiss me, and say you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in head foremost." And Boots made no question he would have done it,

if she had n't complied. On the whole, Boots said it had a tendency to make him feel as if he was in love himself—only he did n't exactly know who with.

"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers; "I am going on a visit, this present mid-summer, to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you indeed, sir? I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire myself, when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, sir. I hav n't got such a thing."

"Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?"

"No, sir."

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers for a little while, and then said, "I shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbs—Norah's going."

"You'll be all right then, sir," says Cobbs, "with your beautiful sweetheart by your side."

"Cobbs," returned the boy, flushing, "I never let anybody joke about it, when I can prevent them."

"It was n't a joke, sir," says Cobbs with humility, "—was n't so meant."

"I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like you, you know, and you're going to live with us, Cobbs!"

"Sir."

"What do you think my grandmamma gives me, when I go down there?"

"I could n't so much as make a guess, sir."

"A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs."

"Whew!" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry."

"A person could do a great deal with such a sum of money as that. Could n't a person, Cobbs?"

"I believe you, sir!"

"Cobbs," said the boy, "I'll tell you a secret. At Norah's house they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged. Pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!"

"Such, sir," says Cobbs, "is the depravity of human natur."

The boy, looking exactly like his father, stood for a few minutes with his glowing face toward the sunset, and then departed with "Good-night, Cobbs. I'm going in."

If I was to ask Boots how it happened that he was a going to leave that place

just at that present time, well, he could n't rightly answer me. He did suppose he might have stayed there till now, if he had been anyways inclined. But, you see, he was younger then, and he wanted change. That's what he wanted—change. Mr. Walmers, he said to him when he gave him notice of his intentions to leave, "Cobbs," he says, "have you anything to complain of? I make the inquiry, because if I find that any of my people really has anything to complain of, I wish to make it right if I can." "No, sir," says Cobbs; "thanking you, sir, I find myself as well situated here as I could hope to be anywhere. The truth is, sir, that I'm a going to seek my fortune." "O, indeed, Cobbs?" he says; "I hope you may find it." And Boots could assure me—which he did, touching his hair with his boot-jack, as a salute in the way of his present calling—that he had n't found it yet.

Well, sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up, and Master Harry he went down to the old lady's at York, which old lady would have given that child the teeth out of her head, (if she had had any,) she was so wrapt up in him. What does that infant do—for infant you may call him and be within the mark—but cut away from that old lady's with his Norah, on an expedition to go to Gretna Green and be married!

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree Inn, (having left it several times since to better himself, but always come back through one thing or another), when, one summer afternoon, the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets them two children. The Guard says to our Governor, "I don't quite make out these little passengers, but the young gentleman's words was, that they was to be brought here." The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the Guard something for himself; says to our Governor, "We're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bed-rooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!" and tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than Brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was, when those two tiny creatures all alone by themselves was marched into the Angel; much more so, when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, give

the Governor his views of the expedition they was upon. "Cobbs," says the Governor, "if this is so, I must set off myself to York and quiet their friends' minds. In which case you must keep your eye upon 'em, and humor 'em, till I come back. But, before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinions is correct." "Sir to you," says Cobbs, "that shall be done directly."

So, Boots goes up stairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on an enormous sofa—immense at any time, but looking like the Great Bed of Ware, compared with him—a drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-hankiecher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked.

"It's Cobbs! It's Cobbs!" cries Master Harry, and comes running to him and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on t'other side and catching hold of his t'other hand, and they both jump for joy.

"I see you a getting out, sir," says Cobbs. "I thought it was you. I thought I could n't be mistaken in your height and figure. What's the object of your journey, sir?—Matrimonial?"

"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Greta Green," returned the boy. "We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs; but she'll be happy, now we have found you to be our friend."

"Thank you, sir, and thank *you*, miss," says Cobbs, "for your good opinion. *Did* you bring any luggage with you, sir?"

If I will believe Boots when he gives me his word and honor upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint drops, and a hair-brush—seemingly, a doll's. The gentleman had got about half a dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprising small, an orange, and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact natur of your plans, sir?" says Cobbs.

"To go on," replied the boy—which the courage of that boy was something wonderful!—"in the morning and be married to-morrow."

"Just so, sir," says Cobbs. "Would it meet your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, "O yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!"

"Well, sir," says Cobbs, "if you will excuse my having the freedom to give an opinion, what I should recommend would be this. I'm acquainted with a pony, sir, which, put in a pheayton that I could borrow, would take you and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, (myself driving, if you approved,) to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sure, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-morrow, but even if you had to wait over to-morrow for him, it might be worth your while. As to the small account here, sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short, that don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of this inn, and it could stand over."

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him "Good Cobbs!" and "Dear Cobbs!" and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confiding hearts, he felt himself the meanest rascal for deceiving 'em that ever was born.

"Is there anything you want just at present, sir?" says Cobbs, mortally ashamed of himself.

"We should like some cakes after dinner," answered Master Harry, folding his arms, putting out one leg, and looking straight at him, "and two apples—and jam. With dinner we should like to have toast and water. But, Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at dessert. And so have I."

"It shall be ordered at the bar, sir," says Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feeling as fresh upon him at this minute of speaking, as he had then, that he would far rather have had it out in half a dozen rounds with the Governor, than have combined with him; and that he wished with all his heart there was any impossible place where those two babies could make an impossible marriage, and live impossibly happy ever afterward. However, as it could n't be, he went into the Governor's plans, and the Governor set off for York in half an hour.

The way in which the women of that house—without exception—every one of

'em—married *and* single—took to that boy when they heard the story, Boots considers surprising. It was as much as he could do to keep 'em from dashing into the room and kissing him. They climbed up all sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look at him through a pane of glass. They was seven deep at the key-hole. They was out of their minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening Boots went into the room, to see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, fatigued, sir?" says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin, please?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Cobbs. "What was it you?"

"I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her, Cobbs. She is very fond of them."

Boots withdrew in search of the required restorative, and, when he brought it in, the gentleman handed it to the lady, and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself. The lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross, "What should you think, sir," says Cobbs, "of a chamber candlestick?" The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door, and retired to his own apartment, where Boots softly locked him up.

Boots could n't but feel with increased acuteness what a base deceiver he was, when they consulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet milk and water, and toast and currant jelly, overnight) about the pony. It really was as much as he could do, he don't mind confessing to me, to look them two young things in the face, and think what a wicked old father of lies he had grown up to be. Howsom-ever, he went on a lying like a Trojan about the pony. He told 'em that it did so unfort'nately happen that the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he could n't be taken out in that state, for fear it should strike to his inside. But that he'd be

finished clipping in the course of the day, and that to-morrow morning at eight o'clock the pheayton would be ready. Boots's view of the whole case, looking back upon it in my room, is, that Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, was beginning to give in. She hadn't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she didn't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and its getting in her eyes put her out. But nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his own father.

After breakfast Boots is inclined to consider that they drew soldiers—at least he knows that many such was found in the fire-place, all on horseback. In the course of the morning, Master Harry rang the bell—it was surprising how that there boy did carry on—and said in a sprightly way, "Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir," says Cobbs. "There's Love Lane."

"Get out with you, Cobbs!"—that was that there boy's expression—"you're joking."

"Begging your pardon, sir," says Cobbs, "there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is, and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior."

"Norah, dear," said Master Harry, "this is curious. We really ought to see Love Lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs."

Boots leaves me to judge what a beast he felt himself to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him two thousand guineas a year as head gardener, on account of his being so true a friend to 'em. Boots could have wished at the moment that the earth would have opened and swallowed him up; he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes a-looking at him, and believing him. Well, sir, he turned the conversation as well as he could, and he took 'em down Love Lane to the water-meadows, and there Master Harry would have drowned himself in half a moment more, a-getting out a water-lily for her—but nothing daunted that boy. Well, sir, they was tired out. All being so new and strange to 'em, they was tired as tired could be. And they laid down on a bank

of daisies, like the children in the wood, leastways meadows, and fell asleep.

Boots don't know—perhaps I do—but never mind, it don't signify either way—why it made a man fit to make a fool of himself, to see them two pretty babies a lying there in the clear still sunny day, not dreaming half so hard when they was asleep as they done when they was awake. But, Lord! when you come to think of yourself, you know, and what a game you have been up to ever since you was in your own cradle, and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and how it's always either Yesterday with you, or else Tomorrow, and never To-day, that's where it is!

Well, sir, they woke up at last, and then one thing was getting pretty clear to Boots, namely, that Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior's temper was on the move. When Master Harry took her round the waist, she said he "teased her so;" and when he says, "Norah, my young May Moon, your Harry tease you?" she tells him, "Yes; and I want to go home!"

A biled fowl, and a baked bread-and-butter pudding, brought Mrs. Walmers up a little; but Boots could have wished, he must privately own to me, to have seen her more sensible of the voice of love, and less abandoning of herself to currants. However, Master Harry he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry. Therefore, Mrs. Walmers went off to bed as per yesterday; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night comes back the Governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmers and an elderly lady. Mr. Walmers looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, "We are much indebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently acknowledge. Pray, ma'am, where is my boy?" Our missis says, "Cobbs has the dear child in charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty!" Then he says to Cobbs, "Ah, Cobbs! I am glad to see you. I understood you was here!" And Cobbs says, "Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir."

I may be surprised to hear Boots say it, perhaps; but Boots assures me that his heart beat like a hammer, going up stairs. "I beg your pardon, sir," says he, while unlocking the door; "I hope you are not

angry with Master Harry. For, Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honor." And Boots signifies to me, that if the fine boy's father had contradicted him in the daring state of mind in which he then was, he thinks he should have "fetched him a crack," and taken the consequences.

But Mr. Walmers only says, "No, Cobbs; no, my good fellow. Thank you!" And, the door being open, goes in.

Boots goes in, too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it, (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmers;) and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

"Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"

Master Harry starts up and looks at him—looks at Cobbs too. Such is the honor of that mite, that he looks at Cobbs, to see whether he has brought him into trouble.

"I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home."

"Yes, pa."

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands at last, a-looking at his father; his father standing a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.

"Please may I"—the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down!—"Please, dear pa, may I kiss Norah before I go!"

"You may, my child."

So he takes Master Harry in his hand, and Boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bed-room, where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, is fast asleep. There, the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, and gently draws it to him—a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out, "It's a shame to part 'em!" But this chambermaid was always, as Boots informs me, a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any harm in that girl. Far from it.

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, that was never to be, (she married a captain, long afterward, and died in India,) went off the next day. In conclusion, Boots puts it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions; firstly, that there are not many couples on their way to be married, who are half as innocent of guile as those two children; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time and brought back separately.

[For the National Magazine.]

CHEMICO-SPIRITUALISM.

INFIDELITY realizes the fable of the ancient Proteus. When assaulted in one form by the strong arm of Christian truth, and bound over to due accountability for its delusive and dangerous errors, its oily limbs slip from our hands, and ere we are aware, it assumes a new visage, and appears somewhere else. Like the old man of the sea, if slain as a *man*, it suddenly becomes a *brute*. It is now a lion—a serpent—a boar—a parrot—a tree, water, or anything else, to escape the lance of its sturdy assailant. It has a thousand disguises. Driven, time and again, from its ancient strongholds by the steady advance of Christian light and knowledge, its ruse in these latter times is to seek intrenchment behind the ramparts of science—especially natural science.

Once it sought an alliance with history; but the muse of history long since repudiated the unnatural union. True to itself, the voice of the past gave testimony in favor of the records of inspiration. The Bible was true, Christianity was true, for the miracles of the divine record had become monumental. They had recorded themselves, not merely on the perishable leaves of the sibyl, or the roll of the scribe, or the tables of brass and stone. They had given polity and law to the Jewish nation. The *month* which commenced their civil year was a monument of the greatest fact—a miraculous fact—which marked their history. The law of the two tables was a standing evidence of God's hand, and so was the Sabbath; also their

commemorative feasts, their captivity, and many of their signal deliverances. Likewise with the miracles of Christ. They were not *mere words*, however wonderful, which, when spoken, die on the ear and vanish into air—*vox et præterea nihil*—but *acts*, and acts which possess historical significance; whose "image and superscription" are now stamped on the history and institutions of the world.

At one time, infidelity became metaphysical. Its forte was, nice distinctions of abstract thought respecting man, his nature, freedom, accountability, the laws of belief, his immortality and spirituality. These were the favorite ground selected for the display of its strength. Here appeared its chosen champions, flushed with expectation, on careering steeds, with lance in rest. But this, its chosen theater, of late years has also been deserted. Since its famous encounter with the author of the Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, infidelity has shown no liking for metaphysics. The *name* even has a sort of chilling sound, reminding one of December: we think of the howling blast, and pity the shivering poor.

But, of late years, the virus of the old poison has been floating toward geology and its kindred sciences. Proteus has donned the cap of the naturalist. He is now a philosopher searching for truth, and digging for it into the bowels of the earth. With pick and hammer in hand, and look of wondrous wisdom, we see him down in the mines, threading the dark passages where labor has gone before him in quest of the "black diamond," and of gold, silver, and other metals. He is calculating subterranean forces, or counting the strata, and noting the year-marks where old Time has stamped a chronology which dates back millions of years before Adam was created. Now, he is an astronomer and chemist, busy with cosmological theories of the earth's origin and structure, watching the comets and the "star-dust," which nature has flung so profusely on the vault of night, to see if he can estimate the forces, the mode, and the time, necessary for these crude materials to fashion themselves into planets, and suns, and systems. He has little respect for Moses, and no need of God in the business of world-making. The "nebular hypothesis," with its "fire-mist" and infinite quantity of "star-dust," aided by nature's attractive

forces, is sufficient to furnish the material for a thousand worlds, and to mold them into any required order. The empire of physics is supreme. Matter is instinct with order. The "tendency to organize" is one of its "dormant functions," requiring only the conjuncture of the necessary circumstances to call it into action, and produce now a globe, and now a tadpole, a monkey, or a man.

"We have seen," says the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," "powerful evidence that the construction of this globe and its associates, and, inferentially, that of all the other globes of space, was the result, not of any immediate or personal exertion of the Deity, but of *natural laws*, which are expressions of his will. What is to hinder our supposing that the *organic creation* is also a result of natural laws, which are in like manner an expression of his will?"

It is fundamental to this material doctrine, that the properties of life exist in the elements of matter, and that these elements are capable of organizing themselves into living beings. These organized beings at first are perhaps mere monads, which show the signs of vitality in the simplest forms. By a process of spontaneous development, creatures of a higher order next appear, and zoophytes and mollusks are "lords of this lower world." From these, by successive unfoldings, come crustaceous insects, fishes, reptiles, and, last of all, the mammals; the development of instinct and intelligence in the different orders keeping pace—*pari passu*—with that of the physical organization. The monkey becomes an orang-outang in his march toward manhood, his caudal appendage being shortened by the irritation of his human aspirations; and the orang-outang exchanges his hinder extremities for feet, because standing and walking are more dignified than climbing, and as organized functions are more elevated in the scale of progress. Such is substantially the development system of La Marek. Infidelity has no difficulty in making worlds without the creative agency of an Almighty Father. With equal facility it peoples them with animated being. Too skeptical to recognize the hand of God in the beauty, sublimity, and glory of his works, it is, nevertheless, credulous enough thus to endow inert matter with the creative attri-

butes which belong to God only. The philosophy which thus affects independence of divine teaching, seems ever to be given over to be judicially stultified. It makes itself the laughing-stock of sober reason.

But the curious part of this philosophical system is its theory of the soul—the origin and nature of man's spiritual part. It is to this that we specially dedicate this lucubration.

If "development" can create the bodily organization, how shall we solve the phenomena of mind? Will it account also for these? Is the *reason* a property of matter? The properties of matter which are patent to observation, are form, color, weight, resistance, hardness or softness, impenetrability, and so forth. In what *part* of the ultimate atom shall we look for those *spiritual* attributes, whose natural fermentation gives thought, feeling, memory, and judgment? In what secret *pore* of the constituent element shall we look for the moral and religious sentiments, the reverence for things holy, for conscience, hope, love, and fear? But this material philosophy says *they are there*, and deems it impertinent to be questioned too closely. Like Pythagoras, she holds that her *ipse dixit* is authority enough. We must be respectful. Let us see.

Here is the philosophy as propounded by its great hierophant, Professor Liebig. He says:—

"In the animal body we recognize, as the ultimate cause of *all force*, only one cause, the *chemical action*, which the *elements of the food* and the *oxygen* of the atmosphere exercise on each other. The only known ultimate cause of vital force, either in animals or plants, is a *chemical process*. . . . *All vital activity* arises from the mutual action of the oxygen of the atmosphere and the elements of the food. . . . Physiology has sufficiently decisive grounds for the opinion that *every motion, every manifestation of force* is the result of a *transformation of the structure* or of its *substance*—that *every conception, every mental affection*, is followed by changes in the chemical nature of the secreted fluids; that *every thought, every sensation*, is accompanied by a change in the *composition of the substance of the brain*."

This is the chemical doctrine which modern science has invented to account for all animal organization, and which is deemed sufficient to solve all spiritual phenomena. It is chemico-spiritualism. It refers the mental action to a species of *combustion*, resulting from a union of oxy-

gen with the combustible materials of the brain. "Every thought, every sensation, is accompanied by a change in the composition of its substance." "The *chemical action* which the elements of the food and the oxygen of the atmosphere exercise on each other, is the ultimate *cause of all force*." The doctrine is, that the soul has no existence independent of the body. The manifestations of it are simply the "*result*" of organization. Thought, volition, and passion, in all their shades of action, are "*properties*" of matter. "Certain forms of matter," says the British and Foreign Medical Review, "especially oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, are endowed with properties which do not manifest themselves either in those elements when uncombined, or in those combinations of them which the chemist effects by ordinary means. But they do manifest themselves when they are united into those peculiar compounds which are known as organic, and when those compounds have been submitted to the process which is termed organic."

Again, says that eminent organic chemist, Professor Mulder:—"Any one who imagines that there is *anything else in action in living beings* than a *molecular force*, than *chemical force*, sees more than exists."

Here then, in clear, unequivocal language, we have the sort of doctrine which infidelity is now preaching respecting the nature of the soul. It denies the *existence* of the nobler, immortal part, whose glorious capacities for thought and action ally us to angels. It ignores the existence even of God; or, if his existence is allowed, no active agency is ascribed to him in the creation of the world and its people, or in governing its affairs. It is *chemical action* which produces force. Chemical action develops thought and feeling as among the dormant properties of *matter*. Chemical action, in short, is God.

Now it seems to us that the only proper way to treat crudities and absurdities so transparent is simply to hold them up to ridicule. It does not alter the case that they are gravely baptized as "*philosophy*" by some of the priests of self-styled science. Not all these priests together, no matter how celebrated for genius and learning, can save so sorry a progeny from the contempt which reason administers to such barefaced absurdity. Absurdities are *sometimes* ingenious. The

deception which they aim to practice upon the mind lies so deep that exposure is not easy; and the gilding of apparent truth with which they are covered, renders them attractive. But this crude materialism which aims to supply a rational theology on the basis of science has too little of the smack even of merely human cunning to save it from contempt. It lacks the inspiration of genius, to say nothing of its want of the true divine afflatus. We know of but one consideration which entitles it to the respect of sober reply, and that is that the unwary are ever attracted by the prestige of learning. Great names carry an influence, often sufficient to secure a welcome without examination, to doctrines the most dangerous; and this is especially true of the young. As these doctrines undoubtedly sap the foundations of all revealed religion, and are therefore of most pernicious tendency, we enter our brief *caveat* against them, for the following reasons:—

1. *This chemical theory of mind furnishes no rational explanation of its phenomena.*

It is simply broad materialism. Let us, in the first place, inquire what are the properties of matter with which chemistry deals? The answer of science is, that nearly all the phenomena of chemistry may be reduced to one single principle—that of molecular attraction. This attraction is manifested only when the constituent particles of different bodies are brought infinitely near to each other, whereupon certain affinities and repulsions take place, and the particles enter into new relations in obedience to this molecular law. If the oxygen of the atmosphere enters into combination with the carbon of the wood, there is a change of form, a development of heat, and the formation of new chemical compounds. If the gaseous elements locked up in gunpowder feel the touch of fire, suddenly, and with terrific noise, a new and totally different substance is generated. If water, which is a useful servant to quench the thirst and extinguish fire, is subjected to the torture of chemical agents, it yields a gaseous element the most inflammable of all substances, and another, the most vigorous supporter of combustion. Sometimes these chemical changes are silent and slow; at others sudden and violent; but always in obedience to the definite law of molecular attraction. These are the "*properties*" of

matter with which chemistry deals. These are the "processes" by which force is generated, and in the grand operations of nature many and wonderful changes are the result. But they are all merely physical, and may be constantly reproduced by like causes.

Now what are the properties of mind? Without aiming at scientific definitions, it will be sufficiently correct to say, thoughts, feelings, and volitions. We exercise the reason in comparing ideas, and are led to the discovery of some new truth. A vision passes before the eye, and suddenly images of beauty are painted on the soul. A strain of harmony is flung carelessly upon the passing breeze, and in the bosom of some distant listener the fountains of delighted feeling at once are stirred. Through the wilderness of forgotten fears and joys memory wanders back, and the past lives again with the freshness of yesterday. Sympathy, friendship, and love form tender ties, yet so elastic that intervening continents and seas cannot sever them. In short, the attributes of mind are seen in the countless daily phenomena of thinking, reasoning, imagining, hoping, fearing, doubting, believing, and so forth. They have a distinct character, and evidently belong to a class of their own.

Will it be said that these different phenomena are only the excitements of a chemical influence wrought by the *contact of food with the stomach*—of the blood with the brain, and of oxygen with the blood? In the process of comparing ideas is there anything analogous to the effervescence of gases? In the decisions of a firm will do we perceive anything like the fulminations of gunpowder? If oxygen comes in contact with the tissues or the brain, does it produce *ideas* in the same manner that its union with sulphur produces an *acid*? If so, what is the nature or character of these ideas? Are they mathematical, poetic, political, utilitarian, philosophical, or what? or tell us what shade of difference in the action of oxygen on the brain causes one man to be a fatalist and another religious; this one to be a Democrat and that a Whig—here a Methodist and there a disciple of Calvin? Why is it that the same identical cause acting on different brains should produce results so different? or why in the *same* brain should there be such an endless succession of ever-changing thoughts and feelings?

The truth is, that all the "properties" of matter are totally unlike those of mind. If it be said that those properties which are usually ascribed to mind are likewise the properties of matter, though differing from the properties commonly ascribed to matter, it is a sufficient answer to demand the proof. Where is the evidence of this? Has any searching chemical analysis detected in the brain or any other organized substance these intellectual attributes? To assert their existence without reason is not philosophy, but mere assertion. Surely in a matter of such importance we may be excused if we call for evidence.

There is a curious and unavoidable inference from this chemico-spiritual doctrine, which is also a conclusive argument against it. If these intellectual attributes are the properties of organized matter, the properties must inhere in the matter itself independent of the organization. Organization is simply the orderly arrangement of the particles according to the organic law. Arrangement, it is obvious, can produce no change in their nature, and hence the properties must remain when the organization is dissolved. Hence as Dr. Paine observes, in his lecture on the soul, "When man dies and is resolved into the elements of matter, his vital properties, or his vitality, continue to exist in those elements; and when the same elements become a part of the organization of inferior animals, or of plants, his vital properties will then animate or constitute the vitality of the toad or mushroom. It follows, also, upon the great plan of materialism, that the soul must observe the same rule of construction, appearing under the manifestations of instincts in animals and in plants, according to the nature of the organization. This is the old doctrine of transmigration figuring under the auspices of modern science."

In this ridiculous doctrine our chemico-spiritual philosophers were anticipated by the poet Simonides in his rough satire on women. The unclassic reader may find a literal translation of this satire in the 209th Spectator, where he will see the doctrine practically applied.

2. *This theory is not reconcilable with the soul's independent existence, nor, therefore, with its immortality.*

If the soul depends for existence upon bodily organization, when the body dies the

soul must die with it. Death, then, as the infidel affirms, is an eternal sleep; and we may say with St. Paul, If in this life only we have hope, our lot is miserable indeed. Then are the Scriptures a cunningly-devised fable; Christianity, with its sublime morals and glorious hopes, a cheat; the judgment and its attendant solemnities, merely a terrible phantasy, and heaven and hell the creatures of a distempered brain. At one fell swoop the foundations of our faith and hope are taken away. The future becomes veiled in darkness, unrelieved by a single ray, and man a riddle to himself—his nature and destiny locked up in the mazes of unresolved and unresolvable doubt.

But we are forced to no such dire conclusions by the pushes of this materialistic psychology. Already have we seen that the analogy which it affects to trace between the processes of chemistry and those of mind does not exist. Its foundation is an unsupported conceit—shadow and not substance. In short, this pretense of science is one of those ridiculous absurdities into which learned folly sometimes stumbles, as if the Almighty had smitten it with judicial blindness to punish its self-sufficient pride.

We deem it unnecessary in this place to frame a formal argument in favor of the soul's capability of existence independent of the body. It is sufficient to say that the theory under discussion abnegates the doctrine, and is burdened, therefore, with the consequences of this denial. It denies, indeed, that the mind, as an entity, has any existence at all. It is merely a "*manifestation*" of the organic elements of matter. "Any one," says Professor Mûlder, "who imagines that there is anything else in action (in living bodies) than a molecular force, than a *chemical force*, sees what does not exist." Those phenomena usually ascribed to mind are only "*properties of matter*"—*sui generis*—developed in organic beings only in these idealistic forms by the peculiar effect of oxygen acting on the food and on the brain!

But the wisest minds tell us—aside from the revelations of Scripture—that there is no reason for believing that death is the destruction of our spiritual powers. These powers do *now* exist, and they *seem* to be independent in many things of the body; or rather, they make use of the body merely as an instrument. For

us then to say that these powers after death do *not* exist, simply because we do not *know* them to exist, is equivalent to saying we *do know* because we *do not know*. It is a form of sophism which makes acknowledged ignorance the premise on which to build a certain conclusion. No mind, unless it had "lost the stirrups," like the famous knight of the windmills, would venture on the use of *such* logic.

But let us pursue this thought for a moment. It is not the eye which sees, but the soul sees by means of the eye. It uses the eye as an instrument of vision, just as we make use of a telescope for the same purpose. And so likewise of the limbs. With the arm we thrust at a certain object; or, if the arm is too short, we make use of a stick. But in this case the stick is no more an instrument than the arm. The power of self-motion exists in the one as much as in the other. Both are instruments employed by the soul. If a limb is lost, the tendency and the power to use it remain. We are conscious that if there, we could use it as before; that is to say, we have whatever evidence consciousness and reason afford, that the soul possesses powers independent of the body, and therefore of independent existence.

Again, there are some forms of disease in which death conquers life by gradual approaches. He saps, and mines, and advances his parallels with slow and tedious progress. The powers of vitality one after another give way as the body fails, but amid it all, the soul seems buoyed up, and even to show increasing power. Memory, reason, imagination, hope, fear, conscience, and so forth, all grow stronger as death approaches, and in the last moments sometimes flash out with a brilliancy which astonishes all who are around. Is it credible, now, we ask, that the cause which produced no effect upon these spiritual powers up to the last vital gasp, should in that gasp *destroy* them. Is that which is as nothing in the *parts*, everything in the *sum*? Is it compatible with reason or philosophy that the addition of *negatives*, no matter how numerous, should ever by any possibility make a *positive*?

"For aught we know," says Bishop Butler, "of ourselves, of our present life and of death, death may immediately, in the natural course of things, put us into a higher and more enlarged state of life as

our birth does; a state in which our capacities and sphere of perception and action may be much greater than at present. For as our relation to our external organs of sense renders us capable of existing in our present state of sensation, so it may be the only natural hinderance to our existing, immediately and of course, in a higher state of reflection."

3. *This new philosophy is unphilosophical in presenting dogmas for faith on insufficient evidence, or evidence sufficient only for the sheerest credulity.*

It is the glory of true philosophy that her tripod stands on no treacherous or uncertain basis. She is simple truth, and like her infinite source, looks abroad upon the world where conflicting interests, prejudices, and passions are contending in unceasing struggle for mastery, with the calm majesty of supreme intelligence. Indignity itself could offer no greater insult than to charge on her complicity with error, or to suppose her capable of perverting her high functions to the corruption of man, or the dishonor of God. Whenever she speaks there is light as well as voice. The attendant flash always reveals the quarter whence the thunder comes. She sees nothing more pitiful than learning stooping from its high estate, and filled with vain conceit, attempting to give currency to falsehood. But it is not a new thing under the sun, for that which is *not* science to claim to be science. It is an old trick for imposture to steal the livery of truth. Hypocrisy sports in the robes of piety. Perhaps we ought not to be surprised that the old Proteus of infidelity should thus attempt, through the science of physiology, to rectify the religion of the world. He is a veteran rectifier. He began this benevolent vocation even in the garden with the first pair, when they heard, "Ye shall not surely die." Proteus, a thousand times slain, has still a new life. Physiology has revealed to us much of truth respecting man's physical constitution; why should it not turn psychologist and theologian, and settle all questions pertaining to the soul and God?

We have already seen its failure to establish its main position, to wit, that the phenomena of mind are "properties of matter." Failing in this, it has nothing on which to stand. Though it still asserts its dogma, assertion is not proof. To claim it to be so in science is something

worse than false philosophy. It is a fraud. If it is science that speaks, it reveals the alarming fact that elements of depravity have entered its sacred precincts and corrupted its vision. Instead of looking with the serene and collected majesty of conscious rectitude, it leers with a sinister eye. It thrills us not with the true celestial voice. It has the accent of a fiend. In short, it is not philosophy that speaks. It is not science. It is Proteus in disguise.

4. *This doctrine is hostile to human welfare by seeking to undermine the foundations of hope, and offering no substitute.*

It is sound logic to test the pretensions of any doctrine by its influence upon the happiness of man in his different relations. The world in all its parts of matter and mind—its physics and metaphysics—is one grand, harmonious system, inspired by a common intelligence, and pulsating with the throbs of a common life. Skepticism, if it pleases, may shut its diminutive eye, and then assert that all is darkness. Doubt may cast stumbling-blocks in the way of willful folly, but to the eye of reason no truth beams forth from the face of nature with greater transparency than the harmonious ministration of all created things to man's spiritual and moral well-being. This, indeed, is the key which unlocks all mysteries. This is the finger of God, pointing us to those sublime relations which man sustains to him, and without which human life is an enigma—its incidents are accidents; and earth itself, with all its teeming forms of life, without a meaning.

We may assume, therefore, that nothing can be true which wars against the will of God, thus written on the constitution of the world. As well might we war against the laws of gravity, or the motion of the spheres. If a system of philosophy is at war with the laws of man's intellectual and moral being, it must, by consequence, be false. If it denies to God the honor of his creation, it must be false. If it saps the foundations of hope yearning after immortality, and struggling up to union again with heaven, it is at war with everything which contributes to purify and elevate humanity—is a foe to all goodness by taking away the motives to goodness, and is at war, therefore, with the laws of our highest nature. Such a system must be false.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

PLAN FOR THE COLLECTION OF OUR HISTORICAL MATERIALS — "MEMORIALS" — HOW TO WRITE THEM — RELATION OF EDUCATED MEN TO THE CONFERENCES — WHAT IS IT TO BE A TRUE CHRISTIAN MINISTER? — WHERE IS THE ITINERANCY? — HOW SHOULD WE TREAT MEN WHO ARE DEVOTED TO THE LITERARY OR EDUCATIONAL LABORS OF THE CHURCH.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I am not yet done with our denominational literature and our educated men. The subject has not received its due proportion of attention from the press of the Church. It is of no small importance to us, at this stage of our progress; to all of us it ought to be deeply interesting; and to many it appeals, with no little personal interest, as connected with their position in the denomination.

I do not wish to prolong these discussions; they are not written as substitutes for my usual editorial articles; on the contrary they have been, in most instances, thus far, extra to my ordinary amount of editorial writing per month. I have thus prepared them because, relating, as they do, to some of the greatest interests of our cause, I have deemed them worthy of a special review.

There are two topics which I could not compress into my last letter, though they properly belong there, and to which I ask attention in the present, viz., our *Historical Literature* and our treatment (in their relation to the conferences) of men who are devoted to the Literary or Educational labors of the Church.

I used some emphasis in my late remarks on our historical literature. It was seen that of trans-Atlantic Methodism we have no history whatever; that of American Methodism we have some good but very limited attempts at a history—but need yet almost universally those local works which are the necessary preliminaries of a history. These preliminary works we have now only in the form of biographies; if ever we are to have a good general history of the Church, sectional histories must be provided; and, if they are not soon provided, our most interesting *materials* will be irrecoverably lost. I think that the last opportunity for saving much of that material is now passing away. The primitive Methodist ministry is almost gone; we must appeal quickly to its few remnants, or lose the aids which they can afford us. Methodism has done more than any other Church in laying the moral foundations of many of these states; but it has hardly had a paragraph devoted to it in our national history. Its own history must be more fully prepared before it can be appreciated. You will hear me patiently, then, on a subject of so much interest to ourselves and our children. I have thus far, in these letters, dealt in matters of fact and direct practical suggestions; allow me to do so at present.

Local histories, I repeat, in the form of "Me-

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morials of Methodism," are what we need, preparatory to our general history. They should combine both biographical and historical attributes and data.

Though local, they could take in a somewhat extended area; and if our whole territory could be districted by a few good writers, and brought under this kind of historical review, the data of a general history would be provided.

Besides the historical value of such works, it may be said, as an inducement for competent hands to undertake them, that they can hardly fail to be remunerative. The area comprised might be sufficiently large to afford an ample market, independently of the general demand, which could hardly fail to be excited by a really able and interesting book of the kind. The memorials of Methodism, which are included entirely or mostly in the State of New-York, could not fail to be deeply and even romantically interesting. That field alone presents some chivalric old characters and many extraordinary incidents. A suitable pen could present them in a form and style that could not fail to render them attractive.

The same may be said of that section of the Church now comprising the New-Jersey, Philadelphia, and Baltimore Conferences. There are some veterans of our primitive ministry remaining in that region who could furnish interesting data. Is there no ready writer, and diligent searcher after historical antiquities, in these sections, who will take the hint?

Memorials of the "Old Western Conferences" would be exceedingly attractive as well as important for the history of the Church. Some of the most heroic characters of Methodism fought and triumphed in that field. It extended as a single conference from Detroit to Natchez—from the Alleghanies to beyond the Mississippi. Its early annals are interwoven with the romantic history of the first emigrations and settlement of the West. Many heroes of those chivalric days still bend on their pilgrim staffs, in various parts of the West, and could furnish valuable and even thrilling reminiscences. If they are not applied to soon, the opportunity will be lost forever. Some Memoirs, like those of Quinn, Collins, and especially Finley, would afford aid; the articles of "Theophilus Arminius," in the old "Methodist Magazine," would especially help the design.

I am not familiar enough with the Southern and South-western portions of Methodism, to be able to say how far they afford *materials* for such preliminary works; but, I doubt not, that they have their romance, also—and their comparative recency would be an advantage to the writer.

It may not be amiss to indicate here a little more minutely the course to be taken by the writer of such a book, so far as I have learned it by my own experience; for I preach not without having practiced on this subject, as you personally know.

He should furnish himself, in the first place, with the bound volumes of Minutes. Having determined the period of his narrative, he should select from the minutes the names of the men whose services, within that time, have given them prominence. He should trace their

appointments from year to year—for a mere list of these will sometimes be full of significance. If they died in the itinerancy, brief biographies will be found in the obituaries of the Minutes, and will afford him some aid. If they died in a "local relation," some of their surviving fellow-laborers, or family, should be written to for information. The alphabetic list, at the end of Bangs's History, will enable him to determine which was the case. Having made out a list of these principal characters, he will find many means, not expected, of information concerning them.

Second. Asbury's Journals will assist him much, meager and unsatisfactory as they are in general. This great evangelist traversed the nation continually; nearly every part of the Church, therefore, has some record in his Journals. The historian may introduce him, year after year, and make him a principal character in the narrative.

The same may be said of such biographies as those of Garretson, Jesse Lee, Ware, Hibbard, Spicer, Abbott, Collins, Quinn, Finley, &c.

Third. The writer should correspond with all the surviving preachers of the first period of his work, not only for information respecting their deceased fellow-laborers, but for accounts of their own lives—consecutive, minute accounts.

From these he should condense a brief personal sketch, to be introduced at an appropriate point in his narrative—say the first year of their appearance in the Minutes, and then quote from them in the successive years of the work, giving them thus a suitable introduction to the reader at once, and a frequent reappearance in the progress of the volume.

Fourth. Lee's and Bangs's histories should be always before him for reference in each year.

Fifth. The old Methodist magazines should be thoroughly examined. They contain biographical sketches of preachers and principal laymen, accounts of missionaries, &c., that may afford no little aid.

Sixth. Files of our own principal denominational papers should be examined; interesting material will thus be discovered.

Seventh. The local history of the prominent, and especially the primitive Churches, should be obtained. A visit to some of them will secure many details not to be obtained otherwise; where this is impossible, the interest which such societies will naturally feel to appear well in his volume, will generally induce them to respond to the author's inquiries.

Such is the outline of the "working method" of such a production. The author will find it beset with difficulties; but it will not be without its pleasures also.

Whoever undertakes such a work may expect to be fairly paid for his trouble, for it can hardly fail to sell, if brought out rightly; but he must not hesitate to risk somewhat his literary reputation, if he already has any, by the attempt. He cannot create his facts; and whatever may be his skill in arranging and picturing them, he will often find the most ostensible characters and important periods unsatisfactorily presented for want of the necessary information. I have had experience of this

trial in its most painful form. Had I not been publicly pledged to bring out my "Memorials" it is probable I should have abandoned the task in despair, and consigned the half-completed manuscript to the flames. No labor of my pen has been harder, yet none has been more unsatisfactory to myself; and I have always insisted that the critical reader should never ask himself whether I had produced a really interesting work, (for this does not always depend upon the writer,) but whether its interest is up to its material—whether the lack of interest, if it does lack it, is owing to the writer or his data.

In my own works of this kind I have only aimed to do the best I could with my resources, and thus prepare the way for some future writer to do better. I have derived no small satisfaction from the consciousness that I was saving what otherwise would be inevitably lost, though I were doing so at the risk of some loss from my own small reputation as an author.

Readiness to make this sacrifice, diligence in research, quickness in seizing and tracing the clews of his narrative and tolerable powers of portraiture—with these qualifications, the writer of such books may expect to do a good service for the Church; perpetuate his name, perhaps, as an historical authority of Methodism; and receive an adequate pecuniary reward. What an opportunity is here offered for the labors of the literary men of Methodism!

But let us turn to another topic.

I have thus far shown that both the educational institutions and the literature of the denomination present open and ample fields. We are met here, however, with an objection, viz., that these spheres, especially the former, are not appropriate to men who are divinely called to the ministry. My remarks thus far have not had exclusive reference to the ministry, but to the young literary men of the Church in general; the objection has therefore but a partial application. It is somewhat plausible, but quite novel among us, and, so far as I can judge, quite peculiar to us. It has recently been much discussed in the Southern Methodist Church. I know not, however, that it needs any elaborate attention in these more northern regions, where education is deemed something more important than a mere secular provision, and where it is so generally placed in its higher forms, at least, under the guardianship of religion.

This discrimination of preaching from instruction in general, is undoubtedly just in a formal or technical sense at least; but that the divine designation of men to a life of religious labor, in the sense of the "ministerial call," is confined to what we technically mean by preaching, I am not at all ready to admit. The original form of the commission was not merely to "preach," but also to "teach"—to "disciple;" and the great contrast between the circumstances of the Church now and in the apostolic age requires a large qualification of the original form.

The word "ministry" is the best designation of the office, because it includes all abilities and all kinds of labors which the necessities of the Church, or the opportunities of the times, may require.

This was the character of the Levitical ministry; it included all grades of office, from the high-priesthood to the singers. It is to a similar organization that we are to ascribe the marvelous effectiveness of the Papal priesthood.

As to preaching, technically considered, it would be somewhat difficult to show precisely its apostolic example. If we are to strain at gnats—at such technical discriminations—we shall most probably be compelled at last to the conclusion, that the office of "Exhorter"—unknown in its functional character out of our own pale, and not recognized by us as within the sphere of the regular ministry—is nevertheless the true apostolic form of the ministry. Pulpits were unknown to the first preachers of Christianity, unless we may give that name to the platform of a synagogue. The formal enunciation of a text, and "First," "Secondly," "Thirdly," were never heard among them.

They read the Scriptures, and exhorted the people, with or without reference to what had been read. An intelligent, zealous Methodist "Exhorter" is, we repeat, the truest example now extant of the original Christian preacher. The technical distinctions of modern pulpit instruction, are, in fact, customs of the corrupt ages of the Church—figments of old Romanism; yet, albeit, very good in their place.

We cannot, then, justly restrict the functions of the ministry to such formal or technical limits. It should take within its noble sphere all specially moral labors, preaching being the chief. It is a grand institution for evangelical propaganda; all the machinery appropriate to such a work is legitimate to it; all men specially set apart by the call of God and the designation of the Church for this work, should be comprised within it; and all labors which are immediately and permanently related to their position, be recognized as appropriate to them. Paul says: "We have some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the work of the ministry."

This I think a pertinent though general view of the subject. It admits of qualifications, I allow. There are men whose peculiar abilities should confine them to *pulpit* labors; but there are, on the other hand, men in the ministry, men who feel upon them the inevitable obligation of a life of religious labor and self-sacrifice, whose qualifications do not fit them for the pulpit, but would be admirably successful in other modes of instruction, with occasional preaching. Is it not desirable that the latter should be placed in the position for which they are best qualified? And is it desirable that working there with as direct a consecration to the purposes of the Church as their brethren in the desk, they should be *secularized* in official character; thrown, in other words, upon the usual responsibilities and motives of mere secular men. I do not believe it. It is a short-sighted, irrational view of the ministerial office, and, rigorously applied, would cramp some of its mightiest energies, and disrobe it of some of its purest and brightest honors.

The ministry should then appropriate, in the most successful manner, its various talents; it should seek in its ranks, and properly place men who are peculiarly fitted to be teachers, professors, editors, secretaries, or agents of its

philanthropic schemes. Consecrated men in such spheres may, with occasional preaching, promote the interests of religion to a degree which no mere pastoral position, however effectual, could equal. Such men are usually habitual preachers, among us at least. In fact, the qualifications that fit them for their posts, should also fit them generally for the ministry, and entitle them to its official powers and sanctions.

There is another consideration worthy of some notice, before we dismiss the subject.

Men, occupying these important places, complain that they do not meet an impartial treatment in our Conferences. We regret this complaint; and we regret it the more, because there is too much truth in it. In some instances, though not generally, such laborers are treated as a class of interlopers in the Conferences—as anomalous in our ministry, to be tolerated because necessary, but not promoted as legitimate partakers of the powers and privileges of the body. Cases have occurred, in which brethren preeminently qualified for the responsible business of the General Conference, have failed of election, because they were "not in the itinerancy." This impolitic and unjust treatment, I am happy to say, meets with less and less favor.

It is fallacious and impolitic for two reasons. In the first place, *capacity* is what is wanted in the counsels of the Church; and wherever it is found to be available, it should be used. This course is due to the Church, as well as to talent. There is an honor attending such promotions, to be sure; but in religious bodies, this should not be made a consideration; if it is, it then becomes a *motive*, and ambition must take the place of duty. Men who are best able to do the given duty, should be called upon to do it; and utility, not compliment, be the motive of their election.

In the second place, the reason for this disparagement is really without sufficient foundation. Is "itinerancy" the only great interest to be represented in the counsels of the Church? Have the momentous schemes and enterprises of education, missions, publications, &c., no relative importance by the side of this favorite theme?

And what a flimsy pretext often is this avowal of "itinerancy" in most of our territory? No one has a higher appreciation than myself of the economic system of Methodism, and especially of its old chivalric itinerancy; but there is something almost farcical in the manner in which we sometimes hear the trials of the itinerancy bemoaned, particularly in sections of our work where all men, whose eyes are open, can see that it is virtually abolished. Where is it, among us of the east, now-a-days, except in an occasional and hardly-known circuit, and in the travels of the bishops and presiding elders? Some of our special agents are habitually more itinerant in their labors than men who are in the regular pastorate. The "itinerancy" consists now mostly in the biennial changes; and these, with the diminution of the conferences, and the improved public conveyances, have lost their chief disadvantages, while they afford, as I have shown, real and most important advantages to the "itinerant" himself.

Now, it is not right that a traditional idea, or phrase, should be thus made available against a class of laborers who represent some of the greatest interests of our cause, and who drudge in our colleges, academies, &c., under tasks infinitely more exhausting to mind and body than those which would devolve upon them in the snug and comfortable parishes into which our pastoral work is so generally divided.

I speak an emphatic word for these laborers—I speak it, because I think such men as important as any other class among us; and because it is time that this egregious practical absurdity, however limited, were utterly routed, and put to shame.

The two objections which I have thus reviewed, do not, then, present very formidable obstacles to the success of the brethren referred to in this and one or two of my preceding articles. They ever will be more and more appreciated

by the Church. True worth and true talent can never be long unappreciated anywhere; the circumstances of our own denomination, as already described, give them preeminent opportunities among us.

Let those, then, who struggle with want and wearisome tasks, to prepare themselves for these calls of usefulness, be of good courage; let them not be turned aside by any diversion from the world, or more lucrative, or more ease-giving positions. Let them consecrate themselves to whatever of self-denial and arduous duty Methodism may impose; it will place its hand of benediction yet on their heads; it will open to them effective careers, and bear them triumphantly along them. If faithful, devoted, and assiduous, they will be crowned with a present success which can be equaled nowhere else, and with the better "recompense of reward," which the great Master will one day award them.

I am, &c.,

A. STEVENS.

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

A NEW PROJECT.—The Legislature of this state have granted an act of incorporation to a society of gentlemen who have for their object the erection of a building to be called the *United States Inebriate Asylum*, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, which may be increased to four times that amount if necessary. One-half of the net income is to be appropriated to the support of destitute drunkards, or "inebriates" as the society prefers to call them, and their families. The cardinal idea, namely, that drunkenness is a disease, was first made public by Dr. Reese, of this city, in a little volume, entitled, *A Plea for the Intemperate*, published some years ago. This association design to carry out that idea, and to endow, in the language of the directors, "an institution whose object will be to lift up the poor, fallen, destitute inebriate; to provide for him a retreat from the insidious spirit of temptation; to bring him under kind, skillful medical treatment; to throw around him the restraints of truth, and thus to free him from the servitude of appetite." Such an institution, if properly conducted, must be beneficial in its tendencies, and the project is at least worthy of a trial. We learn that already one-fourth of the amount deemed necessary to make a beginning has been subscribed.

THE EMPIRE STATE.—At a late meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society the Hon. Horatio Seymour called attention, in an elaborate address, to the influence which the topography of the state of New-York exercises over the history and commerce of the country. In this connection he described the character of the influence of the Hudson, Lake Champlain, Lake George, and the Valley of the Mohawk. He showed that the waters which flow from the state of New-York, pass every commercial city of note in the Union except Boston. Twenty-one states, and three-quarters of the territory of the United States can be traversed

without leaving the valleys that originate in this state. Twenty thousand miles of natural navigation can be traversed through the waters which take their origin in New-York; and twenty-five thousand miles of overland traffic by means of railroads. He then proceeded to describe the advantages and the influence, in the course of war, which the valleys of the Mohawk and Upper Hudson exercised, both as regards the Indians, and subsequently when France and England transferred their seat of war to this country. He described the various armies sent here by England under Montcalm, Abercrombie, and Lord Amherst, to subjugate the colonies of France, and followed the war-path of the Indians through those three great valleys, which exercise such powerful influence over our country and fortune. It is a remarkable coincidence, that not only have these valleys been remarkably prominent in a historical point of view, as the scenes of martial exploits, but also that the first weapon captured in the war of the Revolution was taken by Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, and the first naval engagement was fought on Lake Champlain, under Arnold. All the wars of this country seem to have been carried on upon the principle, that the possession of these valleys would materially affect the whole country. At the present day, the provisions that sustain the armies of France and England in the East are borne over these valleys; the thousands of emigrants that weekly land upon our shores pass through them to reach their destination in the far West. He next showed how, from the earliest history of the state, the population has been cosmopolitan; how its geographical position invites the greatest commercial people in the world to take possession of New-York Bay. He spoke of the particular influence exercised by the Hollanders over the destinies of the state, having settled it at a time when their own country was the most conspicuous among the nations of the

old world, for literature, liberty, and warfare. There was, he said, no country in Europe, no matter how renowned its deeds or inhabitants, to which we could not say, "We can claim kindred with you; your sons are among us." The progress of the state from the period of the Revolution was next reviewed. It was the first state where the revising of statutory law was carried into salutary effect. It was the first state where the first steam-boat was launched. It was the first state where the first canal was constructed. It was the first state where the first railroad of the twenty thousand miles of iron tracks that now traverse the country was built.

INTEMPERANCE IN EATING.—The late Sidney Smith made, he says, a calculation, by which he found that between the age of ten and seventy he had eaten and drunk forty-four horse-wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved him in life and health! "The value of this mass of nourishment I considered," he says, "to be worth £7,000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully one hundred. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true." On this text Mr. Alcott, the well-known writer on dietetics, discourses as follows:—

"It is a generally conceded fact, among those who are best qualified to judge, that we of the United States, as a general rule, eat about twice as much as the best interests of our systems require. My own observations, which I think have not been behind those of other men, either as regards extent or accuracy, go not only to confirm this long-asserted fact, but somewhat further. I believe we eat, as a nation, more than twice as much as we ought; and hence, as there is a vast difference, and one large portion (the slaves) do not greatly exceed their real wants, it follows that some of us waste much more than one-half of what we really consume—perhaps more, nearly two-thirds. Further than even this I am compelled to go, and to say most unhesitatingly and unequivocally, that much less than half the money we actually expend for food, if expended as the best interests of health and economy clearly dictate, would, taking life together, greatly increase our present aggregate of mere gustatory or animal enjoyment."

As to the bulk of this enormous waste he makes the following calculation:—

"If the loaded wagons of food which the twenty-five millions of the United States would waste in sixty years, according to the above estimate, were placed along so many turnpikes around our globe, each horse and wagon occupying, for convenience' sake, a distance of two rods, they would form two hundred and eighty rows or circles, encompassing our globe! Our readers may calculate for themselves, and see whether the deductions, if not the data, as far as they are ours, are not, and must not be 'irresistibly true.'"

STUDY THE ORIGINAL.—If your mission be to preach the Gospel, build your sermons upon the original. Instead of Benson or Burkitt, try Bengel. With his help endeavor to feel out the Greek. See if that compound verb does not give you a hint which is worth all the twaddle you get out of Scott and Henry; mark if that bold future does not awaken a thought that you will never find in Watson or Adam Clarke; if that inferential particle does not give you a clearer insight into the argument than the weak, diffuse "Practical Expositions" you so exult and indulge in. Preach only one sermon, after a plain, honest, hearty consideration of the text in the original, and

then tell us if you did not feel that it was more truly the voice of your own spirit, and that it spoke more effectually to spirit than the florid inanities that you have for years been laboring to assimilate and reproduce. *Sapere aude*; give to Greek grammar and common sense the hours you now waste in reading the washy sermons of the day, and see if you do not gradually gain a hold upon the attention of your congregation and engage their interests in a way that you before scarcely dared to hope for.

REPORTERS sometimes make sad work in "taking down" public speakers. On one occasion Daniel Webster, who was fond of quoting Latin, introduced into a speech this well-known line from Virgil:—

"*Adsum qui feci*; in me, me convertite ferrum."

A reporter, supposing the latter part of the verse to be a translation of the former, and desiring to be exceedingly accurate, gave it to the public thus:—

"*Adsum qui feci*; he or me (*sic*) must perish!"

EXPENSES OF A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.—A religious paper of this city thus figures up the annual expenditure of one meeting-house with the affairs of which the editor professes to be acquainted. He says there are *not more than ten churches* in the city so expensive, although there are three which exceed this calculation:—

"The church, parsonage, library, &c., cost, in round numbers, \$200,000; the annual interest of which sum, at seven per cent., is \$14,000. The pastor's salary is \$1,000; that of his assistant is \$500. The presents annually given to the pastor, we believe, do not average less than \$500; presents to his assistant, say five dollars. The singing, with the salary of the organist, repairs of the organ, and wages of the blower, costs very nearly \$1,600. The cost of cleaning, including the salary of the sexton, will average about \$900 a year. The annual depreciation in value of building and its contents, by use and time, may be computed at \$1,000. The cost, therefore, of maintaining the church for one year is \$22,505, which is equal to \$432 75 per Sunday."

In moralizing upon the subject the editor says:—

"Forty smart mechanics, working steadily all the year, earn about as much as it costs to support this church. For \$22,505 a year two thousand children could be kept under instruction in good schools. It would maintain a college of five hundred students in the highest efficiency. It would support twenty-two country churches, or eight city churches, in a liberal manner."

WHO CAN STAND BEFORE HIS COLD? is the unanswerable question of the Psalmist. In its unmitigated severity all life ceases, but the extent to which cold may be endured is greater than many imagine. Dr. Kane and his party, in their late expedition to the Arctic Ocean, reached a higher latitude than had been attained by any previous navigator, and established the fact that the extreme cold of the latitude of eighty degrees is not the limit of human existence. During their exploration the thermometer was seventy and eighty degrees below zero for months together. So intense was this cold that the alcoholic thermometers failed to indicate accurately the temperature, and even chloroform and the essential oils, which resist low temperatures, became thick and turbid. It

was only by a careful observation and comparison of many instruments, that they were enabled to attain to any accuracy in regard to the extent of the cold. An opportunity has thus been given of testing the ability of the human body to resist a temperature of seventy degrees below zero, for several months together. The doctor and his party were enabled to do this by an immense consumption of animal food, the ordinary daily allowance to each man being six or eight ducks, or an equivalent in several pounds of the fat seal.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA CONTRASTED.—There are two sides to every question; and while one portion of our uncles on the other side of the water delight to ridicule everything *cis-Atlantic*, there are those, and the number seems to be increasing, who sail upon the other tack: thus, at a public meeting of the Marsden Mechanics' Institution, at Manchester, on the 14th of December, Mr. Bright, M. P., in the course of a speech, deprecating the war, said:—

"Many of you have relatives or friends in America. That young nation has a population about equal to ours in these islands. It has a great internal and external commerce. It has more tonnage in shipping than we have. It has more railroads than we have. It has more newspapers than we have. It has institutions more free than we have—that horrid slavery of the south excepted—and which is no fruit of its institutions, but an unhappy legacy of the past. It has also a great manufacturing interest in different branches. That is the young giant whose shadow ever grows, and there is the true rival of this country. How do we stand or start in the race? The United States government, including all the governments of all the sovereign states, raises in taxes probably from £12,000,000 to £15,000,000 sterling in the year. England this year will raise in taxes and loans, and will expend nearly £100,000,000. This population must raise and will spend, probably, £50,000,000 within this year more than that population will raise and spend, and in America there is far less poverty and pauperism than in England. Can we run this race on these terms and against these odds? Can we hope to be as well off as America if the products of our industry are thus swept away by the tax-gatherer, and in the vain scheme of saving Europe from imaginary dangers? Can poverty be lessened among us? Can education spread? Can the brutality of so many of our population be uprooted? Can all or anything that good men look for come to us, while the fruits of our industry, the foundation of all social and moral good, are squandered in this manner? Pursue the phantom of military glory for ten years, and expend in that time a sum equal to all the visible property of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and then compare yourself with the United States of America, and where will you be? Pauperism, crime, and political anarchy are the legacies we are preparing for our children, and there is no escape for us unless we change our course, and resolve to disconnect ourselves from the policy which tends incessantly to embroil us with the nations of the continent of Europe."

The slashing style of review writing is well illustrated by the London *Athenæum*, in its notice of "Abbott's Napoleon;" although it is not always that the slashers get hold of so deserving a subject:—

"Never," we are told, "was an 'illustrated work' so replete with feeble and ludicrous caricature. Napoleon Bonaparte had some personal dignity; but in this ponderous book he comes before us in coarse patches of black and white, like a fraudulent butler or a superannuated beadle. With the exception of two or three portraits and sketches, badly copied from well-known originals, there are few among the woodcuts that are not ridiculous. Those at the end, representing the tomb of Napoleon, have appeared in other works. We suspect, indeed, that the narrative has been written to accompany a mass of poor second hand

impressions, from 'blocks' that have been transported from Paris to London, and, after illustrating different publications in each of those cities, have been shipped to America, where this 'History' was written and printed. Some have certainly undergone this process.

"The narrative itself is an amusing example of weakness and perversity. It resembles some of those florid little books full of Napoleonic fables, which are written by authority for the French peasantry to spell. How far it may be worth while to engage Mr. Abbott for such a purpose is questionable. He 'reveres and loves the first emperor,' 'because he abhorred war,' because 'he was regardless of luxury,' 'had a high sense of honor,' 'revered religion,' 'respected the rights of conscience,' and 'nobly advocated equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man.'"

"Of course, it must be possible for writers such as Mr. Abbott to defend every action, however vile. Otherwise, some historical characters, now concealed under a motley of eulogium, would have had no advocates to apologize for blots and stains. Thus, Mr. Abbott, with a pleasant scorn of logic, dwells on the execrable details of the Egyptian massacre, and justifies the indiscriminate carnage perpetrated under the direct orders of Napoleon. 'Bombshells cannot be thrown affectionately, charges of cavalry cannot be made in a meek and lowly spirit, red-hot shot will not turn from the cradle of the infant or the couch of the dying maiden.' The murder of 'about a thousand or twelve hundred manacled Turkish prisoners' is next excused on the same plea: 'Bombshells are thrown into cities to explode in the chambers of maidens and in the cradles of infants, and the incidental destruction of innocence and helplessness is disregarded.' But what analogy on earth exists between 'incidental destruction' in a town under the fire of batteries, and the slaughter of a helpless multitude 'firmly fettered,' divided into small squares, and mown down by successive discharges of musketry? After this, we are not astonished to be told that Napoleon's desire to poison seven of his sick warriors, to be rid of them, arose from 'mistaken views of Christian duty.'"

"In the same spirit, the emperor's treatment of Josephine is not only palliated, but extolled, as well as the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. The little episode of Cantillon, with its *dénouement* in our own time, is conveniently forgotten.

"As the substance, so is the style. Whirlwinds, thunderbolts, torrents, tides, and hurricanes, rush from page to page, scattering the English language in unimaginable confusion, round and through the wild mazes of the author's invention. It is scarcely to be supposed that in America, where the common school should teach the difference between good and bad writing, productions of this character can attain to popularity."

SAMUEL ROGERS, the well-known poet, has at length been gathered to his fathers. He died on the 18th of December, having reached the ripe age of ninety-six. His first volume of poems was published in 1787, in the days of the great grandfathers of the present generation. He not only outlived two or three generations of men, but two or three literary styles. His own verse has the merit of being chaste and correct, but cold,—the beauty of frost-work. Possessed of an ample fortune, he was noted for his friendship and kindness toward literary men. It is to be regretted, however, that there was one unpleasant trait in his character so prominent that it cannot be passed over in a notice of his life. "He was," says the London *Notes*, "plainly speaking, at once a flatterer and a cynic. It was impossible for those who knew him best to say, at any moment, whether he was in earnest or covert jest. Whether he ever was in earnest, there is no sort of evidence but his acts, and the consequence was, that his flattery went for nothing, except with novices, while his causticity bit as deep as he intended." But at the same time, and while this vile habit was growing on him with his years, he con-

tinued his acts of private benevolence and courtesy; and at his literary breakfasts, which are sure of a record in any historical sketch of the literature of the past generation, Americans who had any claim upon his notice were always honored guests. When the men whom he satirized have followed him, his sneers will be forgotten, and his memory will live as that of one who united literary ability, taste in art, and true benevolence, with wealth and social position, in that rare degree which made him the *Mæcenas* of half a century.

CLASS-MEETINGS, so long a distinctive feature of Methodism—and alas! that it should be so, but little prized and slimly attended in many places, are earnestly recommended in the *Episcopal Recorder* as well adapted to the exigencies of the Protestant Episcopal Church at the present day. It urges their institution, the appointment of leaders by the minister, and stated meetings for Christian conference and prayer, arguing that such meetings have been greatly blessed in times past, not only among the Methodists, but Episcopalians. Instances of the happy results of such meetings are mentioned, which more than justify the expectation of great good from them, and press it as a demand of the Great Head of the Church, that they be not neglected.

LAST HOURS OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS.—Everybody in Paris, says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, was recently reading with avidity a pamphlet entitled, "The Last Hours of the Emperor Nicholas I." The original, written anonymously in Russia, has been attributed to Count Blodoff, and is said to have been composed at the express desire of the empress mother. A translation of it has been recently made at Vienna, and splendidly printed there. It contains three extremely interesting lithographs, very delicately executed, representing, 1st, the working cabinet of the winter palace, where the emperor died; 2d, the death-bed of the emperor; 3d, the exposition of the body in a saloon of the palace. Nothing can be more unexpected and curious than to see the extreme simplicity of this cabinet, where the emperor of all the Russias worked and reposed. It is a long vaulted room, with a large bow window, hung with a light drapery, the lower half covered with green silk curtains like those in a painted studio. A table and chair of ordinary appearance are before it—the table covered with books and papers; here and there a sofa of the straight form, which was fashionable at the beginning of the century; a large chair hardly more comfortable, some wooden back ones of a smaller size, and a few modest stands, are placed about the room. On the walls are pictures, portraits, prints, tokens of affection, souvenirs. The principal article of furniture, if it may be called so, is a camp-bed, which seems formed of eight bars of simple wood, supporting a box, on which is laid a single mattress. The most common hospital bed seems more comfortable—a real soldier's bed, a dying man's trundle. The emperor died there wrapped in a military cloak, as if a bullet had suddenly struck him at the head of his army. This remarkable simplicity corresponds little with the desire for pomp and

power which prevails at the north; but at this solemn conjuncture, does not simplicity seem real grandeur? that is, the little that is given to man here below. The emperor-pope dying on a little wooden bed, in the immense winter palace of his enormous capital, and coolly employing the telegraph to write to the second city of his empire, "The emperor bids farewell to Moscow"—this warlike czar giving, himself, his directions for his modest funeral obsequies, dictating the political documents, in which he speaks of himself as already dead—this powerful despot not once saying, "I will," in his solemn testament, but only, "I desire," "I beg"—all this impresses the mind, as the view of this dwelling strikes the eye, giving to the narrative something unexpected and striking; in the midst of which we forget the fever of international events, to see only the father of his family departing from them, and a soul leaving the world.

GIVE THE CHILDREN ROOM.—We cull from one of our exchanges the following pretty flower:—

"Ay, give the children room, whether it be of board or bed, or steamboat, or rail-car, or omnibus! Give the children space and time, and some little human consideration in whatever they do or desire. Push not these embryo men and women to the wall, nor crowd them into the corner, for they are humanity's beauty and perfume. Glum old bachelor, growling at twinges of gout, bald-pated, or be-wigged, fancy not you have but to nod, and all the children must stand up or squeeze away to give you room, and silence their musical chatter to give your crabbed soul quiet. What are you—or you, old maiden, with pickled aspect, in the jubilant scale of a healthy universe, compared with these children? There is hope of these, but none of you. Children are too much beaten and hustled about—put off and run over, as if of no account; yet they are the expanding seed of the generation of men and women soon to be. They have souls delicate and sensitive as the pulse of love. Think not they are heedless of injustice or slight. The wrong done them pains, or burns, or rankles deep. The wrong repeated, accumulated, may warp and shade a whole dawning life. Room for the children! We were all children once, and of such is the kingdom of heaven. What were the world without children, and what are children without their fair share of room and consideration in the world? Children! they are the blossoms of life; crush them not, touch them not roughly. We make plea for the children, for they are much abused, much underjudged. They are not counted, and set, and respected for the priceless jewels they are. Bah! what a dismal den this earth would be with only selfish, sensuous, proud, vain, jostling business men, and flounced, flaunting, gadding, gossiping women to people it—with no children to daisy, and sunshine, and perfume, and melodize it. But for the children, the sun would put on his night-cap and lie abed till doomsday."

THE TOMB OF RUBENS.—It is, it seems, the fashion at Antwerp to have the tomb of Rubens periodically opened. The last opening took place a short time back, in presence of a "select party." The interior of the tomb is said to have presented a frightful spectacle: nothing was seen but fragments of coffins and moldering bones. Thirteen persons besides Rubens were buried in the same vault, and the exact spot in which he was deposited is not precisely known; but four coffins are slightly elevated on iron rails, and it is supposed that three of them were occupied by the great painter and his two wives; the fourth, from containing the remains of ecclesiastical robes, were evidently those of a priest.

THE POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.—An English periodical thus playfully describes the poets of the age:—

"Comus, or some waggish power, must have been tampering with Hippocrene, for it has turned our poets tipsy. In all our visits to Helicon we have never witnessed antics so strange among its sober *habitués*; and although the extraordinary excitement at first led us to hope that the tuneful choir was about to favor us with an unworked outburst this year, we were not prepared for the scene that awaited us. The first whom we recognized was Sydney Yendys, who came up wringing his hands and tearing his hair, and who, mistaking us for a constable, begged that we would be good enough to take him into custody, as he had just murdered his wife and child, and was tempted to do something still more terrible. Turning for explanation to his friend, Alexander Smith, he told us that it was all quite true, and that he, and Yendys, and Tennyson had enlisted, and had been singing soldier-ballads all night in 'The Apollo's Arms,' over the way. 'There he goes!' exclaimed our informant, pointing to a figure in a red coat waltzing down the mountain with a rather excited lady whom we mistook for Topsy-turvy, but whom he introduced to his comrades as Miss Maud. The military mood and the loud hurrahs of the martial bards rather tried our Quaker nerves, and made us glad to see at a little distance our gentle friend, Philip Bailey, pacing along in his own sequestered path; but, although he was able to keep his feet, his speech was thick, and we could hardly make out a sentence he uttered. He began:—

"Initiate, mystic, perfected, adept,
Illuminate, adept, transcendent!"

and addressing us as the

"soul-compulsory power,
The god of psychopompous function,"

he showed us a dainty and delicate-looking volume, which, he said, he was taking from Parnassus to Plesiosilly. We glanced over a few pages, but, although acquainted with Cudworth's "Intellectual System," and not altogether ignorant of German terminology, we soon found ourselves dead-beaten with the adjectives and metaphysics of "The Mystic."

A FASHIONABLE DINNER.—From Albert Smith's "Keepsake" we extract a paragraph on a fashionable dinner, in a fashionable mansion, in Bedford Square, London:—

"The ordinary books on the drawing-room table were always removed on Sundays, and replaced by religious ones, which, like their predecessors, were never opened. People called after luncheon, and then the *Observer* was put behind the sofa cushions. As the merriest boy, I was struck with the twaddle the visitors talked. They told one another things that had been in the papers days before, and were especially particular in inquiring after persons I knew they did not care twopenny about. And when at last they said, 'Well, we must go now,' I wondered how it was that the necessity of departure had not struck them all before. Some friends did not come in, but merely left cards; they were sensible people, and had considerably the best of it. The position of their cards in the large China dish depended, in a great measure, upon who they were. There was a fat, wheezing man, who had been knighted in the city some time, with a full-blown lady, and who gave heavy dinners, and was very rich, and could procure anything for money, except his H's. He was a great card, actually and metaphorically, and was always at the top of the dish. I dined once at his house; it was a solemn and dismal banquet. At one time, for three minutes at least, not a word was said—not even a platitude was launched. The servants stalked round the table, and gravely croaked 'Hock or Sherry' in your ear; and there really was nothing left, after you had crumbled all your bread away in desperation, but to drink; and so I took to it for the remainder of the feast. Once I tried to make some little diversion to the dreariness by offering to bet that there was always more false hair at the opera on the nights of 'Don Giovanni' than at any other representation of the season, (which there always is, and I can't tell why,) but the attempt was a failure. When we went up stairs, a lady, who could not sing, tooted out something, half inaudibly, at a piano that must have cost two hundred guineas at least. Then came a dead

pause, and the mistress of the house said, 'O, thank you—it is so very kind of you,' and somebody near the instrument, obliged to say something, asked whose song it was; and, on being told, was no wiser. Then came another pause, and then, as I felt strangely inclined, from simple oppression, to stamp and yell, and smash the costly tea-service that the servant was bringing round, by kicking the tray up into the air as a relief to my bottled-up feelings, I hurried out of the room, and hurried to find myself once more upon the free, common pavement."

CURIOUS TITLES OF BOOKS.—Under this heading we gave, in our last number, a list of curious titles of books which were published in former times. Since then we have come across the following quaint title:—"The Christian Sodality; or, Catholic Hive of Bees, sucking the Honey of the Churches' Prayers from the Blossoms of the Word of God, blowne out of the Epistles and Gospels of the Divine Service throughout the Yeare. Collected by the Puny Bee of all the Hive, not worthy to be named otherwise than by these Elements of his Name, F. P. Printed in the Yeare of our Lord MDCLII."

A HIGHWAYMAN.—Not many years ago an Irishman, whose finances did not keep pace with the demands made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was eminently unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to extremity, and took the highway convenient, where he was likely to find a heavy purse. A jolly old farmer came jogging along, and Pat put him down instantly as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting his pistol, he demanded him "to stand and deliver." The poor fellow forked over fifty dollars, but finding Pat somewhat of a greenhorn, begged a five to take him home, a distance of half a mile. The request was complied with, accompanied by the most patronizing air. Old Acres and Roods was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? Sow! and it's that same thing I'll be after doing! What will ye be after giving for it?"

"I'll give you a five dollar bill for it."

"Done! and done's enough between two gentlemen. Down with the dust, and here's the tool for you."

The bargain was made by immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the weapon he ordered Pat to shell out, and threatened to blow his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a comical leer, and buttoning his breeches pockets, sung out—

"Blow away,ould boy! deuce take the bit o' powder's in it."

It is stated that the old man told the last part of the story but once, and that was by the purest accident.

A wag thus concentrates his description of a visit to the White Mountains:—

"Nine weary uphill miles we sped

The setting sun to see;

Sulky and grim went we to bed,

Sulky and grim went we.

Seven sleepless hours we tosed, and then

The rising sun to see,

Sulky and grim we rose again,

Sulky and grim rose he."

LIBERAL BEQUEST.—Mrs. E. Garrett, of Chicago, recently deceased, gave property, at present valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to found a Biblical Institute at Evanston, near that city.

SCHOOLS.—The number of school districts in this state is stated by the governor, in his annual message, to be 11,748, and the number of children of suitable age to draw public money is 1,233,987. The amount apportioned by the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the current year is \$1,110,000. The number of school-houses is 11,028.

HATS AND WIGS.—It is said that when Fox, the Quaker, had an interview with Charles II., the king, observing that his "friend" kept on his beaver, immediately took off his own. "Put on thy hat, friend Charles," said the plain gentleman. "Not so, friend George," replied the king: "it is usual for only one man to be covered here." It was a neat retort, and may serve as a *pendant* to the remark of the peasant-boy whom Henry IV. had taken up behind him, pretending that he would take the lad where he might see the monarch. "How shall I know the king when he is among so many nobles?" said the rustic, as he rode behind the sovereign, of whose identity he was ignorant. "You will

know him," said Henry, "by his being the only person who will keep his hat on." At length the two arrived where the king's officers awaited him, and they all uncovered as he trotted up to them. "Now, good lad," said he, "which is the king?" "Well," exclaimed the boy, "it must be either you or I; for we have both got our hats on!"

The funny mistake of the Austrian officials in transforming the name on Mr. Richmond's passport into "James Cook, born in Richmond," is surpassed by a more recent occurrence. A gentleman just arrived from abroad says he once found two Austrian customs officers endeavoring to make out his name from his traveling trunk. One called while the other wrote. They had got "Mr. Varranti Solezer." The trunk was marked "Warranted sole leather."

HORNE TOOKE ridiculed the practice of sea-bathing, and said, if any of the seal species were sick, it would be as wise for a fish-physician to order them to go on shore. Forson declared that sea-bathing was only reckoned healthy because many persons have been known to survive it; but Sheridan's objection to salt water was the most quaint: "Pickles," said he, "don't agree with me."

Book Notices.

Systematic Beneficence. The three essays, to the writers of which were awarded the premiums offered by the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have been published, in a neat volume of nearly five hundred pages. They are also bound separately, and are sold at a price barely covering the cost of paper and printing. The first, from the pen of the editor of this Magazine, who "declines to receive the prize for his own use," is entitled, *The Great Reform*. The second essay was written by the Rev. Lorenzo White, and is entitled, *The Great Question; or, How shall I meet the Claims of God upon my Property?* And the third, *Property Consecrated; or, Honoring God with our Substance*, by the Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry. Each essay is preceded by brief but pertinent remarks from the pen of the Corresponding Secretary, who supervised the publication. The thanks of the religious world are due not only to the successful authors, but to the society by whose liberal offer they were induced to direct their thoughts to this subject, and to the gentlemen who performed the delicate task of adjudicating among so many competitors. As to the essays themselves, they need not our commendation. Meeting as they do an acknowledged want of the Church, they will be widely circulated, and, with God's blessing, produce abundant fruit.

Addresses delivered in New-York, by Rev. William Arthur, A.M., with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, edited by W. P. Strickland, D. D. A neat little volume, from the press of Carlton & Phillips, which will be welcome to the many

friends of Mr. Arthur as a memorial of his visit to this country. It contains, in addition to a brief sketch of his life, a full report of his sermon at the church in Mulberry-street, from the text, "He saved others, himself he cannot save;" an address in behalf of Ireland; and his lecture at the Tabernacle on *Systematic Beneficence*; or, as he prefers to call it, and in this we agree with him, *The Duty of giving away a Stated Proportion of our Income*. This essay, with those named above, and the volume previously issued by the same publishers, entitled *Gold and the Gospel*, have pretty well exhausted the subject, and leave no plausible pretext for any reader to neglect the claims of the needy and the destitute in our own or in foreign lands.

The *Westminster Review* for July, 1855, contained an article on what is called in England Teetotalism—a word of John Bull's recent coinage, and which has not yet, among us Yankees, superseded the more expressive phrase, Total Abstinence. The article referred to is admitted on all hands to be ingenious, and presents forcibly what may be deemed the very strongest arguments in favor of the moderate use of alcoholic liquors. The article is republished in a neat pamphlet, by Fowler & Wells, with a review of its facts, arguments, and logic, by R. T. Trall, M. D., who maintains, in opposition to the reviewer, that alcohol is essentially a poison in all quantities, and under all circumstances; that it is never a food, and has no nutritive properties whatever; and that all use of it as a

beverage, or even as a medicine, is a violation of physiological laws. To those among our readers who have any doubts upon the subject, we commend a perusal of this pamphlet, as giving the strength of the argument on both sides.

Glances and Glimpses; or, Fifty Years Social, including Twenty Years Professional Life. By Harriot K. Hunt, M. D. (Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.) Miss Hunt gives us a medley of her own life, and that of her relatives—father, mother, sister, nephews, and nieces—interspersed with severe charges and bitter accusations against the tyranny of woman's natural enemy—man. Harriot (so she prefers to spell her Christian name) was for many years a Universalist; then, and now so far as we can discover, a Swedenborgian, with a little tendency to the system of the Shakers. She taught school for several years, and, seeing no prospect of a matrimonial alliance, commenced the practice of medicine in the city of Boston, where she earned a very decent living. After eighteen years of practice, the Female Medical College of Philadelphia sent her an honorary diploma, and she now affixes the cabalistic M. D. to her name, of which she appears to be as vain as any biped of the other gender. Bating occasional solecisms, and a few grammatical inaccuracies, her book is really creditable to her scholarship. On her great theme, "The Woman Movement" she calls it, we must let her speak for herself. And first, with regard to the laws of the land, how adroitly she brings the golden rule to bear upon those who assume to be the sole legislators for both sexes:—

"The withholding from her (woman) liberal culture, equal remuneration, and a personal agency in making the laws she is bound to obey, and compelling her to support the government which enacts them, is a great injustice. Man assumes to himself the offices of king and lawgiver, judge and priest, over woman, and as a legitimate consequence, purity has been sexualized—one kind for man and another for woman. . . .

"Read the laws made for us, and realize that we are dragged and prayed for, indicted and plead for, judged and condemned, taxed and ruled by whom, and just as *min* sees fit. Is there no oppression here? Would he be willing that the women of this country (supposing they had the power) should do all this for him, without allowing him to say whether he preferred being an *autocrat* or a man?"

Of course we cannot answer that question for *man* in the abstract, yet we may say that several of our male friends, who are under the most absolute petticoat government, seem to be perfectly contented. But Harriot is not satisfied with claiming for her sex a participation in the enactment of laws, and the right to feel pulses and prescribe drugs. The pulpit has been *monopolized* too long. Hence she asks:—

"Is it possible that a collective Church on earth can perform its mission, while sexuality marks it—while *every* woman is excluded from its pulpit, and the *governing* of her spirit to nourish souls with the milk of the word—to feed them with the bread of life, and the strong meat of doctrine—is restrained, and her right to cheer the drooping with fresh draughts from the wells of salvation; to revive the timid and desponding with the new wine of the kingdom, and despairing ones with wine settled upon the lees of reflection, and well-refined under deep and better experiences, is denied? Look at the Church as she is—HAS she fulfilled her high and holy mission? No! the inspiration, the purpose, the growth, the power, depend on life from the Lord—on a *union* of the two

elements, male and female, in spiritual ministrations—or monstrosities and abortions must be the result—*have been*. Sex is unalterably stamped upon our nature, interwoven in our being. External acts *cannot* alter it—man will be man—woman will be woman. Who would have it otherwise? But, I would ask, does not the peculiarity of the female element, in adapting woman to receive, nourish, and bring forth in an external form, beautifully symbolize her reception of divine truths, and the need there is of her *bringing forth* those truths in the Christian ministry, when the fullness of time shall come?"

There, again, Harriot is too deep for us. We may not answer that last pun about bringing forth. After all, with so much to find fault with, it is pleasant to know that this strong-minded female looks forward hopefully to the future. There have been glimpses of glorious sunshine even in *her* life. One was the ordination of one of her own sex, after a sermon by one of the other—the Rev. Luther Lee. She describes it in jubilant terms, and with this extract we must close:—

"Went thence to South Butler to attend the ordination of Antoinette L. Brown. The storm raged, but even an equinoctial tempest could not detain me from being present on an occasion so momental to the cause of woman; there was something grand and elevating in the idea of a female presiding over a congregation, and breaking to them the bread of life; it was a new position for woman, and gave promise of her exaltation to that moral and intellectual rank which she was destined to fill. I felt a strong desire to attend on this occasion; the subject of woman in the ministry had occupied much thought, and the more I pondered it, the more convinced I was that her love, nature, and the strength of the religious element in her, fitted her peculiarly to bind up the broken heart, to sympathize with the penitent, to strengthen the weak, to raise the fallen, and to infuse hope and trust in the divine. 'Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee.' Does not the *maternity* of woman give her a nearer resemblance to God? Was not the strongest love of which humanity is susceptible, used as an illustration by Jehovah in this touching appeal to sinners? Having reflected so much on this point, I could not but rejoice in this consummation of my hopes. The union of the clerical and medical life had long been a *beau ideal* with me, and this installation of one of my sex as pastor over a church, seemed one step toward its realization: my heart sent up its thanksgiving, for the prospective minister was all we could ask to fill the sacred office."

The second volume of Irving's *Life of Washington* embraces some of the most brilliant scenes in the eventful career of the father of his country. Commencing with his assumption of the command of the army in 1775, the biographer details the successive events down to the brilliant close of the campaign in 1777. Familiar to us all as are the main incidents in the Revolutionary struggle, they derive fresh interest from the clear and graphic style of the writer. We make room for a single short extract—the victory at Princeton:—

"Mawhood pursued the broken and retreating troops to the brow of the rising ground, on which Clark's house was situated, when he beheld a large force emerging from a wood and advancing to the rescue. It was a body of Pennsylvania militia, which Washington, on hearing the firing, had detached to the support of Mercer. Mawhood instantly ceased pursuit, drew up his artillery, and by a heavy discharge brought the militia to a stand."

"At this moment Washington himself arrived at the scene of action, having galloped from the by-road in advance of his troops. From a rising ground he beheld Mercer's troops retreating in confusion, and the detachment of militia checked by Mawhood's artillery. Everything was at peril. Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed past the hesitating militia, waving his

bat and cheering them on. His commanding figure and white horse made him a conspicuous object for the enemy's marksmen, but he heeded it not. Galloping forward under the fire of Mawhood's battery, he called upon Mercer's broken brigade. The Pennsylvanians rallied at the sound of his voice, and caught fire from his example. At the same time the 7th Virginia regiment emerged from the wood, and moved forward with loud cheers, while a fire of grapeshot was opened by Captain Moulder, of the American artillery, from the brow of a ridge to the south.

"Colonel Mawhood, who a moment before had thought his triumph secure, found himself assailed on every side, and separated from the other British regiments. He fought, however, with great bravery, and for a short time the action was desperate. Washington was in the midst of it, equally endangered by the random fire of his own men, and the artillery and musketry of the enemy. His aid-de-camp, Colonel Fitzgerald, a young and ardent Irishman, losing sight of him in the heat of the fight, when enveloped in dust and smoke, dropped the bridle on the neck of his horse, and drew his hat over his eyes, giving him up for lost. When he saw him, however, emerge from the cloud, waving his hat, and beheld the enemy giving way, he spurred up to his side. 'Thank God,' cried he, 'your Excellency is safe!' 'Away, my dear colonel, and bring up the troops,' was the reply; 'the day is our own!' It was one of those occasions in which the latent fire of Washington's character blazed forth."

The Baptist Publication Society, from their office in Philadelphia, are issuing books of religious tendency in great variety. The last with which we have been favored is *Carrie Hamilton; or, The Beauty of True Religion*, by Mrs. C. W. Dennison; a novel, in the strictest sense, made up of love adventures and improbabilities, but all designed to illustrate the spirit of Christianity, and, as was perfectly right, to advocate that form of it for which the society was instituted.

Five hundred Mistakes corrected, is the title of a neat little volume, from the press of Daniel Burgess & Co. The mistakes are, many of them, of daily occurrence in pronouncing and writing the English language; and the work is, in the main, well executed. On a few points, we differ from the author:—

No. 369—"Let me help you to some *catsup*; avoid saying *ketchup*."

The latter is the general pronunciation, and is sanctioned by Walker, Jameson, Knowles, and Webster, (Svo., 1847.) Contrary to our author's direction the word *subaltern* is, by correct speakers, accented on the second, and not, as he would have it, on the first syllable. In No. 360 he is rather hypercritical:—

"The Danube empties into the Black Sea: say, *flows*; to empty means to make vacant."

Yes, and as an intransitive verb it also means to pour itself out.

No. 237—"He raised the *national* standard: pronounce the first two syllables like the word *nation*, never as if written *nash-ional*."

The NATIONAL has no objection, but Walker, Perry, Jameson, Smart, and Worcester insist on *Nash-ional*. Webster and Knowles give both. There are many other common errors which are not noticed. Among them the words *inquiry* and *opponent*, with the accent on the first instead of the second syllable, are frequently heard in deliberative assemblies. "I wish, Mr. Chairman, to make an ink-wiry of my op-on-ent." Then, too, we sometimes hear *decis-ive*, when the speaker means *decis-ive*, and *i-solated* instead of *is-olated*; and *ra-diant* instead of

ra-diant. There seems also to be a determination on the part of many preachers to *soften* the words *sac-rament*, *sac-rifice* and *sac-rificial*, into *sake-rament* and *sake-rass*, and *sake-rificial*! Of course it was impossible to include all errors in the limited number of *five hundred*, pointed out in this volume, which we commend to the notice of all our readers, and especially of those who speak in public, or who write for the press.

The Bible History of Prayer, with Practical Reflections, by Charles A. Goodrich. In this instructive volume the author takes up the prayers and ejaculations found in the Bible, beginning with the book of Genesis, explains the circumstances under which they were uttered, comments upon their language, and intersperses brief narratives and pious reflections. The style of the author is simple and appropriate, and his book may be safely commended as well calculated to induce a love for man's highest privilege—that of communion with his Father in heaven. (John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.)

The Communion Sabbath, by Nchemiah Adams, D. D., is a series of essays setting forth the love of Christ, his sufferings, and his atoning sacrifice, in a style at once simple and lucid. The duty and the privilege of obeying the Saviour's last command are forcibly urged, and the more common excuses for disobedience are briefly but sufficiently exposed. The volume, in its mechanical execution, is faultless; the paper, type, binding, all admirable. It is from the press of John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

Of *Rollo in Scotland* it is enough to say that it is fully equal to the other volumes of the Series. Mr. Abbott stands at the head of that most honored and influential class of writers whose labors are devoted to the young. We always read his volumes ourselves, wondering not less at the rapidity with which he sends them forth, than at the skill with which he weaves simple and every-day occurrences into narratives so full of interest. (Boston: W. J. Reynolds & Co.)

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. (Vols. III. and IV.) To suit the tastes and the pockets of all classes of readers, the Messrs. Harper have issued three different editions of these long-expected volumes. They are devoted entirely to the reign of William and Mary, embracing less than nine years. At this rate, when will the author reach "a period within the memory of men still living," as he tells us, in his first volume, is his intention? Unless he has already much material prepared, or pursues his work with far greater rapidity than heretofore, it is evident that his great task will be left unfinished. It will, nevertheless, whether completed according to the author's original design or not, always retain a high rank in English classical literature. These volumes are marked by the same beauty of style, and the same diffuseness, felicity of diction, digressions, and poetic embellishments which characterized the former. His account of the massacre of Glencoe, which we copy, is full of interest, and the bloody tale was never told so well:—

"On the first of February, a hundred and twenty soldiers of Argyle's regiment, commanded by a captain named Campbell and a lieutenant named Lindsay, marched to Glencoe. Captain Campbell was commonly called in Scotland Glenlyon, from the pass in which his property lay. He had every qualification for the service on which he was employed, an unblushing forehead, a smooth, lying tongue, and a heart of adamant. He was also one of the few Campbells who were likely to be trusted and welcomed by the Macdonalds, for his niece was married to Alexander, the second son of Mac Ian.

"The sight of the red coats approaching caused some anxiety among the population of the valley. John, the eldest son of the chief, came, accompanied by twenty clansmen, to meet the strangers, and asked what this visit meant. Lieutenant Lindsay answered that the soldiers came as friends, and wanted nothing but quarters. They were kindly received, and were lodged under the thatched roofs of the little community. Glenlyon and several of his men were taken into the house of a taxman, who was named, from the cluster of cabins over which he exercised authority, Inverriggen. Lindsay was accommodated nearer to the abode of the old chief. Auchintriater, one of the principal men of the clan, who governed the small hamlet of Auchinaon, found room there for a party commanded by a sergeant named Barbour. Provisions were liberally supplied. There was no want of beef, which had probably fattened in distant pastures; nor was any payment demanded: for in hospitality, as in thievery, the Gaelic marauders rivaled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen. Old Mac Ian, who had before felt many misgivings as to the relation in which he stood to the government, seems to have been pleased with the visit. The officers passed much of their time with him and his family. The long evenings were cheerfully spent by the peat fire, with the help of some packs of cards which had found their way to that remote corner of the world, and of some French brandy, which was probably part of James's farewell gift to his Highland supporters. Glenlyon appeared to be warmly attached to his niece and her husband Alexander. Every day he came to their house to take his morning draught. Meanwhile, he observed with minute attention all the avenues by which, when the signal for the slaughter should be given, the Macdonalds might attempt to escape to the hills, and he reported the result of his observations to Hamilton.

"Hamilton fixed five o'clock in the morning of the thirtieth of February for the deed. He hoped that before that time he should reach Glencoe with four hundred men, and should have stopped all the carth in which the old fox and his two cubs—so Mac Ian and his sons were nicknamed by the murderers—could take refuge. But, at five precisely, whether Hamilton had arrived or not, Glenlyon was to fall on and to slay every Macdonald under seventy.

"The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow.

"Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state, and some of them uttered strange cries. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering: 'I do not like this job,' one of them muttered: 'I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds. But to kill men in their beds—' 'We must do as we are bid,' answered another voice. 'If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it.' John Macdonald was so uneasy that soon after midnight he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. 'Some of Glenzary's people have been harassing the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that if you were in any danger I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?' John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house and lay down to rest.

"It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off, and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise, and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host, Inverriggen, and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds,

bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the captain's legs, and begged hard for life. He would do anything; he would go anywhere; he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting; but a ruffian named Drummond shot the child dead.

"At Auchinaon the taxman Auchintriater was up early in the morning, and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Sergeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favor to be allowed to die in the open air. 'Well,' said the sergeant, 'I will do you that favor for the sake of your meat which I have eaten.' The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favored by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment.

"Meanwhile, Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief, and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. Mac Ian, while putting on his clothes and calling to his servants to bring some refreshments for his visitors, was slain through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers, but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

"The statesman, to whom chiefly this great crime is to be ascribed, had planned it with consummate ability; but the execution was complete in nothing but in guilt and infamy. A succession of blunders saved three-fourths of the Glencoe men from the fate of their chief. All the moral qualities which fit men to bear a part in a massacre Hamilton and Glenlyon possessed in perfection. But neither seems to have had much professional skill. Hamilton had arranged his plan without making allowance for bad weather, and this in a country and at a season when the weather was very likely to be bad. The consequence was, that the fox earths, as he called them, were not stopped in time. Glenlyon and his men committed the error of dispatching their hosts with fire-arms instead of using the cold steel. The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice, from three different parts of the valley at once, that murder was doing. From fifty cottages the half-naked peasantry fled under cover of the night to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of Mac Ian, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants, John, who by the death of his father had become the patriarch of the tribe, quitted his dwelling just as twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets marched up to it. It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors. One or two women were seen among the number, and, a yet more fearful and piteous sight, a little hand, which had been lopped in the tumult of the butchery from some infant. One aged Macdonald was found alive. He was probably too infirm to fly, and as he was above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the old man in cold blood. The deserted hamlets were then set on fire, and the troops departed, driving away with them many sheep and goats, nine hundred kine, and two hundred of the small shaggy ponies of the Highlands.

"It is said, and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known. But it is probable that those who perished by cold, weariness, and want were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins. When the troops had retired the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spot where the huts had formerly stood, collected the scorched corpses from among the smoking ruins, and performed some rude rites of sepulture. The tradition runs that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home. Eighty years later that sad dirge was still repeated by the population of the valley.

"The survivors might well apprehend that they had

escaped the shot and the sword only to perish by famine. The whole domain was a waste. Houses, barns, furniture, implements of husbandry, herds, flocks, horses, were gone. Many months must elapse before the clan would be able to raise on its own ground the means of supporting even the most miserable existence."

The last days of the infamous Judge Jeffreys are thus delineated:—

"Among the many offenders whose names were mentioned in the course of these inquiries, was one who stood alone and unapproached in guilt and infamy, and whom whigs and Tories were equally willing to leave to the extreme rigor of the law. On that terrible day which was succeeded by the Irish Night, the roar of a great city disappointed of its revenge had followed Jeffreys to the drawbridge of the Tower. His imprisonment was not strictly legal; but he at first accepted with thanks and blessings the protection which those dark walls, made famous by so many crimes and sorrows, afforded him against the fury of the multitude. Soon, however, he became sensible that his life was still in imminent peril.

"For a time he flattered himself with the hope that a writ of *habeas corpus* would liberate him from his confinement, and that he should be able to steal away to some foreign country, and to hide himself with part of his ill-gotten wealth from the detestation of mankind; but, till the government, was settled there was no court competent to grant a writ of *habeas corpus*; and, as soon as the government had been settled, the *Habeas Corpus* act was suspended. Whether the legal guilt of murder could be brought home to Jeffreys may be doubted. But he was morally guilty of so many murders, that if there had been no other way of reaching his life, a retrospective Act of Attainder would have been clamorously demanded by the whole nation. A disposition to triumph over the fallen has never been one of the besetting sins of Englishmen; but the hatred of which Jeffreys was the object was without a parallel in our history, and partook but too largely of the savageness of his own nature.

"The people, where he was concerned, were as cruel as himself, and exulted in his misery as he had been accustomed to exult in the misery of convicts listening to the sentence of death, and of families clad in mourning. The rabble congregated before his deserted mansion in Duke-street, and read on the door, with shouts of laughter, the bills which announced the sale of his property. Even delicate women, who had tears for highwaymen and housebreakers, breathed nothing but vengeance against him. The lampoons on him which were hawked about the town were distinguished by an atrocity rare even in those days. Hanging would be too mild a death for him; a grave under the gibbet too respectable a resting-place; he ought to be whipped to death at the cart's tail; he ought to be tortured like an Indian; he ought to be devoured alive.

"The street poets portioned out all his joints with cannibal ferocity, and computed how many pounds of steaks might be cut from his well-fattened carcass. Nay, the rage of his enemies was such that, in language seldom heard in England, they proclaimed their wish that he might go to the place of wailing and gnashing of teeth, to the worm that never dies, to the fire that is never quenched. They exhorted him to hang himself in his garters, and to cut his throat with his razor. They put up horrible prayers that he might not be able to repent, that he might die the same hard-hearted, wicked Jeffreys that he had lived. His spirit, as mean in adversity as insolent and inhuman in prosperity, sank down under the load of public abhorrence. His constitution, originally bad, and much impaired by intemperance, was completely broken by distress and anxiety.

"He was tormented by a cruel internal disease, which the most skillful surgeons of that age were seldom able to relieve. One salve was left to him—brandy. Even when he had causes to try and counsels to attend, he had seldom gone to bed sober. Now, when he had nothing to occupy his mind save terrible recollections and terrible forebodings, he abandoned himself without reserve to his favorite vice. Many believed him to be bent on shortening his life by excess. He thought it better, they said, to go off in a drunken fit than to be hacked by Ketch, or torn limb from limb by the populace.

"Once he was roused from a state of abject despondency by an agreeable sensation, speedily followed by a mortifying disappointment. A parcel had been left

for him at the Tower. It appeared to be a barrel of Colchester oysters, his favorite dainties. He was greatly moved; for there are moments when those who least deserve affection are pleased to think that they inspire it. 'Thank God,' he exclaimed, 'I have still some friends left!' He opened the barrel; and from among a heap of shells out tumbled a stout halter.

"It does not appear that one of the flatterers or buffoons whom he had enriched out of the plunder of his victims came to comfort him in the day of trouble. But he was not left in utter solitude. John Tutchin, whom he had sentenced to be flogged every fortnight for seven years, made his way into the Tower, and presented himself before the fallen oppressor. Poor Jeffreys, humbled to the dust, behaved with abject civility, and called for wine. 'I am glad, sir,' he said, 'to see you.' 'And I am glad,' answered the resentful whig, 'to see your lordship in this place.' 'I served my master,' said Jeffreys; 'I was bound in conscience to do so.' 'Where was your conscience,' said Tutchin, 'when you passed that sentence on me at Dorchester?' 'It was set down in my instructions,' answered Jeffreys, fawningly, 'that I was to show no mercy to men like you, men of parts and courage. When I went back to court I was reprimanded for my lenity.'

"Even Tutchin, acrimonious as was his nature, and great as were his wrongs, seems to have been a little mollified by the pitiable spectacle which he had at first contemplated with vindictive pleasure. He always denied the truth of the report that he was the person who sent the Colchester barrel to the Tower.

"A more benevolent man, John Sharp, the excellent Dean of Norwich, forced himself to visit the prisoner. It was a painful task, but Sharp had been treated by Jeffreys, in old times, as kindly as it was in the nature of Jeffreys to treat anybody, and had once or twice been able, by patiently waiting until the storm of curses and invectives had spent itself, and by dexterously seizing the moment of good humor, to obtain for unhappy families some mitigation of their sufferings. The prisoner was surprised and pleased. 'What!' he said, 'dare you own me now?'

"It was in vain, however, that the amiable divine tried to give a salutary pain to that seared conscience. Jeffreys, instead of acknowledging his guilt, exclaimed vehemently against the injustice of mankind. 'People call me a murderer for doing what at the time was applauded by some who are now high in public favor. They call me a drunkard because I take punch to relieve me in my agony.' He would not admit that, as President of the High Commission, he had done anything that deserved reproach. His colleagues, he said, were the real criminals; and now they threw all the blame on him. He spoke with peculiar asperity of Sprat, who had undoubtedly been the most humane and moderate member of the Board.

"It soon became clear that the wicked judge was fast sinking under the weight of bodily and mental suffering. Doctor John Scott, prebendary of Saint Paul's, a clergyman of great sanctity, and author of the *Christian Life*, a treatise once widely renowned, was summoned, probably on the recommendation of his intimate friend, Sharp, to the bedside of the dying man. It was in vain, however, that Scott spoke, as Sharp had already spoken, of the hideous butcheries of Dorchester and Taunton. To the last, Jeffreys continued to repeat that those who thought him cruel did not know what his orders were; that he deserved praise instead of blame; and that his clemency had drawn on him the extreme displeasure of his master.

"Disease, assisted by strong drink and misery, did its work fast. The patient's stomach rejected all nourishment. He dwindled in a few weeks from a portly and even corpulent man to a skeleton. On the 18th of April he died, in the forty-first year of his age. He had been Chief Justice of the King's Bench at thirty-five, and Lord Chancellor at thirty-seven. In the whole history of the English bar there is no other instance of so rapid an elevation, or of so terrible a fall. The emaciated corpse was laid, with all privacy, next to the corpse of Monmouth in the chapel of the Tower."

The Holly-Tree Inn, in Seven Chapters, is the title of Dickens's last series of Christmas stories, one of which we have copied in our present number. The tales are healthful in their tendency, and are related in the author's captivating style. T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, has issued them in a cheap pamphlet, which is

sent free of postage on receipt of one single shilling of our New-York currency. Mr. Peterson also publishes the various works of this greatest of modern fiction-writers at exceedingly low prices. So we are informed; but not having seen them, we cannot speak from our own knowledge.

We have received the first and second numbers of a new publication entitled *The American Journal of Education and College Review*, under the editorial supervision of the Rev. Absalom Peters, D. D., and Henry Barnard, LL. D. Judging from the specimens before us, and the well-known ability of the editors, we doubt not that it will be a publication of merit, and specially deserving the attention of literary men. There are, indeed, already quite a number of periodi-

cals devoted to educational purposes, but this is intended to take a higher range, and the editors will aim, in the language of their introduction, to construct a work, whose reasonings, on themes of the highest interest to the human race, will take deep hold upon the thoughts of men; not alone of teachers by profession, but of parents, and citizens, and legislators, and of all true men and women, and which shall thus at once guide the public mind to the adoption of the wisest measures, and urge it to higher resolves and more strenuous endeavors, until ample provision shall be made, in all our states, for the right education of the young, of both sexes, and of all conditions and callings. *The Journal* is published monthly at three dollars a year by *N. A. Calkins*, New-York.

Literary Record.

The Rev. Dr. Oulton, of the New-York Conference, has in press a volume on the Prophecies of the book of Daniel, in which some new and striking views are presented and elaborated with great critical acumen. Having been favored with the perusal of a portion of the manuscript, we do not hesitate to say that Biblical students will find it a volume worthy of their attention.

The Central Idea of Christianity is the title of a work now in press, from the pen of the Rev. J. T. Peck, the laborious and indefatigable secretary of the Methodist Tract Society. It has been a long time in preparation, and when we add that it is the result of his most careful study and pains-taking revision, we excite expectations which, we have no doubt, will be fully met.

The imperial government of France undertook, a short time since, to put *M. Dumas* under process, because he thought fit to state, in a letter to a friend, the curious physiological fact, that his body was in Paris, and his heart in Jersey and Brussels. But the power that reigns in France is not content with a "divided" duty; and the body without a heart has lately been in trouble. Napoleon, however, stepped in, and prevented further proceedings. So the author of "*Monte Christo*" is not to be a martyr; consequently he will remain in Paris but a short time, in order to bring out two dramas, and superintend the publication of a new edition of all his works in three hundred volumes; after which he intends to travel for several years, visiting China before he returns to *La Belle France*. To bring out two new plays, and to edit three hundred volumes, ought to occupy him at least a month.

The Smithsonian Institution has succeeded in obtaining for its library, a rare and valuable book, printed in Low Dutch, and published in Regensburg in 1772. It contains specimens of paper from almost every species of fibrous material, and even animal substances, and has accounts of the experiments made in their manufacture.

The following materials were employed, and specimens are given in the book:—Wasps' nests, saw-dust, shavings, moss, sea-weed, hop and grape vines, hemp, mulberries, aloe leaves, nettles, seeds, ground moss, straw, cabbage-stems, asbestos, wool, grass, thistle stems, seed wool of thistles, turf or peat, silk plant, fir wood, Indian corn, pine-apples, potatoes, shingles, beans, poplar-wood, beech-wood, willow, sugar-cane, &c.

The Paris *Moniteur* reports that the Town Library of Lyons has made the acquisition of the finest monument of French typography during the nineteenth century; namely, the only complete copy on vellum of the "*Collection des Meilleurs Ouvrages de la Langue Française*," printed by Pierre Didot the elder. Of the seventy-five volumes of this collection, two copies were printed on the finest vellum, (*peau de veau*), at an expense, to the printer, of eighty thousand francs. One of these copies was kept for the establishment of MM. Didot, the other was sold to the Emperor Alexander the First, and is now to be found (though in an incomplete state, several volumes being lost) in the library of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. During the lifetime of the late Pierre Didot, large sums were offered to him by foreign princes for the only complete copy remaining in his possession, but he firmly refused all offers, willing that this copy should remain in France.

M. Flourens, member of the Académie Française, and one of the Permanent Secretaries of the Académie des Sciences, has begun a new edition of the works of Buffon—the best and most complete, it is asserted, which has hitherto appeared. It is preceded by a memoir of Buffon and his writings.

Mr. James Hardiman, a well-known Celtic scholar, formerly Commissioner of Records in Dublin Castle, and afterward Librarian to the Queen's Colleges, died lately at the age of seventy-three. His "*History of Galway*," and "*Bardic Remains of Ireland*," have given him a distinguished name among the authors of Ireland.

Francis Lieber has just closed a connection, of twenty years' standing, with the College of South Carolina, by resigning his Professorship of Political Economy. Dr. Lieber's reputation is world-wide, as one of the most distinguished men of the age in that department. He was one of the Prussian soldiers at Waterloo; afterward the friend and correspondent of Niebuhr, the historian; and the associate of Byron, in the Greek struggle for independence. In his ripper years, he has conferred honor and substantial benefit on the country of his adoption, by originating and editing the *Encyclopedia Americana*, and by writing a profound work on *Political Ethics*, which is, probably, unsurpassed in ability by any similar work.

English newspapers record the death, at Lincoln, of Robert Bunyan, the last male descendant in a direct line from John Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

The *Journal du Loiret*, in speaking of the Memoirs left by Count Mole, gives some amusing gossip about cotemporary memoir-writers—an order of literary men in which France is peculiarly rich. The journal referred to says:—

"It is positively affirmed that a friend of the family of Count Mole proceeded immediately after the count's death to Italy, to confer, on the subject of their publication, with the Duke de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville, who were then at Nervi, with their angust mother. The Memoirs of Count Mole naturally call to mind those of Prince de Talleyrand, which were not to be opened for twenty years after his death, and which many persons affirm to be nothing but a posthumous mystification, that is to say, to consist of enormous books of clean paper, carefully sealed up, as was formerly the case with the musical roll of paper of Rossini, dispatched to M. de Rothschild as a new opera. But what is really more *bonâ fide*, is the

very considerable and very assiduous labor of Duke Pasquier, who for some years has been busied with his Memoirs, going back to the last years of the French Revolution. The duke has now arrived at his twenty-first volume of manuscript in folio, and has only reached the year 1834. This work is said to be full of anecdote, marked by great variety, and exceedingly independent, both as respects men and facts. The old duke works away with such ardor and solicitude that there is every reason to hope that in his *entresol* of the Rue Royale he will himself write the last word. The duke has taken every precaution to avoid the fate which awaited St. Simon, as he has three copies executed. One remains with himself; another is deposited with a notary; and the third is regularly sent away to a foreign country."

There are in the United States, 750 paper-mills in actual operation, having 2,000 engines, and producing in the year 270,000,000 pounds of paper, which is worth, at ten cents a pound, \$27,000,000. To produce this quantity of paper, 405,000,000 pounds of rags are required, 1 1-4 pounds of rags being necessary to make one pound of paper. The cost of manufacturing, aside from labor and rags, is \$4,050,000.

The Canadian government has made a very large appropriation for the purpose of replacing the books in the Library of Parliament, destroyed by the great fire at Quebec, a year or two since. During the past fall very large purchases have been made on account of it both in London and Paris.

The oldest work in the Russian language was published in 863, and was a translation from the Greek of the *Four Gospels*.

The manuscripts of the author of "Paul and Virginia," forming twelve or fifteen folio volumes, have been deposited in the public library of the municipality at Havre, the birthplace of the celebrated author.

Arts and Sciences.

Mr. John Gilbert has been employed by Routledge & Co., of London, on the pictorial adornment of "The Poetical Works of Longfellow," and very fancifully, it is stated, he is achieving his task. In announcing this fact, the London *Athenæum* says:—

"Mr. Gilbert works in the true spirit of a poet; he is not content to render literally the mere text of his author. He dares to interpret for himself, to run along the lines of a suggestion, to fill up the faint outlines of a thought, and to animate abstract ideas with luxurious life. His glades, his moonlit scenes, his mountains, his barren heaths, his moorlands with the storm just rising, his tranquil views and castles of indolence, are capital—full of depth and shadow, real and yet poetical, like true landscapes and yet not unlike the landscape of poetic reverie. Mr. Longfellow ought to feel proud of this proof of his popularity in England."

The restoration of the famous cathedral (the "Kaiserdom") of Speyer, once the burial-place of the German emperors, is quickly advancing. The imperial hall of the cathedral ("die Kaiserhalle") is to be rebuilt in its original proportions, of one hundred feet in length, and thirty-one feet in depth. In it the portrait-statues of the eight emperors, buried in the cathedral, (their graves, by the way, were opened by the French in 1688 and their ashes

given to the winds,) will find their places, while the statues of the patrons of the Church are to stand in the niches of the central portal. The great central window will be adorned by a colossal head of Christ with the crown of thorns. The paintings of the four side-windows are to represent the four apocalyptic figures. The two western steeples have risen already to a height of one hundred and forty feet. The nave has reached its original height, and will soon be roofed over.

The discovery of a new "variable star" has been made by M. Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk, near Düsseldorf, in Prussia, and he has given it the name of T. Piscium. The degree of variability is from the ninth to the eleventh magnitude.

Some of the artistic trophies captured at Sebastopol have arrived at the Louvre at Paris: the most important of them are two sphinxes of white marble.

Mr. Durand, of New-York, has completed a landscape for the Brooklyn Institute, which is called "The First Harvest in the Wilderness." The scene represented is a wild country in the

midst of forests and mountains, with a clearing, where, in the middle distance, a settler's log-house stands by the side of a primitive road. The foreground is made up of a stream, with stony banks, bordered with isolated and half-felled trees, stumps, and logs, and upon it a rude bridge, over which the road passes by the side of a forest into the picture. Beyond are mountains confining the horizon. By the side of the road, and opposite the house, is a field of grain, with the settler engaged in reaping his crop, and upon this field alone, being the main light of the picture, the sunlight streams down from a heavily-clouded sky. The light, so confined to the grain-field, typifies encouragement to agricultural labor, as well as hope for the pioneer.

The marble statue of *Giorgio delle Bandiere*, (of the family of de Medici,) the last in the cycle of statues of renowned Tuscans which adorn the niches of the loggia of the Palazzo degli Uffizi at Florence, is nearly finished by Signor Guerazzi, the Livorno sculptor. It shows the famous *condottiere* in full armour, but bare-headed: in the right hand his sword, the blade of which is resting in his uplifted left. The raised chest, the backward-thrown head, the compressed muscles of the cheeks, the perpendicular wrinkles of the frowning forehead, and the short, shaggy hair, represent the hardy adventurer in a way corresponding with his character.

A grand memorial of *Napoleon*, to be executed by Duprez, is to be erected in the marketplace of Ajaccio, where the dark-haired, eager boy may have stood when he is said to have shed tears at seeing a balloon go out of sight—a bladder invested with a divine power unknown to man, and yet a feeble thing of man's creation.

Mr. C. F. Brown, of Warren, R. I., has invented an improved steering apparatus, which has such complete power on a rudder, that it can be easily managed by a child. He is also the author of an invention whereby a sailing vessel may be made to move by steam-propelling power, and *vice versa*, thus saving a great amount of coal in a long voyage.

Francis Rude, the French sculptor, died lately at the age of seventy-one. His statue of the Neapolitan fisherman first made him famous, having for it received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from Louis Philippe. He was the principal artist employed by M. Thiers in decorating the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. The grand jury of the Paris Exhibition had shortly before his death awarded to him a grand médaille d'honneur.

At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, *M. Coste*, the French ichthyologist, communicated a curious and important fact, namely, that in the cisterns for the artificial production of fish which he has established in the College de France, a female trout produced by the artificial process, and aged two years and a half, deposited a few days ago one thousand and sixty-five eggs, and that they were fecundated with perfect success, and with comparative little loss, by the milt of a male trout, aged nineteen months, also produced artificial-

ly. This is the first instance on record of artificially-produced trout having reproduced, and having done so, not in a river or stream, such as this fish loves, but in a mere cistern in which the water is only renewed. Apart from its scientific curiosity, the thing is of general interest, as it shows that the breeding of fish, even at a distance from rivers, will be as easy as the breeding of poultry; and it will naturally give a new and very extensive development to the artificial production of fish, which is being carried on on a large scale in all parts of Europe.

The Belgian papers report that *M. Jehosse*, the sculptor of Liège, has discovered, in a cupboard of the Vatican Library, a fresco of the head and bust of Charlemagne. This fresco, it is asserted, dates from the last years of the eighth century—the time when Charlemagne re-installed Pope Leo the Third. The Belgian ambassador at Rome has been permitted to have a copy taken of it. *M. Jehosse*, from this copy, is to execute a statue of Charlemagne for the town of Liège.

A mechanic in Worcester, Mass., has invented a new *car-spring*, which promises to supersede those now in use. It is simple in construction, is made entirely of iron and steel, and can be manufactured at less than half the price of rubber springs.

The Italian sculptor, *Chelli*, has just finished the model of the Prophet Ezekiel—one of those destined to be placed at the foot of the column which the pope is having erected at Rome to commemorate the proclamation of the dogma of the immaculate conception.

Seventeen tons of *Ancient Sculptures* from Nineveh lately arrived in Boston, *via* London, in which latter city they were purchased by Mr. Henry Stevens, the American antiquarian, for his own account. Of these sculptures there exist several duplicates in the British Museum, which is given as a reason for their not being purchased by that institution. The sculptures, (in relief,) representing trees, human figures, &c., are said to be excellently preserved, some of them being superior to the corresponding ones in the Museum.

Mr. B. F. French, of Clarendon, Vt., has invented a new pump. Instead of the metallic discs, india-rubber balls are used on the chain to prevent the return of the water. A screw passes through each of these balls in such a manner, that by turning it the ball is flattened, and consequently enlarged, so that in this way they may be kept continually fitted to the tube as it wears away. In practice it is found that the balls may be used on a lighter fit than the usual discs, and consequently water can be raised with an increased rapidity.

Glass.—All our largest size heavy plate glass has until recently been imported from Europe; but the secret and the ability to manufacture it is now thoroughly in the American mechanics. It is well known that we have materials far superior to those used in France and Germany for the manufacture of this article, and there are now two or three very heavy establishments in operation, where an exceedingly beautiful article is manufactured.